Feb. 27, 1978

# THE NEW YORKER

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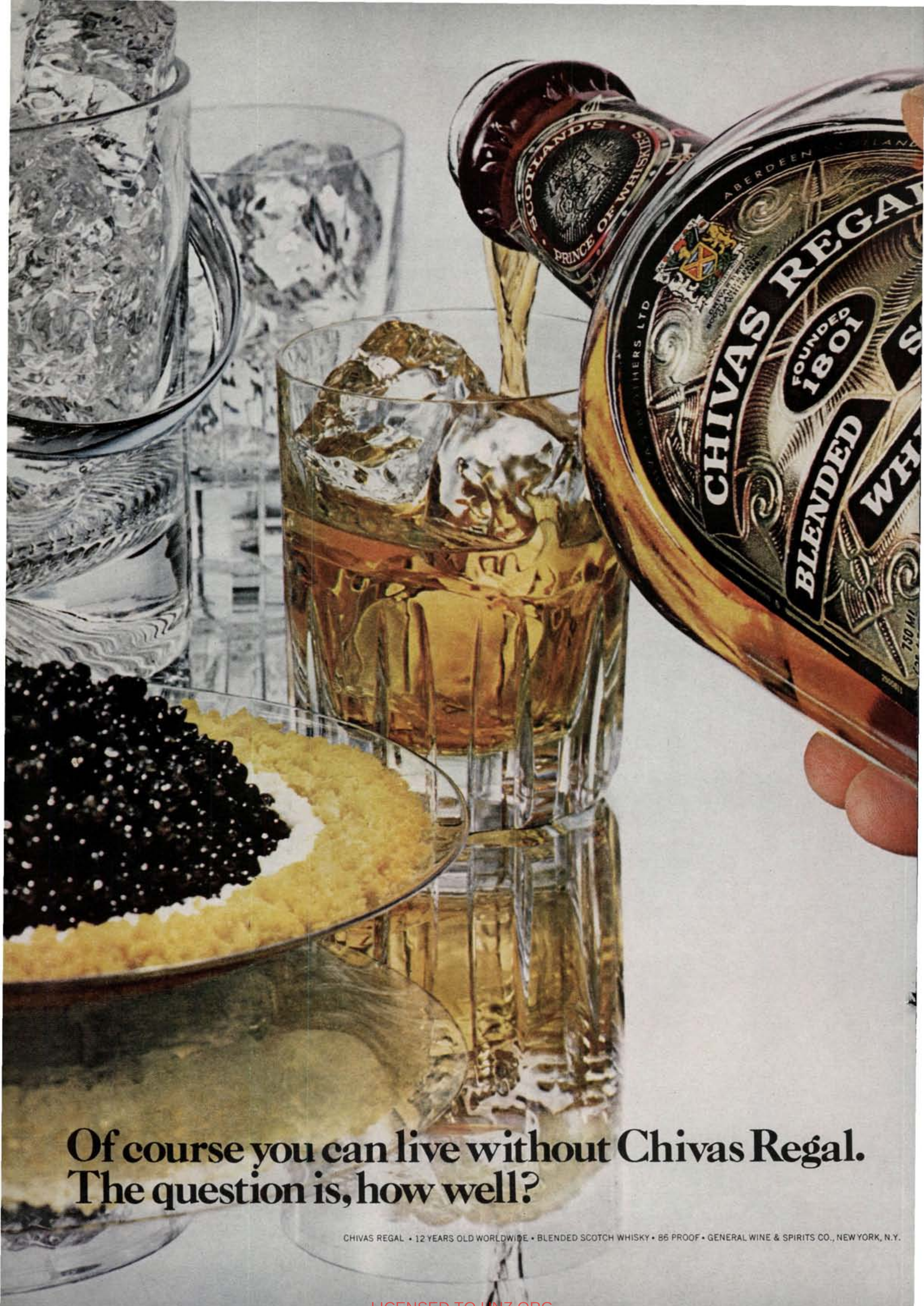
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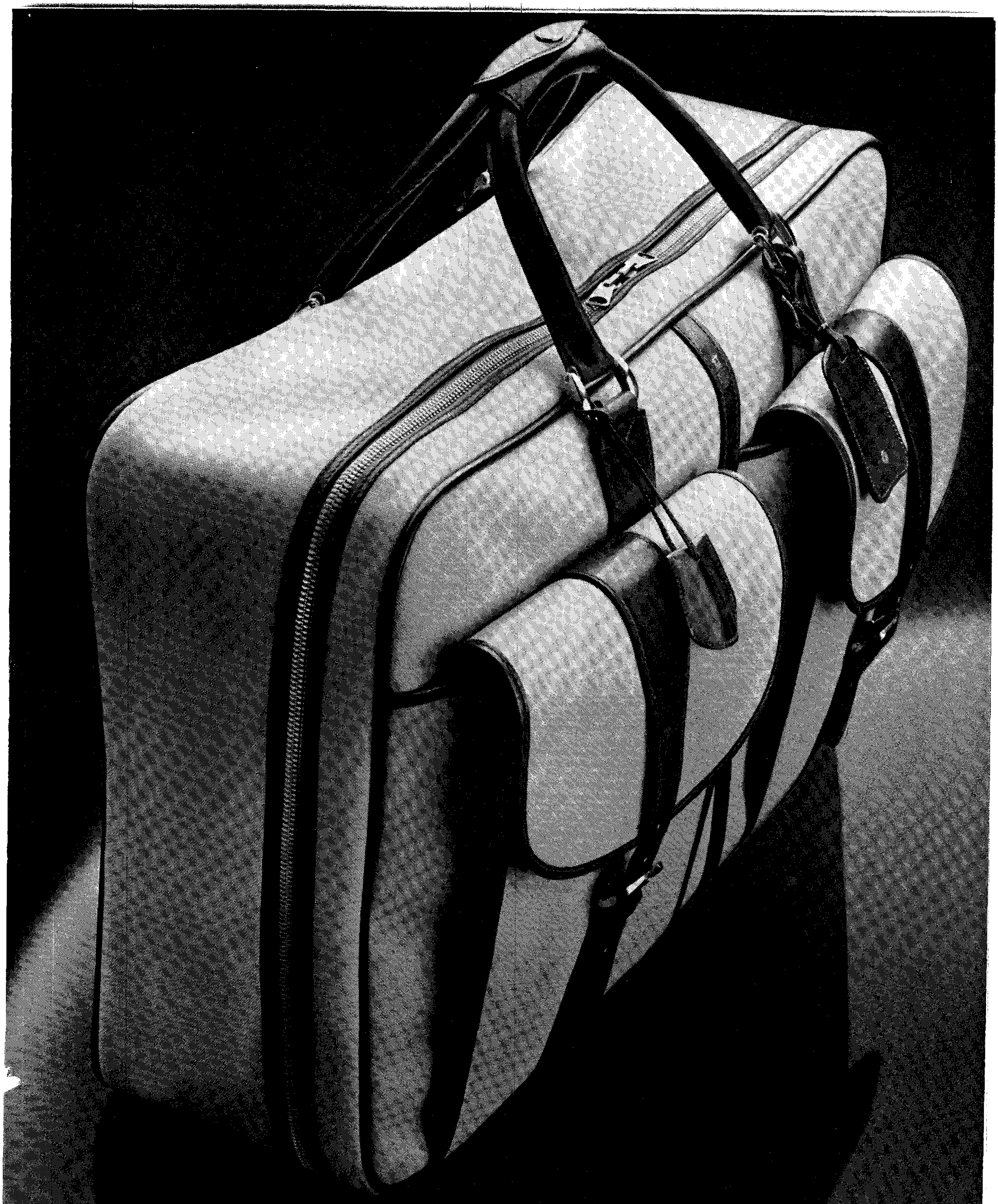

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**The Act**—Liza Minnelli brings this old-fashioned musical to life. Her costumes, by Halston, provide the only wit in an evening of star turns à la Vegas. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Chapter Two**—Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Cold Storage**—Ronald Ribman's play about two desperately ill patients in a New York hospital. Unexpectedly, much of the dialogue is very funny. Martin Balsam and Len Cariou are superb as the patients. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Deathtrap**—John Wood heads the cast in a thriller by Ira Levin. Directed by Robert Moore. Previews through Saturday, Feb. 25. Opens officially on Sunday, Feb. 26. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Dracula**—The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Frank Langella heads an able cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Equity Library Theatre**—Ted Tiller's mystery-comedy **count dracula** is the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. (And the twenty-ninth or thirty-sixth of this season's Draculas.) (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 26. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

**The Gin Game**—An often hilarious comedy about the misery of life in an old people's home. Sounds implausible, but D. L. Coburn performs the feat with ease. The cast consists of Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn, and they suffice. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**A Life in the Theatre**—David Mamet's loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny and subtly haunting as well. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Lulu**—"Earth Spirit" and "Pandora's Box," by Frank Wedekind (1864-1918), have been combined into one play about sexual decadence and corruption in Germany before the First World War as embodied in one femme who is literally fatale. This production, styled as a circus by its director, Rob Thirkield, misses on a number of counts, but Trish Hawkins makes a deceptively wide-eyed Lulu. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Mandrake**—Wilford Leach has worked up a stunning production of the rowdy old comedy by Niccolò Machiavelli. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

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**Museum**—A play by Tina Howe. Previews through Saturday, Feb. 25. Opens officially on Sunday, Feb. 26. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**My Astonishing Self**—Selections from the writings of Bernard Shaw, as delivered in character by Donal Donnelly. Mr. Donnelly, a capable actor, is only an indifferent impersonator, but G.B.S. is, as always, good company. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Negro Ensemble Company**—Two plays by Gus Edwards, directed by Douglas Turner Ward, alternating weekly—**the offering:** An old man, who years ago moved out of Harlem to the West Side; a younger man, once an apprentice of his and now a professional killer; the wife of the first; and the white girl friend of the second—these are the characters in Mr. Edwards' taut, often threatening (and sometimes funny) drama of sexual urgency and rivalry. The play is fascinating, and the acting, by Mr. Ward, Charles Weldon, Olivia Williams, and Katherine Knowles, is entirely worthy of it. Through Sunday, Feb. 26. . . . **black body blues** is a melodrama—unfortunately, a rather empty one—about a gentle black man, the prostitute he lives with, and his dangerous, criminal brother. With Samm-Art Williams in the leading role. Tuesday through Sunday, Feb. 28-March 5. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

**On the Twentieth Century**—A musical (taken from the 1932 play and the 1934 film) with a book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, a score by Cy Coleman, and a cast that is headed by Madeline Kahn, John Cullum, and Imogene Coca. Directed by Harold Prince. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**The Passion of Dracula**—Christopher Bernau makes an effective, menacing Count, and Giulia Pagano is good, too, as the object of his predatory affections in this unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Paul Robeson**—A dreary documentary account of the life of a great man. James Earl Jones is superb within the limits of the plot and its prose, which are the handiwork of Phillip Hayes Dean. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 26.)

**The Play's the Thing**—A revival of Ferenc Molnar's 1926 comedy, in P. G. Wodehouse's adaptation. With René Auberjonois, Stephen Collins, Kurt Kasznar, Austin Pendleton, George Rose, Rex Robbins, and Carole Shelley. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 22, and will run through Sunday, March 19. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays, except Feb. 25, and Sundays at 2:30.)

**A Prayer for My Daughter**—The events of this evocative, fascinating play, by Thomas Babe, take place at a police station on the night when a homosexual guru and his junkie disciple are pulled in for a murder, and when the daughter of the sergeant in charge threatens suicide. The atmosphere of the precinct house at a time of emotional crisis is as convincing and pervasive as that of the rock scene in Mr. Babe's "Kid Champion," and the acting, under Robert Allan Ackerman's direction, is exceptionally good. The actors are Jeffrey De Munn, Alan Rosenberg, Laurence Luckinbill, and George Dzundza. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Statements After an Arrest Under the Immorality Act** and **Scenes from Soweto**—A pair of one-acters. "Statements," the most recent of Athol Fugard's strong, affecting plays dealing with the inhuman racial predicament in present-day South Africa, is about the clandestine (and illegal) love affair of a "colored" school principal and a white librarian, and it is very well acted by Robert Christian and Veronica Castang. "Scenes," by Steve Wilmer, which suffers somewhat by comparison, tells of a black South African who returns to Johannesburg from Oxford, is caught up in the racial riots and eventually murdered by the police. Again, Mr. Christian is splendid as the hero, and John Vennema does as well as possible playing the white men in his life, all of them setups. Direction by Thomas Bullard. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Timbuktú!**—An all-black musical, based on the 1953 musical "Kismet" and starring Eartha Kitt, Melba Moore, Gilbert Price, and Ira Hawkins. Luther Davis wrote the book and Robert Wright and George Forrest the music and lyrics. Geoffrey Holder directed. Previews through Wednesday matinée, March 1. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 1, at 6:45. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**A Touch of the Poet**—One of a cycle of plays that O'Neill wisely abandoned. Jason Robards, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Milo O'Shea do their best to make O'Neill's curious stage-Irish folk plausible. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 26.)

**Long Runs**—**ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE CLUB:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,408 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of the American writer Ntozake Shange are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating results. Choreographed by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) ... **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I LOVE MY WIFE:** Cy Coleman's winning music and Lenny Baker's clowning justify this mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 22, and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE KING AND I:** Yul Brynner is incandescent in this admirable revival of the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SIDE BY SIDE BY SONDHEIM:** Thirty-odd ravishing songs by Stephen Sondheim, with Nancy Dussault, Larry Kert, Georgia Brown, and Hermione Gingold. Starting Monday, Feb. 27, the cast will be Nancy Dussault, Carol Swarbrick, Burr Tillstrom, and Jack Blackton. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Feb. 23, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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## MISCELLANY

**Beatlemania**—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

## DANCE

**Dance Umbrella**—A five-week season by nine contemporary dance companies which will end Sunday, March 19. **MAY O'DONNELL CONCERT DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday evening, Feb. 22; Saturday evening, Feb. 25; and Sunday matinée, Feb. 26.... **RACHEL LAMPERT AND DANCERS:** Thursday and Friday evenings, Feb. 23-24, and Sunday evening, Feb. 26.... **MINI UMBRELLA:** Remy Charlip, and Andy deGroat and Alan Lloyd/Dancers and Musicians, Saturday matinée, Feb. 25.... **VIOLA FARBER DANCE COMPANY:** Tuesday evening, Feb. 28; Thursday and Friday evenings, March 2-3; Saturday matinée, March 4; and Sunday evening, March 5.... **ZE'EVA COHEN SOLO DANCE REPERTORY:** Wednesday evening, March 1; Saturday evening, March 4; and Sunday matinée, March 5. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

**Les Ballets Jazz**—A brief engagement by the company from Montreal, appearing here for the first time. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 22-24, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 25, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 26, at 2.)

**Katherine Litz**—With her dance company, in a full-length work, "The Cat That Went with Motor 88 Miles." (Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S. Thursday through Saturday, March 2-4, at 8. For tickets, call 777-0033.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Ali's Alley**, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—An unpretentious night club—some might think of it as a mu-

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sic loft with a liquor license. Trumpeter Ahmed Abdullah is here with a septet featuring saxophonist Chico Freeman through Saturday, Feb. 25. On Tuesday, Feb. 28, tenor saxophonist Joe Rigby will bring in his quintet Dynasty. Mondays are given over to trumpeter and flugelhornist Ted Daniels and a fourteen-piece band called Energy, which is occasionally gangly, often free-form, and nearly always robust and accessible. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

**BALLROOM,** 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—The current attraction is "By Strouse," a mini revue produced and presided over by the composer Charles Strouse—he scored "Annie," "Applause," and "Bye Bye Birdie." Donna Marshall, Gary Beach, Maureen Moore, and Gail Nelson sing Mr. Strouse's tunes. Shows Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dinner.

**BAR NONE,** 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—The epitome of a New York bar: a pleasant, well-lit place, with old dark woodwork; a (somehow) simultaneously crusty and warm staff; and a cheerful, wordly-wise singer-pianist. Her name is **DARDANELLE,** and she doesn't emote, doesn't put songs over, doesn't sock it to you—she just sings, clearly, effortlessly, and directly, and it's delightful. She's here from seven, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner.

**BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S,** 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in fine musicians and a healthy number of customers—many of them students. Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and pianist Hal Galper head a trio through Saturday, Feb. 25; Wednesday through Saturday, March 1-4, Janet Lawson, a young bebop revivalist, will sing with a quintet. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

**BOTTOM LINE,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: On Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 22-23, singer Yvonne Elliman will alternate with Billy Falcon's Burning Rose rock band; on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 24-25, the Alessi rock band will be here, opposite singer Karon Bihari; Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 28-March 1, will be given over to a jazz and rhythm-and-blues outfit that features drummer Lenny White; and on Friday and Saturday, March 3-4, singer Andrew Gold will be present. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

**BRADLEY'S,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good pianists, and diehard patrons. Pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** and his bassist work together through Sunday, Feb. 26. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

**CARLYLE HOTEL,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **GEORGE SHEARING,** the piano stylist and, lately, a breathy vocalist, too, is filling in during Bobby Short's midwinter leave of absence. "Lullaby of Birdland" and other numbers Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. Singer-pianist Michael Carney appears Mondays after nine-thirty. Dinner and supper. . . . **TEDDY WILSON,** who is always elegant, understated, and swinging, presides over the keyboard in the Bemelmans Bar weeknights from nine-thirty to one.

**CARNEGIE HALL CABARET,** 165 W. 56th St. (PL 7-9522)—The principal attraction here is a brand-new gleaming black six-foot August Förster piano from East Germany, which is being played by **MICHAEL RENZI,** a graceful, delicate performer. Through Friday, Feb. 24, from seven to eleven. Dinner.

**CBGB & OMFUG,** 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A row of neon beer signs hangs overhead; lots of young, kinkily dressed patrons, band members, and friends of band members hang around. Onstage, affectedly sinister—dark glasses, torn T-shirts, leather jackets, and smirking expressions—young musicians pound out punk rock, which is, for the most part, mid-sixties hard rock that has come around again on the guitar. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

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**COOKERY,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The legendary blues singer **ALBERTA HUNTER,** who is funny, rocking, and altogether charming, is singing "Downhearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, and "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976. She works with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Al Hall weeknights. Music from eight to one. Dining.

**CRAWDADDY,** Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—**BUCK CLAYTON,** one of the stars of the Count Basie band in the thirties and forties, is starring here with a trio Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. The room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge.

**EDDIE CONDON'S,** 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. The music begins weeknights after nine-thirty. Dinner.

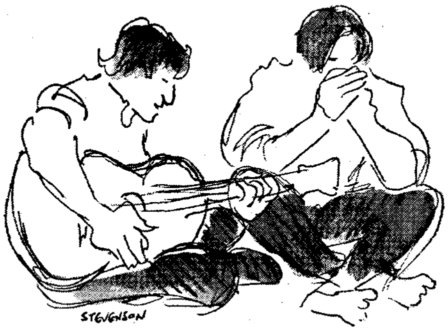
**GREGORY'S,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** works Wednesdays through Sundays with admirable sidemen guitarist **JOE PUMA** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER,** and a conscientious vocalist, Alicia Sherman. Their hours are ten to three, except on Sundays, when they begin at seven. Mondays **AL HAIG, JAMIL NASSER,** and **EDDIE DIEHL** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations from ten. Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio from ten. Weeknights from seven to ten are given over to pianist Gene Roland, guitarist Jim Watkins, and bassist Morris Edwards.

**HOPPER'S,** 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Brazilian guitarist Laurindo Almeida will be leading a jazz trio through Saturday, March 4. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

**JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is at the wheel of a sextet that comprises drummer Ernie Hackett or Eddie Locke, bassist Ted Sturgis, trombonist Bobby Pratt, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, and pianist Johnny Morris. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**LARSON'S,** 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—With its sleek mirrored walls, its leopard-skin-print carpeting, and its extravagantly stocked bar, this place resembles an airport V.I.P. lounge. Pianist **BROOKS KERR** is on hand with onetime Ellington bassist **AARON BELL** and longtime Ellington drummer **SONNY GREER** on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and both Kerr and Bell are here along with trumpeter **FRANC WILLIAMS** and drummer **SHELTON GARY** Thursdays through Saturdays. Music from nine to one. Dinner and supper.

**MICHAEL'S PUB,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The tight voicings and complex, jumping improvisations of **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL** are being devoted to an evening of songs having to do with Humphrey ("As Time Goes By") Bogart. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. Beginning Tuesday, Feb. 28, cornettist **DICK SUDHALTER** and cohorts will present "Words and Music by Irving Berlin." Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.



**MIKELL'S,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 23-25, conga magician **RAY BARRETTO** will play with his band. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

**OTHER END,** 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea; and, occasionally, jazz and rock instead of folk music. Folksinger and songwriter **TOM PAXTON,** whose decade-old compositions are still worth listening to, performs on Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 22-23; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 24-25, will be given over to guitarist George Thorogood and the Destroyers; and Thursday through Saturday, March 2-4, guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** will work with a combo. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

**PETER BROWN,** 168 W. 96th St. (866-4710)—Thursdays through Saturdays are turned over to singer Harold Dumont and his band. Music from ten. Dinner.

**RAINBOW ROOM,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—What a room, what a view! Drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN'S** band will depart after Sunday, Feb. 26; on Tuesday, Feb. 28, Lester Lanin and his orchestra will take over. Vo-do-dee-oh-do. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one. Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

**RENO SWEENEY,** 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Mercedes Hall will be singing through Saturday, Feb. 25; Sunday and Monday, Feb. 26-27, Bob Garrett will contribute some show tunes; and Tuesday through Sunday, Feb. 28-March 5, country-chic singer and pianist Ronee Blakley will be on the stage. Shows at nine and midnight. Wednesdays through Saturdays, from six to seven-thirty, you can often hear **BLOSSOM DEARIE** sing "Peel Me a Grape," "I'm Shadowing You," and "The Pro Musica Antiqua." Dining.

**STRYKER'S,** 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—On Mondays, bassist **CHUCK ISRAELS** leads a robust, boiled-down version of his National Jazz Ensemble, and he's got some first-rate soloists—trombonist and composer **JIMMY KNEPPER,** trumpeter **TOM HARRELL,** and saxophonist **GERRY NIEWOOD,** whose phrasing soars in the manner of Paul Desmond. And, between Israels and drummer **JOE LA BARBARA,** the rhythm section is absolutely inspirational. On Wednesday, Feb. 22, Knepper will direct a quartet; Thursday and Friday, Feb. 23-24, pianist Larry Willis will guide a quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays and Tuesdays.

**SWEET BASIL,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A fivesome composed of guitarist Joe Beck, alto saxophonist David Sanborn, bassist Herb Bushler, pianist Kenny Ascher, and drummer Idris Muhammed will play through Saturday, Feb. 25. On Sunday and Monday, Feb. 26-27, pianist Anthony Davis will bring in a quartet. Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and trombonist **JIMMY KNEPPER** and their quintet will begin a five-night stand on Tuesday, Feb. 28. Music from about nine-thirty. Dinner.

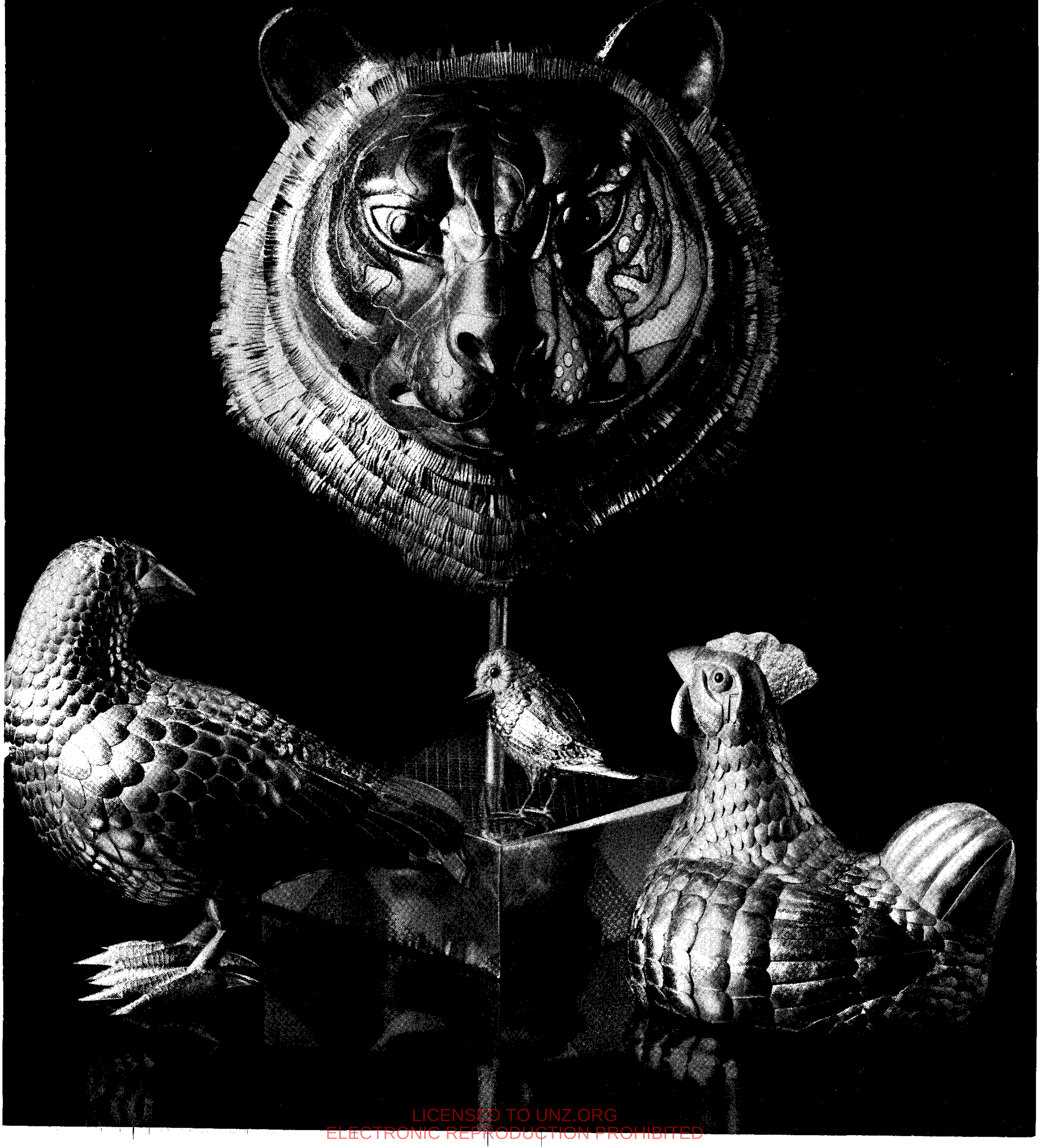
**VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Music upstairs: Sundays, from seven to eleven, Bob January is in charge of a swing orchestra. Dinner. Music downstairs: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 24-25, at ten, trumpeter **DIZZY GILLESPIE** will direct a sextet. On Mondays, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, a jazz-rock organization called Turning Point takes charge. Music all over: In the ground-floor bar area, harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN,** bassist **LISLE ATKINSON,** and guitarist **EDDIE BERG** collaborate on Thursdays from ten to midnight.

**VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Hard-bop drummer **LOUIS HAYES** fronts a quartet that includes saxophonist **FRANK STROZIER** through Sunday, Feb. 26. South African pianist **DOLLAR BRAND** will come in with his foursome on Tuesday, Feb.

The Magnificent Menagerie.

The hand-wrought copper and brass sculptures
of Sergio Bustamante of Guadalajara, Mexico.
Each piece intricately detailed with eyes of polished onyx.
These designs are in limited edition, signed by the artist and numbered
consecutively. Shown here are just a few of the artist's latest sculptures,
introduced exclusively at Marshall Field & Company.
Field's Afar on One, State Street, Chicago.
The Dove, 13" tall x 15" wide, $400. The Tiger, 28" x 19", $600.
The Thrush, 5" x 7", $130. The Chicken, 10½" x 12", $400.

Marshall Field & Company
There's nothing like it back home.



# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

28. On Mondays, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** institution, in its tenth year—that's longer than Monday-night football—blasts forth. Music from ten.

**WEST BOONDOCK,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A popular, if out-of-the-way, slow-paced bar that has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a reputable soul-food kitchen. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is here Mondays through Wednesdays; Harris Simon is here Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

**WEST END CAFÉ,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—This Columbia-student habitat has re-acquired some of the famous swing musicians who used to play here regularly: The **COUNTSMEN—DICKY WELLS, EARLE WARREN, DILL JONES, FRANKLIN SKEETE,** and **JO JONES, JR.**—perform Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 22-26, and Tuesday, Feb. 28. The Franc Williams Swing Four will arrive on Wednesday, March 1. Music from nine to one-thirty, every night but Monday, Feb. 27, when rare records will be played and pianist Brooks Kerr will comment on them, starting at eight.

**W.P.A.,** 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—Quite a pleasant place. The trendy veneer of thirties chic isn't offensive, and the two W.P.A.-style black-and-white murals—one depicting musicians and showgirls, the other workers of the world (who probably never would have come here)—in the music and bar area grow on one. Pianist **HAROLD DANKO,** who holds the Roland Hanna Chair of Distinguished Minor Arpeggios with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation, and his bassist dazzle their audiences with just about everything from "Blue Skies" to "Monk's Dream" to "Maiden Voyage" Tuesdays through Saturdays. **JILL MC MANUS,** an animated Wynton Kelly-inspired pianist, works on Sundays. Music from nine. Dinner.

### DISCOTHÈQUES

**IPANEMA,** 240 W. 52nd St. (765-8025)—A Plexiglas dance floor over colored lights. Live Latin music on Tuesdays from six; recorded disco music from nine on Fridays and Saturdays, and recorded disco and Brazilian music from nine on Sundays. Closed Mondays and Wednesdays.

**NEW YORK, NEW YORK,** 33 W. 52nd St. (245-2400)—A lighting man and a licensed laser officer are in charge of the special effects: laser beams projected onto a screen; moving, spinning colored spotlights; and a fog machine. From ten nightly.

**RÉGINE'S,** 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (826-0990)—An Art Deco interior carried out in tones of aubergine and silver. Dancing from ten-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

**STUDIO 54,** 254 W. 54th St. (489-7667)—This place was built in 1927 as the Fortune Opera House; now it accommodates large numbers of dancers. From ten. Closed Mondays. (Many private parties are held here; therefore, the nights on which the facilities are open to the public may vary.)

### JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**JOSEPH JARMAN AND FAMOUDOU DON MOYE**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Feb. 22, at 8.

**LEON AND MARY RUSSELL**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 24-25, at 8.

**GIL SCOTT-HERON AND BRIAN JACKSON**—With Dollar Brand. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium. Loeb Student Center. Friday. Feb. 24, at 8 and 11:30.)

**THE SPINNERS**—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.

**STANLEY TURRENTINE, ARTHUR PRYSOCK,** and **JEAN CARN**—Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Feb. 27, at 7:30.

**INTERLUDES**—The fourth offering in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by **DANCERS** on Wednesday, March 1, at 5:45.

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**CARMEL QUINN**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday, March 2, at 8.

**BOB WEIR** and **DOUCETTE**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, March 3, at 8 and at midnight. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

**SHA NA NA, JAY BLACK & THE AMERICANS, THE FOUR TOPS,** and **TOMMY JAMES AND THE SHONDELLS**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, March 3, at 8.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**ANTONIO AMARAL**—Large, lively oil paintings, floral in theme, by a Brazilian artist. Through March 8. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

**MILTON AVERY** (1893-1965)—The sixth annual show in which the artist's works are displayed with those of some of his friends—eleven this time, among them Marsden Hartley, Mark Rothko, and Barnett Newman. Through Friday, Feb. 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**RUDOLF BARANIK**—Large abstract oil paintings. Through Tuesday, Feb. 28. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

**JULIUS BISSIER** (1893-1965)—Small, beautifully colored abstracts done in various mediums and reminiscent of Klee. The brushwork is fragile and almost playful in quality. Through March 18. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

**OSCAR BLUEMNER** (1867-1938) **AND MARSDEN HARTLEY** (1877-1943)—Landscape paintings from the twenties and thirties by two early members of the Stieglitz gallery group. Through March 25. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

**GEORGE BOOTH**—Cartoons and other drawings, some in color, dealing with ill-assorted musical ensembles, shady doings in the garage back room, and what passes for domestic tranquillity in Mr. Booth's special world, with its abundance of ill-tempered cats and dogs. Through Saturday, March 4. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**ROY CARRUTHERS**—Three men with necks like chimneys, spouting smoke, forthrightly entitled "Three Smokers." And other paintings of similar figures, similarly smoking. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

**STUART DAVIS** (1894-1964)—A show of watercolors done while the artist was still in his teens and a student of Robert Henri, who exhorted his pupils to draw "things in the raw." Subjects include fish markets, vaudeville shows, and street scenes. This exhibit is running concurrently with the Davis show at the Brooklyn Museum. Through Saturday, March 4. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

**ANNE ELLIOTT**—Watercolor sketches of the craggier Himalayan mountainsides, done on the spot, and wall-size representations of the same terrain made of crumpled and painted rice paper shaped over muslin; one glacier spills right out on the gallery floor. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**LOUIS FINKELSTEIN**—Dense brushstrokes characterize this new set of abstract paintings based on the landscapes of western Connecticut. Through Wednesday, March 1. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

**ILSE GETZ**—Assemblages and collages employing Scrabble tiles, dolls' heads, birds' eggs, bits of old wood, and the artist's own sketches. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**SHIRLEY HENDRICK**—Still-lifes, portraits, and Maine seascapes (rocks, waves, gulls), painted in oil with directness and assurance. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**MARGARET ISRAEL**—A captivating outpouring of sculpture, paintings, and wall pieces by this industrious and wonderfully imaginative artist, who concentrates here on tugboats, in wood or ceramics, painted in circus colors; domestic fowl (hens, roosters, guinea fowl, and turkeys); and flowers, done with a van Gogh intensity. Through Saturday, March 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

**ROBERT LAHOTAN**—Oil paintings that catch the winter bleakness and the summer lushness of the Maine countryside, plus sunny interiors in country houses. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**LEO MANSO**—Recent collages and paintings influenced by a visit to Tunisia. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

**LOUISA MATTHIASDOTTIR**—This Icelandic artist reduces her subjects—people, houses, sheep, ponies—to the simplest of forms, which stand out nicely against backgrounds of snowy mountains and deep-blue fjords. Through March 11. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**TODD MCKIE**—Spirited abstract works on paper, plus a series of small canvases spelling out the names of cities in what looks like skywriting, with a separate canvas for each letter. "Milano" is done on fields of blue, from aquamarine to Prussian. Through Wednesday, March 1. (Aquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

**PAUL VÁZQUEZ**—High-pitched colors, slapped onto the canvas with every indication of violence, typify these works, which are called "Epiphany" paintings; they are, indeed, manifestations of some sort. Through March 11. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**JOHN WESLEY**—There is a poster-like simplicity to these joking paintings and plywood cutouts depicting such varied subjects as a bungalow à la Hollywood and a dog taking a nap on the bosom of a placidly recumbent Queen Victoria. Through Thursday, March 2. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**HELEN MIRANDA WILSON**—Oil paintings, mostly small, of waterfront scenes, cityscapes, and still-lifes. Through March 11. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

**AMERICAN NUDES**—Thirty-four nudes executed in a range of mediums and encompassing a range of sensibilities (Milton Avery, Joseph Cornell, Willem de Kooning, Alfred Leslie, Jillian Denby, Larry Rivers). Through Saturday, March 4. (Reed, 120 E. 78th St. Opens at 1.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St.: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by Brancusi, Cornell, Klee, Lichtenstein, and others. Through April 8. . . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Drawings and watercolors by German and Austrian Expressionists, but a little sunnier than the usual tracts by these artists, who include Kokoschka, Nolde, and Schiele. Through March 31. . . . **STONE,** 48 E. 86th St.: Raoul Middleman (waterfront vistas, boldly painted figures), Edward Renouf (dark abstract panels made up of brushstrokes as fine as iron filings), William Klapp (dark drawings of hungry-looking nudes), and Cara Croninger (fetishes, necklaces, and amulets with a wild aura). Through Tuesday, Feb. 28. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: Drawings and small sculptures by Boucher, Fragonard, Henry Moore, and others. Through Friday, Feb. 24.

### GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

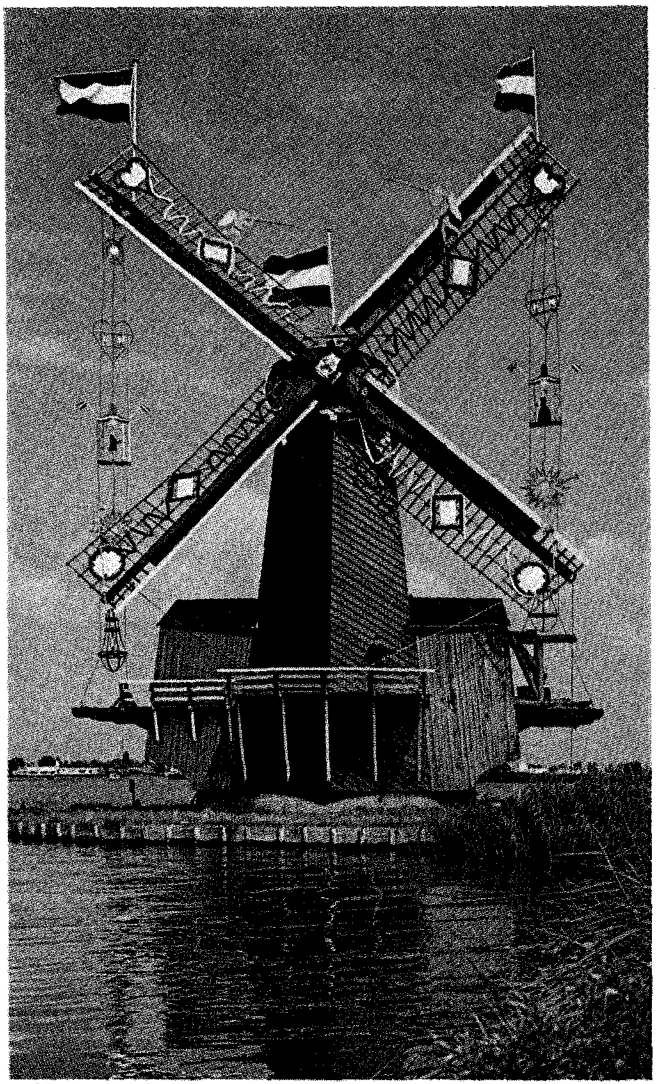
**JACK BEAL**—New realist paintings and pastels entitled "Virtues and Vices," by an artist who found his model-friends far more willing to represent the latter than the former. Through Thursday, March 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

**ENRIQUE CASTRO-CID**—Paintings and drawings in which a cow, a rabbit, and several human figures are subjected to an abstruse (and distorting) mathematical formula. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**SAUL CHASE**—Precisionist paintings of empty streets, "L" platforms, and factory buildings, done in low-key colors that somehow give a lyrical quality to these bleak subjects. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**RACKSTRAW DOWNES**—Panoramic views of New

# Windmills? Certainly.
# But did you know that in KLM's Holland the windmills can actually talk?



## Example:

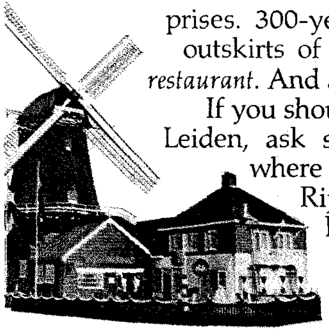
This sawmill is saying: "The miller's daughter is getting married!"

Sometime back in the 17th century, an inventive Dutch miller reasoned that by setting the mill's huge blades in certain positions, he could broadcast messages to the whole village.

With its blades stopped at a 45° angle, his mill would be saying: "Taking a rest, no grinding this week."

Stopped in another position, and gaily decorated with flags and finery, his mill would shout out the joy of a wedding celebration.

As you motor along our manicured Dutch roads, by all means *stop* at the windmills. They'll reward you with many surprises. 300-year-old De Dikkert mill, on the outskirts of Amsterdam in Amstelveen, is a *restaurant*. And an outstanding one, at that.

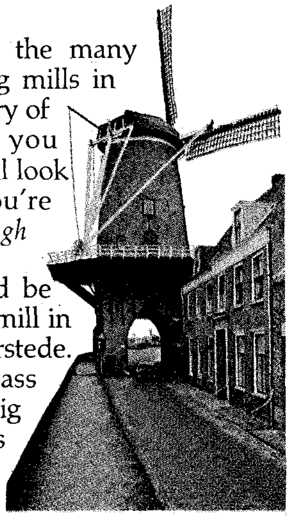


If you should find yourself near the town of Leiden, ask someone to point out the spot where the old malt mill named "De Rijn" used to stand. It is here that Rembrandt was born.

In Holland the roads themselves are tourist attractions. As modern as they are, they'll still take you through a picture-book countryside of green meadows, brimming canals, and smiling faces.

A hop-skip from Leiden sits Delft, the historic town famous for its blue and white earthenware.

Nearby you'll come upon Gouda (the Dutch say "How-dah"). On market days its bright-colored farm wagons are piled high with orange cheeses.



Drive past the many curious-looking mills in the lake country of Utrecht and you might very well look up to find you're driving *through* one of them.

This would be the old tower mill in Wijk bij Duurstede. Autos now pass through the big stable doors where horse carts laden with grain used to come and go.

Holland holds dozens of delights for the venturesome tourist. Come see our town where the buildings are all painted white. Or the ones where everyone is dressed in costume. Cruise our canals. Marvel at our art collections.

Whatever you want to do, you'll find it's easier to do in Holland. It's truly a hassle-free country. English is spoken everywhere. (You'll even find signs in English!) The roads (and car rental bargains) are among the finest in all of Europe. And once in Holland, you're right smack in the heart of Europe.

KLM has the only daily nonstop 747 service to Amsterdam from New York and Chicago plus direct 747 service from Houston.

Ask your travel agent or KLM to tell you about our special money-saving fares.

**For a free guidebook and more information on KLM's Holland write to: KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, P.O. Box G, Teaneck, N.J. 07666.**

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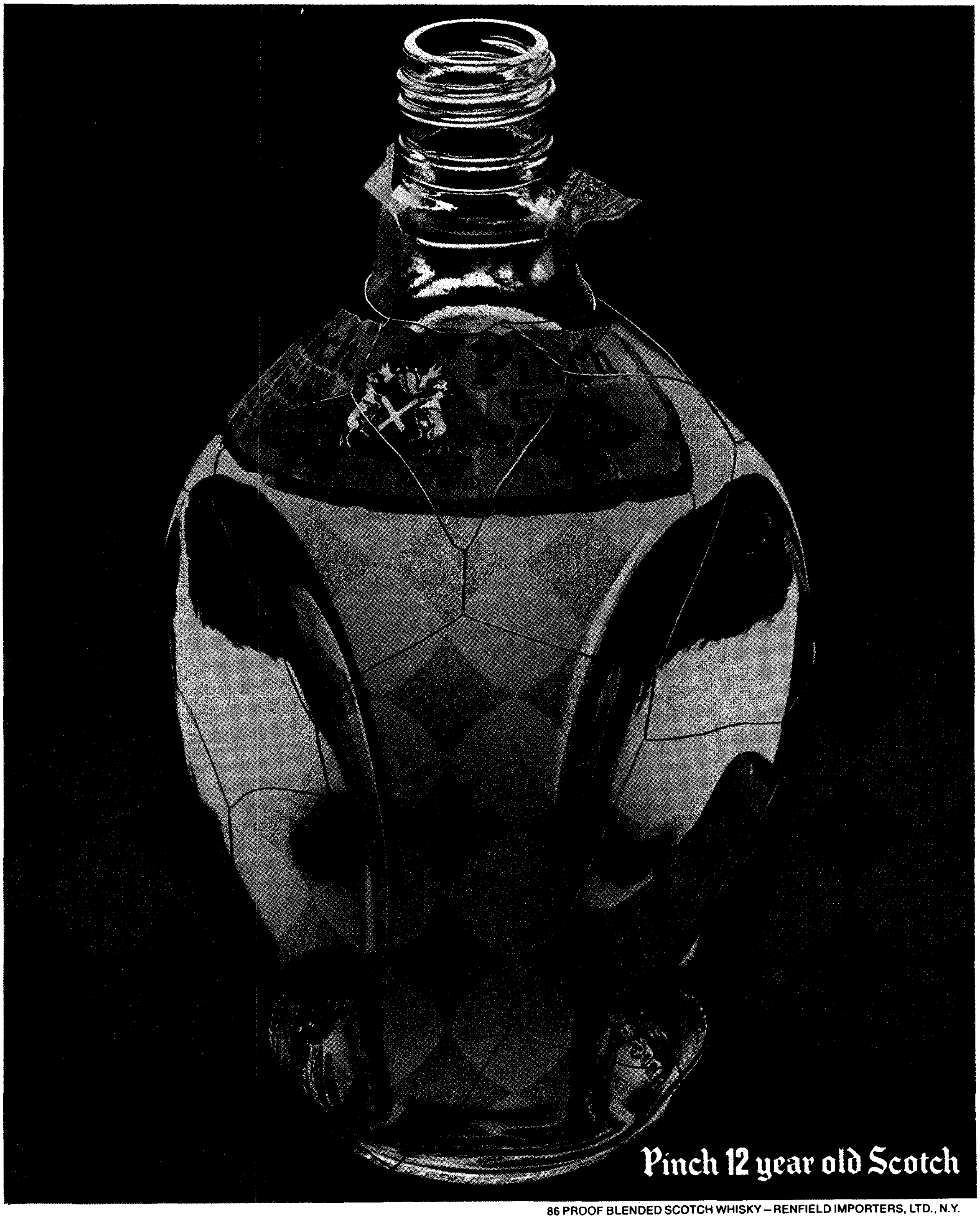
Address__________________________

City__________ State________ Zip________

Look at it this way:
The best things in life are expensive.
But then, so are the mediocre ones.
And you're still drinking ordinary scotch?


Pinch 12 year old Scotch

86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY – RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

York City and Maine landscapes. Through March 17. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

**Sherron L. Francis**—Abstract paintings. Through March 9. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Edward Giobbi**—Abstract patches of brilliant color, sometimes imposed on a grid, are contained within a basic architectural form, like the front elevation of a basilica. Through March 11. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

**Allan Hacklin**—Wooden pieces made of a pale Russian plywood polished with white plaster. Many of them look like household utensils for which a purpose has yet to be invented. Through March 18. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

**James Hagan**—Abstract wood sculptures. Through March 25. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Dorothy Heller**—Curtains of almost countless vertical lines painted in jet-black acrylic on a dead-white ground, sometimes with a spot of color in the background and sometimes with a bar of untouched white cutting across the canvas. Through Saturday, March 4. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

**James Juszczyk**—Abstract paintings by a colorist who divides his canvases into rectangles of various size and gives each section a contrasting or harmonizing tone, built up by repeated applications of acrylics and glazes. Through March 11. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Hugh Kepets**—Soft-, almost pastel-colored compositions in which architectural details—cornices, railings, steel trusses, window frames—and the shadows they cast are treated as abstract designs, with unusual success. Through Thursday, March 2. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Frances Kuehn**—Superrealist oils and watercolors in which black-and-white photographs of her subjects are enormously enlarged by a grid system of her own devising; the oils are of friends and the watercolors of convoluted striped drapery. Through Thursday, March 2. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Winifred Lutz**—A redwood sculpture in three units, one eleven feet high. Through March 15. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Richard Merkin**—Oil, watercolor, hard-edge charcoal drawing, and collage go into this artist's polished compositions, which have a documentary quality in that they make references—sometimes overt and sometimes oblique—to lively personalities, mostly literary (A. J. Liebling, Michael Arlen, William Seabrook). Through Friday, March 3. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Morgan Russell** (1886-1953)—Small, sensitive figure drawings done under the tutelage of Matisse, color notes for formal works, and memorabilia make up a show of this Synchromist artist's work that is running concurrently with one at the Whitney. Through March 11. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

**Lucas Samaras**—New works consisting of fabric pieced together to form chaotic patterns. Through March 18. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

**Joan Snyder**—New paintings, including a twenty-six-foot-long composition in eight panels. Through March 25. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

**Indian Paintings**—These small treasures from the subcontinent date from 1640 to 1850, and show a marked Persian influence. They are done in gouache, in splendid detail, and depict rajas and elephants (strikingly modern) and the exploits of Krishna, who is always painted a worshipful blue. Through March 11. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **alonzo**, 30 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and photographs by Lionel Gilbert, Legh Myers, and others. Through Thursday, March 2. . . . **genesis**, 41 E. 57th St.: Red Grooms' wall-size portrayal of Paul Bocuse's celebrated restaurant in Lyons, showing the chef and his kitchen and some of his patrons and some of his wares (the puffed pastry, in three dimensions, looks luscious) more or less dominates this show entitled "The Human Figure in Contemporary Painting & Sculpture in the United States of America." Among the other luminaries are Marisol, Larry Rivers, Wesselmann, Pearlstein, Segal, Alice Neel. Through Saturday, March 4. . . . **janis**, 6 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by seven Americans, including new pieces by Marisol (wooden figures of her father and Picasso which look as if they had been chopped out with a hatchet); Wesselmann (another in the Great American Nude series); and Segal (plaster life casts painted pink or blue). Through Saturday, March 4. (Open Mondays.) . . . **nobé**, 250 W. 57th St.: This sunlit aerie on the twenty-sixth floor has abstract works in black-and-white by four post-Minimalist artists—Catherine L. Porter, Stephen Rosenthal, Sean Scully, and Merrill Wagner. Through Saturday, Feb. 25.

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### GALLERIES—SoHo

**Noah Baen / Audrey Bergensten**—Expressionist landscapes and figures. / Paintings of sloe-eyed women. Through March 8. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

**Daria Dorosh**—Abstract paintings in which oil-stick colors are scrubbed into canvas-backed paper, creating a more or less monochromatic background in which a doorway, a window, or an aperture of some sort appears. Through March 8. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

**Rafael Ferrer**—Full-size kayaks made of found sheet metal; an environment entitled (in bright neon) "Valparaiso," in which one stoops to enter "Hotel Aubry," a room with a paint-splashed dresser, a set of drums, and a birdcage full of women's slippers; and wildly colorful drawings evoking the Caribbean. Through March 9. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

**Kent Floeter**—Outsize post-Minimalist drawings. Through Thursday, March 2. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

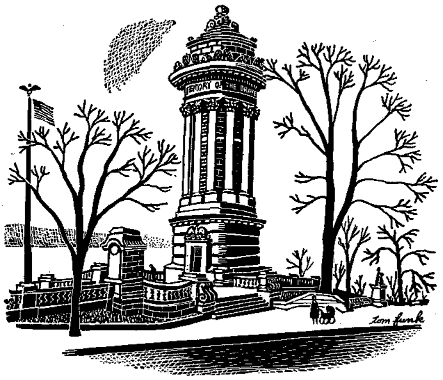
**Joan Gardner**—Painted-and-crayoned linen cutouts of figures and objects on canvas. Through March 11. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

**Marcia Hafif / Bevan Davies**—Hand-ground complementary colors mixed together and applied to a white-lead base to form a rich, neutral surface. The titles tell the story—"Cadmium Orange, Phthalocyanine Blue," for instance. / The three courthouses in Foley Square are the subject of these color photographs, which illustrate the splendor that was Tammany, the glory that was Tweed. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

**Stevan Jennis**—Groups of small, glossy, painted cardboard sculptures set on pedestals. Through Saturday, March 4. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

**Sol LeWitt**—Drawings that cover the artist's whole career, beginning with striking brush-and-ink analyses of celebrated paintings by Botticelli, Goya, Velázquez, and so on (LeWitt has paid his dues), and going on to the current shorthand notations that might have been jotted down on a shingle by a carpenter. Additional works by the artist are currently being shown at the Museum of Modern Art and at the Brooklyn Museum. Through Tuesday, Feb. 28. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

**Knox Martin**—Large, bright-colored abstract paintings with an *art-moderne* flavor by an artist whose fundamental subject is Woman. Through March 8. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)



**Frank Palaia / Porfirio Di Donna**—An assemblage of thirty-two "Photo-Substitutes," in which color photographs of a bunch of soup cans, a comic-strip panel, and a plain-looking girl (to pick out three) could pass for originals by Andy Warhol, Roy Lichtenstein, and Chuck Close. / Large paintings in which fields of a dark color—blue, gray, and so on—are traversed by horizontal bands of dots and dashes in a contrasting hue. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

**Paul Rotterdam / Susan Eder**—Stark, mysterious panels, ranging from a bleak gray to matte black, usually with architectural details (rudimentary cornices and baseboards) at the top and bottom, and perhaps a pair of tiny slitlike windows incised through the canvas. / Small, gemlike photographic works, mostly done in series; for instance, pairs of color prints in which something corporeal—a swan, say, or a family Christmas tree—is matched by a wisp of cloud almost identical in shape. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

**Fred Sandback**—Three constructions by this Minimalist artist will be shown consecutively over the next month. The first comes down Wednesday, March 1, and No. 2 will be on view the following day. Also related drawings. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

**Charles Schucker**—Stained-canvas works. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

**John Walker**—Massive canvas-on-canvas collages. Through March 15. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

**Dennis Whitcopf / Martin Schreiber**—What appear to be soft, mysterious bundles tightly trussed up with rope are really made of limestone or wood, bound with steel cable. / Color Xeroxes, mostly closeups of Coca-Cola cans found flattened in the street. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

**Group Shows**—At **castelli**, 420 West Broadway: Bruce Nauman's plaster-and-fiberglass spiral sculptural piece takes up the entire main room; in other spaces are found Dan Flavin's fluorescent-tube works, Billy Apple's triangle of white paint applied to the floor, and Robert Barry's wall drawing. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. . . . **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: Drawings by ten young artists. Through March 11. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.) . . . **sperone westwater fischer**, 142 Greene St.: Carl Andre and Robert Ryman are two of the exhibitors in a showing of drawings and other works on paper. Through Wednesday, March 1.

### OTHER GALLERIES

**Victor Candell** (1903-77)—Paintings and drawings that follow this artist through his precocious academic days, through the ritual studies in Paris (in and out of Cubism), and on to the totally abstract collage constructions of his final years. Through Tuesday, Feb. 28. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

**Don Freeman** (1908-78)—A memorial exhibition of his oils, drawings, watercolors, and lithographs. Through March 31. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays; Saturday hours are 12:30 to 4:30.)

**Nancy Graves**—What look like the skeletal remains of several prehistoric monsters—skulls, rib cages, leg bones, vertebrae—are all heaped together in a five-thousand-pound bronze sculpture. Through April 30. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

**William Wegman**—Cartoon-like drawings of a homespun, jovial nature, and video shows in which a weimaraner expresses a puzzled interest in what is being said to him; sometimes there are two dogs. Through Monday, Feb. 27. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

**Frank Young**—A conceptual piece consisting of pastel-and-crayon drawings and called "Who's in Egypt?" Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway. Opens at 1.)

**Group Shows**—At **the new museum**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A show of " 'Bad' Painting," described in the catalogue as "figura-

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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tive work that defies, either deliberately or by virtue of disinterest, the classic canons of good taste, draftsmanship, acceptable source material, rendering, or illusionistic representation." It succeeds admirably on all counts. Through Tuesday, Feb. 28. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)... **PRETTO** (a gallery recently moved to three-story quarters at 176 Franklin Street, which is west of Hudson Street): Four small constructions involving wax, paint, and found wood, by Farrell Brickhouse, on the second floor, through Tuesday, Feb. 28. Drawings in which graphite markings are transferred to masking tape, by Merrill Wagner, on the second floor through March 10. A group show entitled "Aspects of Minimal Art" on the first floor through Tuesday, Feb. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 3 to 6.)

### PHOTOGRAPHY

**LES KRIMS AND WILLIAM LARSON**—The photographs on exhibit here include manipulated color Polaroid prints by Mr. Krims and abstractions, also in color, by Mr. Larson. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**BEA NETTLES / NORMAN SANDERS**—Surreal prints made by such non-silver processes as silk-screening, a 3M copier, and a commercial color method. / This photographer has set himself the task of recording people in their favorite rooms at home. Home in this case is Rockland County, and the subjects are Mr. Sanders' neighbors. Through Saturday, March 4. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

**FRED PICKER**—New England landscapes by a photographer who makes his home in Vermont. Through March 11. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

**F. A. RINEHART** (1861-1928)—Platinum-print studio portraits of American Indians (among the more famous, Chief Red Cloud, Geronimo, and Chief American Horse) made at an Omaha fair in 1898. Through March 11. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

**JOHN THOMSON** (1837-1921)—A record of his travels in China, Cyprus, and Cambodia, as well as an early essay on street people in London. Through April 1. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

**JAMES VAN DERZEE**—An exhibit of his photographs chronicling black life in America, and in particular Harlem, has been mounted by the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A comprehensive survey of Swiss photography, from 1840 to the present, from photojournalism to portraiture. Through March 5. (Also open Sundays, 11 to 5, and Tuesdays until 8.) ... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Two photographic exhibitions are on view here. One consists of about seventy-five prints (all of them made prior to the outbreak of the First World War) by Edward Steichen, the other, a group show (the subject is streets of America and the dates covered are 1940-55), includes works by Lisette Model, Louis Faurer, and Robert Frank. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of twentieth-century decorative objects, including silver designed by Georg Jensen; woodwork designed by James Prestini; and a wall hanging by Anni Albers, from the permanent collection.... ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred items in the costume collection. For their time and place, they represent the ne plus ultra in luxury, such as a pair of seventeenth-century French white-kid shoes embroidered in pastel-colored and metal-silk thread, and a Fortuny evening dress from this century trimmed with Venetian-glass beads. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—A huge, open-sided cube, eight feet tall and painted in white enamel, stands near the entrance to the Sol LeWitt retrospective, and permutations of this simple form—some in tiny sketches on graph paper and some (hundreds) in three-dimensional stark-white honeycombs of steel or wood—continue throughout the exhibition. But what permutations! They gradually evolve, through a logic that seems inevitable, into wholly abstract designs pencilled in on the white walls, and when color is abruptly introduced, it is with stunning effect. As one leaves the show, one notices a massive LeWitt structure of six cubes in the sculpture garden outside, and suddenly one perceives the skyscrapers beyond it in a new light. Through April 4. (A LeWitt show also at the John Weber Gallery, 420 West Broadway—ending Tuesday—and at the Brooklyn Museum.)... ¶ A show of ninety architectural drawings that Le Corbusier made for half as many projects (studio assistants had a hand in some of the sketches) between the years 1912 and 1962. Through March 26.... ¶ An exhibit of collages and drawings by Jean Arp. Through March 5.... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Early Steichen prints. Through March 28.... ¶ Group show of street photography. Through April 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Willem de Kooning in East Hampton," a show of the noted artist's paintings, drawings, and sculptures executed since 1963, when he moved from New York City to Long Island. Through April 23.... ¶ Collages by the contemporary Czech artist Jiří Kolář which incorporate written and printed texts, maps, photographs, and so forth. Through March 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Synchromism and American Color Abstraction, 1910-1925" brings together the works of the founders of Synchromism—Morgan Russell and Stanton Macdonald-Wright—with works by twenty-eight American and three European artists (Marsden Hartley, Joseph Stella, and Robert Delaunay among them), all of whom were early experimenters in pure-color abstraction. Through March 26.... ¶ A show of Duane Hanson's startlingly realistic polyester and fibre-glass life casts—twenty-nine pieces in all, including "Hard Hat," "Rita the Waitress," and "Photographer." They are so lifelike that it is difficult to tell the sculpture from the audience, until somebody moves. Through April 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM**, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"Out of the House," a show of works by women artists who either use household objects as subjects (coffee cups by Janet Stayton, for instance) or use techniques that resemble domestic crafts (Miriam Schapiro's collaged cotton apron, for one). Through Wednesday, March 1. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—A show of Stuart Davis's work, including a large-scale mural and seventy paintings supplemented by watercolors and sketches. Through March 19. A complementary show is at the Hirschl & Adler Galleries.... ¶ Sol LeWitt's *prints from the seventies*. Through Saturday, March 4. (See also Museum of Modern Art, above.)... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Works by James Van DerZee. Through March 5. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—No surprises at the moment: just the usual exhibits and collections. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**ASIA HOUSE**, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of drinking vessels and such, made of metal (often silver) and engraved, embossed, or inlaid with niello, the work of Persian craftsmen of the Sasanian Empire (226 to 651 A.D.). Also related works. Through March 12. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Nearly four hundred objects from the museum's collection of decorative arts—textiles, wallpaper, furniture, ceramics—arranged in ways that point up their origins, function, techniques, and so forth. Through Tuesday, Feb. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**MORGAN LIBRARY**, 29 E. 36th St.—A display of books that have been enhanced by an inscription or a drawing either by the author or simply by a reader; for example, James Thurber made thirteen pencil drawings in his first edition of Hemingway's "Green Hills of Africa," and it is on view. Through March 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART**, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show devoted to representations of dogs in such folk-art forms as pottery, needlework, furniture, and paintings. Through April 2. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Social history, decorative styles, and macabre deaths are evinced in a small, choice showing of New York City tombstone rubbings by Cecily Firestein. Through April 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Street Kids: 1864-1977," an exhibit of photographs that includes examples by Alice Austen, Weegee, and Jack Manning. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY**, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of children's literature and illustrations that includes some original drawings for "The Wizard of Oz," a manuscript of Kate Greenaway's "Mother Goose," and a first edition of "Alice in Wonderland." Through April 15.... ¶ "Literature in Exile" is the title of an exhibit of original letters, manuscripts, and early printed editions drawn from the Berg Collection. Through April 29. (The library is open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**METROPOLITAN OPERA**—Wednesday evening, Feb. 22: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, Morley Meredith, Allan Monk, Paul Plishka, and Fernando Corena; conducted by Kazimierz Kord.... ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 23: "Thaïs," with Beverly Sills, Sherrill Milnes, Jean Van Ree, and James Morris; John Pritchard.... ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 24: "Otello," with Katia Ricciarelli, Jean Kraft, James McCracken, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 25: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, Morley Meredith, Allan Monk, Paul Plishka, and Fernando Corena; Kazimierz Kord. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 25: "La Favorita," with Shirley Verrett, Alma Jean Smith, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; Jesús López-Cobos.... ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 27: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Teresa Stratas, Mignon Dunn, Raymond Gibbs, Gabriel Bacquier, and Jerome Hines; James Levine.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 28: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, Morley Meredith, Allan Monk, Paul Plishka, and Fernando Corena; Kazimierz Kord.... ¶ Wednesday evening, March 1: "La Favorita," with Shirley Verrett, Alma Jean Smith, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; Jesús López-

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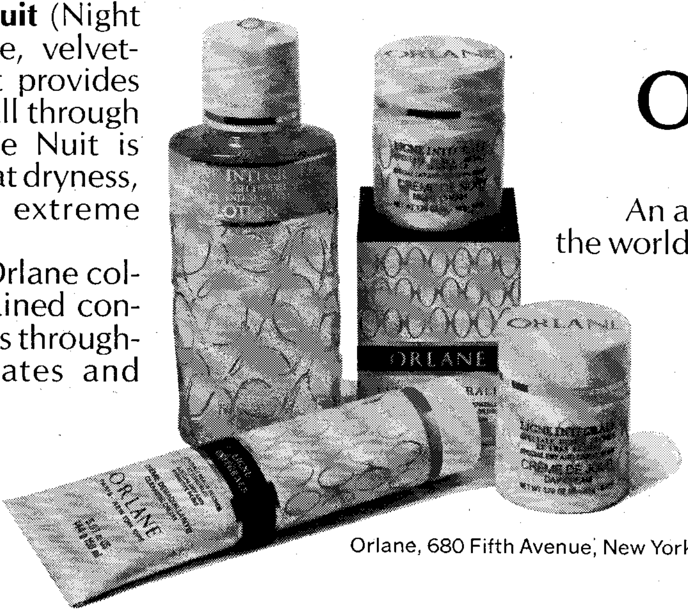

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Cobos. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 2: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Judith Blegen, Loretta Di Franco, José Carreras, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena; Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 3: "Thaïs," with Beverly Sills, Sherrill Milnes, Jean Van Ree, and James Morris; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 4: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Teresa Stratas, Mignon Dunn, Raymond Gibbs, Gabriel Bacquier, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 4: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, Robert Nagy, Misha Raitzin, Morley Meredith, Allan Monk, Paul Plishka, and Fernando Corena; Kazimierz Kord. (Evenings at 8; on Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8:30. Matinées Saturday, Feb. 25, at 2, and Saturday, March 4, at 1:30.)

**New York City Opera**—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 30—Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8: "La Traviata," with Mariana Niculescu, Rebecca Mercer-White, Henry Price, and Pablo Elvira; conducted by Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 24, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Judith Ehrlich, Sandra Walker, Samuel Ramey, and Kenneth Collins; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 25, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with RoseMarie Freni, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and William Justus; and "Pagliacci," with Sherry Zannoth, Herman Malamood, Richard Fredricks, Thomas Jamerson, and Alan Kays. Cal Stewart Kellogg conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Esther Hinds, John Sandor, and David Holloway; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 26, at 1: "Mefistofele," with Judith Ehrlich, Sandra Walker, Samuel Ramey, and Kenneth Collins; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 26, at 7: "La Traviata," with Mariana Niculescu, Rebecca Mercer-White, Henry Price, and Pablo Elvira; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 1, at 8: "La Bohème," with Mariana Niculescu, Sharon Daniels, Enrico Di Giuseppe, David Holloway, and Thomas Jamerson; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 2, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Gianna Rolandi, Jane Shaulis, Henry Price, Pablo Elvira, and Richard McKee; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Friday, March 3, at 8: "La Fanciulla del West," with Marilyn Zschau, Ermanno Mauro, and Vern Shinall; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 4, at 2: "La Bohème," with Cynthia Clarey, Sharon Daniels, Lando Bartolini, David Holloway, and Thomas Jamerson; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 4, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Faye Robinson, Eunice Hill, Kenneth Collins, Pablo Elvira, Irwin Densen, and Philip Steele; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

## ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At Avery Fisher Hall—Bernard Haitink conducting on Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 24, at 2:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 28, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Victor Borge conducting on Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ James Levine conducting on Thursday, March 2, at 8:30; Friday, March 3, at 2; Saturday, March 4, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 7, at 7:30 (all with Christoph Eschenbach, piano).

**National Symphony Orchestra**—Mstislav Rostropovich conducting the second and third in a series of three concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 27, at 8, with Isaac Stern, violin; and Friday, March 3, at 8, with Rudolf Serkin, piano.)

**Opera Orchestra of New York**—Eve Queler directing a performance of Weber's "Oberon" in concert form, with Roberta Knie and Carmen Balthrop, sopranos; Shirley Love and Julia Hamari, mezzo-sopranos; Nicolai Gedda and John West, tenors; Richard Clark, baritone; and the Dessoff Choirs. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

**New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra**—Raffael Adler conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

**Brooklyn Philharmonia**—Sarah Caldwell conducting an all-Berlioz program, with Régine Crespin, soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, March 3-4, at 8, and Sunday, March 5, at 3.)

**Musica Sacra**—Richard Westenburg directing. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

**New York Choral Society**—Robert DeCormier directing an all-Brahms program, with Eleanor Bergquist, soprano; Robert Shiesley, baritone; and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

**Barnard-Columbia Chorus**—Donald Loach directing. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**New Calliope Singers**—Peter Schubert directing a program of choral chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.)

## RECITALS

**Viktor Tretyakov**—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

**Ensemble for Early Music**—A performance of "Roman de Fauvel," a fourteenth-century French secular play, with the Ensemble singing, and playing medieval instruments. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

**Parnassus**—A program of music of our time. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

**Stony Brook Concerts**—The second and third in a series of three recitals by artists in residence of the State University of New York at Stony Brook. Wednesday, Feb. 22, at 8: Ronald Anderson, trumpet; Isidore Cohen, violin; Timothy Eddy, cello; John Graham, viola; Bernard Greenhouse, cello; Julius Levine, bass; and Gilbert Kalish, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 4, at 8: Jack Kreiselman, clarinet; Charles Treger, violin; Mr. Eddy; Martin Canin, piano; Peter Wolf, harpsichord; Raymond DesRoches, percussion; and Arthur Weisberg, conductor. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)

**Edvard Lieber**—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

**Tokyo String Quartet**—With Minoru Nojima, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

**Y New Music**—The third in a series of four concerts focussing on unusual combinations of voice and instruments, this one performed by the Theater Chamber Players of Kennedy Center. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

**Jean-Pierre Rampal and Robert Veyron-Lacroix**—Flute and harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

**Beaux Arts Trio**—The last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 24, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

**Boehm Quintette**—Chamber music for winds. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 24, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**Philidor Trio**—Chamber music. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Friday, Feb. 24, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

**Music for a While**—A program entitled "La Fontaine Amoureuse, A Medieval Evening of Verse and Music by Guillaume de Machaut," performed by four musicians and an actor. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Feb. 24, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**Composers' Forum**—A program of works by Roger Johnson and Jonathan D. Kramer. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Feb. 24, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

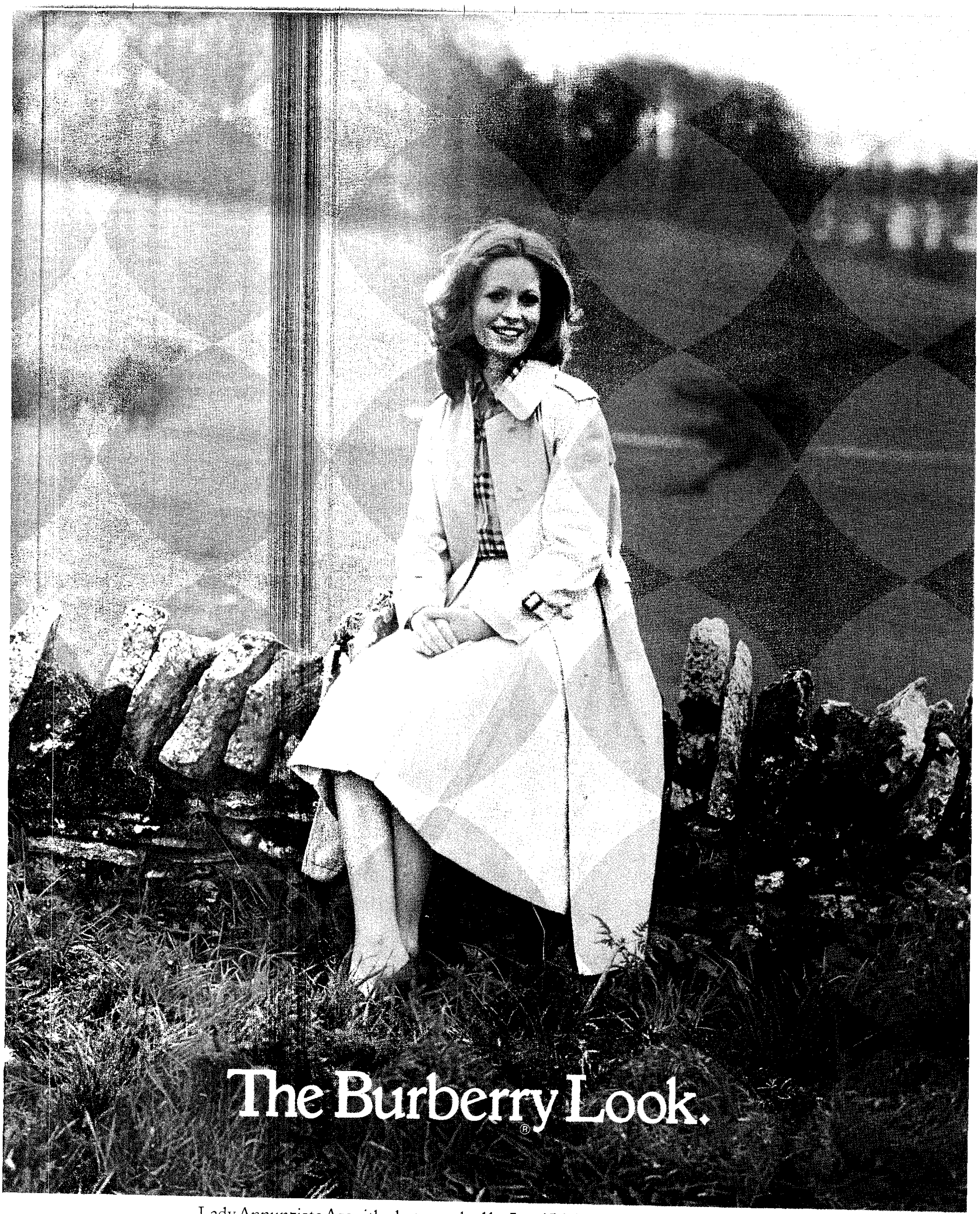
**Kenneth Cooper**—The second of two recitals played on his Houston-Broekman 1790 harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 3.)

**Claudio Arrau**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

**Vladimir Ashkenazy**—Piano. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

**Richard Cass**—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

**Christoph Eschenbach**—Piano, in a recital post-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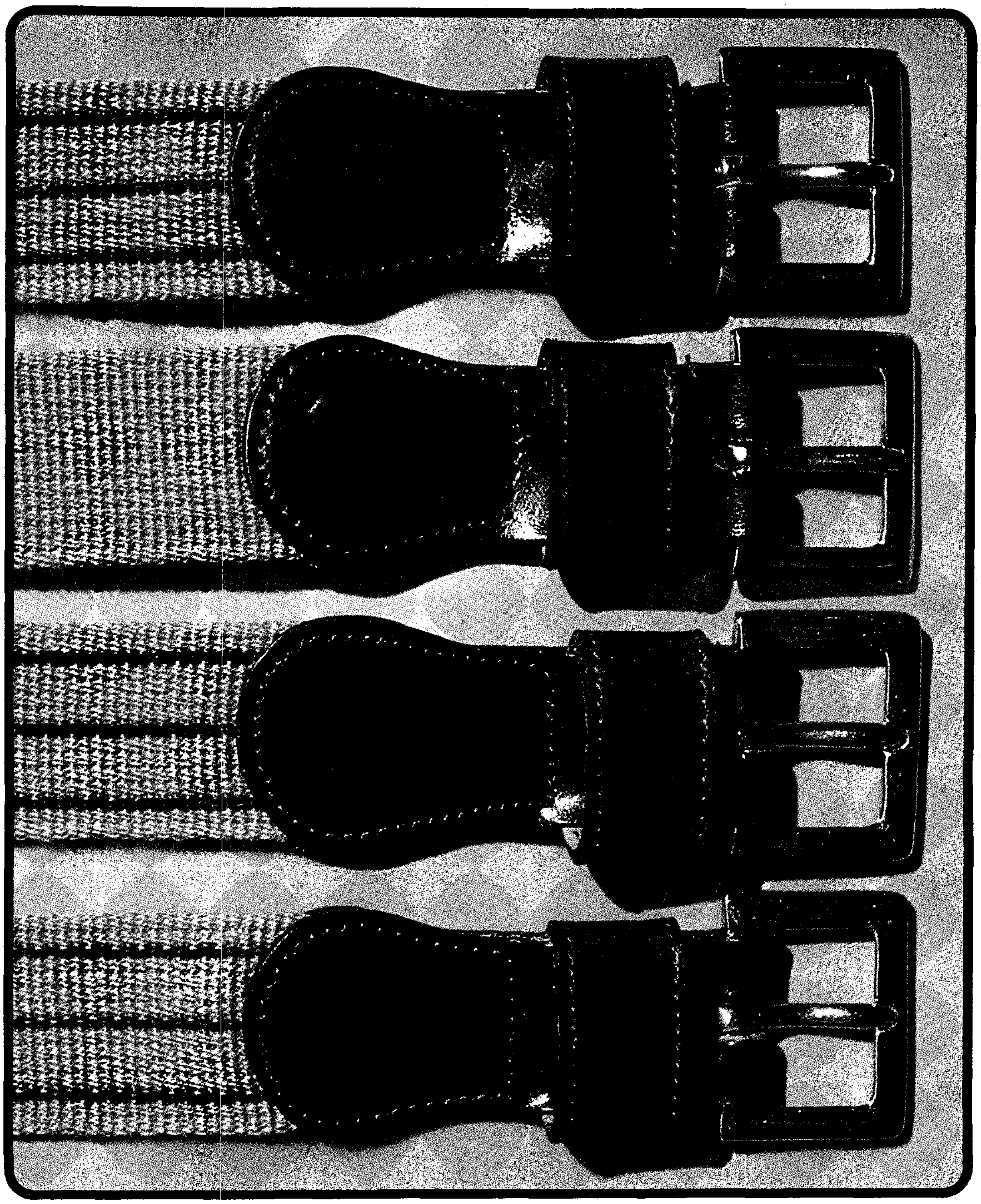

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poned from Feb. 3. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

**New York Baroque Ensemble**—A program of rarely heard baroque works. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 242-4087.)

**Lydia Artymiw**—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Feb. 26, at 2:30.)

**In Praise of Early Music**—The fifth in a series of six concerts, this one performed by the Western Wind. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Sunday, Feb. 26, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

**Lynn Harrell and Friends**—The cellist in the first in a series of three recitals, this one with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 26, at 3.)

**New World Consort**—A staged production (four participants) entitled "The Troubadours of 12th Century Provence." (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Feb. 26, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-1371.)

**Michael Ponti**—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

**Daniel Adni**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

**Katia Ricciarelli**—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

**Eugenia Zukerman, Robert White, and Samuel Sanders**—Flute, tenor, and piano, in a benefit concert. (Brotherhood Synagogue, 28 Gramercy Park S. Tuesday, Feb. 28, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

**American String Quartet**—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Tuesday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

**Ingrid Dingfelder and Herbert Levine**—Flute and guitar. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 1, at 8.)

**Maurizio Pollini**—Piano, playing the last six Beethoven sonatas in two recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 1, and Sunday, March 5, at 8.)

**Ilan Rogoff**—Piano, in an all-Chopin recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 1, at 8.)

**Vermeer Quartet**—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 2, at 8.)

**Speculum Musicae**—The second in a series of three programs of twentieth-century music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 2, at 8.)

**Jan DeGaetani**—Mezzo-soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 3, at 8.)

**Marian Hahn**—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 4, at 2:30.)

**Lawrence Schubert**—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 4, at 2:30.)

**Vladimir Ashkenazy and Itzhak Perlman**—The first in a series of three recitals presenting the cycle of Beethoven sonatas for piano and violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 4, at 8.)

**Jorge Bolet**—Piano, in the last in a series of recitals, this one an all-Rachmaninoff program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 4, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

**Galimir Quartet**—With Emanuel Ax, piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 4, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

**Professional Basketball**—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Phoenix, Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. San Antonio, Tuesday, Feb. 28, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, March 4, at 8. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. Seattle (a game postponed from Jan. 20), Wednesday, Feb. 22, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Houston, Friday, Feb. 24, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Sunday, Feb. 26, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Atlanta, Wednesday, March 1, at 8:05. (For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

**Hockey**—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Thursday, Feb. 23, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames, Monday, Feb. 27, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Wednesday, March 1, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Tuesday, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, March 4. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

**Karate**—All-American Open Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 4, at 7:30.)

**Racing**—At AQUEDUCT: Thursdays through Saturdays, and Mondays, at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; last day Monday, May 22. The Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 25. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 17. The Native Dancer Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 25, and the Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, March 4.

**Track Meet**—National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 24, at 7.)

**Trotting**—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Feb. 25. . . . ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8, from Monday, Feb. 27, through Saturday, April 29. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 5.

## ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

**Poetry and Prose Readings**—Philip Levine and Sherley Williams reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Feb. 23, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ John Hollander and W. D. Snodgrass reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

**National Antiques Show**—Among this year's exhibits are George Washington memorabilia, bridal ornaments from the Middle East, and Joe Franklin's collection of old sheet music. (Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 22-25, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, Feb. 26, from 1 to 7.)

**Cat Show**—Empire Cat Club. (New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Twelfth Ave. at 49th St. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 25-26, from 10 to 7.)

**Auctions**—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Feb. 23, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century works of art, including Art Nouveau and Art Deco; from many owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 24, at 2: Continental porcelains, belonging to Ilse Bischoff and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, March 1-2, at 10:15 and 2: Silver, watches, and *objets de vertu;* from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Friday, March 3, at 10:15 and 2: Pre-Columbian, African, Oceanic, and American Indian art; from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 25. . . . CHRISTIE'S, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, Feb. 24, at 10:30: Chinese porcelains, snuff bottles, jades, and other works of art; the property of Mrs. Ellen Perlman Simon and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 25, at 10:30 and 2: Art Nouveau, Art Deco, and nineteenth-century bronzes; from various owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 1, at 10:30: Jewels, from the estate of Joan Crawford and from other sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 24.

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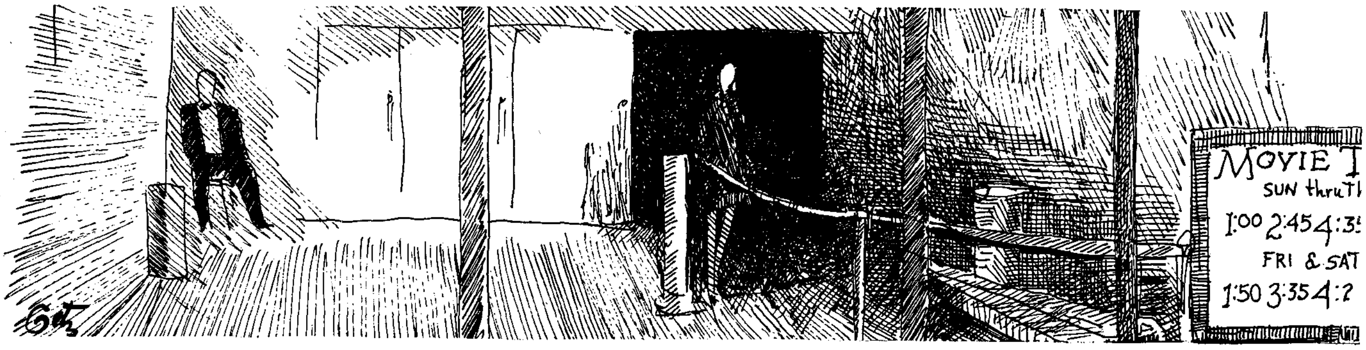

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

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| | | | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 |
| 26 | 27 | 28 | 1 | 2 | | |

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

### EAST SIDE

**Art,** 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Saturday Night Fever."

**St. Marks Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Feb. 28: "Bobby Deerfield" and "The Deep."
From March 1: To be announced.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Saturday Night Fever."

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Boys in Company C."

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Coma."

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The One and Only."

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Betsy."

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"High Anxiety."

**Trans-Lux East,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Blue Collar."

**Fine Arts,** 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Duellists."

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Coma."

**Baronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Dersu Uzala."

**Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Serpent's Egg."

**59th St. East,** 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

**D. W. Griffith,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Goodbye Girl."

**Cinema I,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Coming Home."

**Cinema II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Padre Padrone."

**Columbia I,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Annie Hall."

**Columbia II,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"That Obscure Object of Desire."

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Turning Point."

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Blue Country."

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain."

**72nd Street East,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Saturday Night Fever."

**Trans-Lux 85th St.,** Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Feb. 23: "Beyond and Back."
From Feb. 24: "Julia."

**U. A. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Betsy."

**Loews Orpheum,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Boys in Company C."

**Loews Ciné,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The One and Only."

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Blue Collar."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Turning Point."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Goodbye Girl."

### WEST SIDE

**Waverly,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Betsy."

**Greenwich,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Beyond and Back."

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Turning Point."
Theatre 2: "Julia."
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 28: "The Goodbye Girl." From March 1: "Sebastiane."
Theatre 4: "The Children of Theatre Street."

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Operation Thunderbolt."

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Julia."

**Playboy,** 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Beyond and Back."

**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Turning Point."

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Feb. 25: "The Man Who Loved Women."
From Feb. 26: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"High Anxiety."

**Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"High Anxiety."

**Cinema Studio,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Feb. 23: "Coup de Grâce."
From Feb. 24: "Céline and Julie Go Boating."

**Embassy 72nd St.,** B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Feb. 25: "The Lacemaker."
From Feb. 26: "The Man Who Loved Women."

**Loews 83rd Triplex,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Julia."
Theatre 2: "The Goodbye Girl."
Theatre 3: "Saturday Night Fever."

**New Yorker,** B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Ceddo."

**Olympia,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
"Saturday Night Fever."

### REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Feb. 22: "Simon of the Desert" (1965), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Claudio Brook and Silvia Pinal; and "Los Olvidados" (1950), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel.
Feb. 23: "Designing Woman" (1957), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Gregory Peck, Lauren Bacall, and Dolores Gray; and "Gigi" (1958), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, and Hermione Gingold.
Feb. 24-25: "Savage Messiah" (1972), directed by Ken Russell, with Dorothy Tutin and Scott Antony; and "The Music Lovers." (†)
Feb. 26-27: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958), directed by Richard Brooks, with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives; and "The Rose Tattoo" (1955), directed by Daniel Mann, with Anna Magnani, Burt Lancaster, Jo Van Fleet, Marisa Pavan, and Ben Cooper.
Feb. 28: "Throne of Blood" (†); and "Onibaba" (1963), in Japanese, directed by Kaneto Shindo, with Nobuko Otowa.
March 1: "The Passenger" (1975), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider; and "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.
March 2: "Bells Are Ringing" (†) and "Two Weeks in Another Town." (†)

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Feb. 22: "The Reluctant Debutante" (1958), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Rex Harrison, Kay Kendall, John Saxon, and Sandra Dee; and "Some Came Running" (1959), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine, and Martha Hyer.
Feb. 23: "Uncle Vanya" (1971), in Russian, directed by Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky, with Innokenty Smoktunovsky and Sergei Bondarchuk; and "The Seagull" (1974), in Russian, directed by Yuli Karasik.
Feb. 24: "Muriel" (1963), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.
Feb. 25: "Baby Doll" (†) and "The Fugitive Kind." (†)
Feb. 26: "West Side Story" (1961), directed by Robert Wise, with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris.
Feb. 27: "The Adversary" (†) and "Devi." (†)
Feb. 28: "Home from the Hill" (1969), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Robert Mitchum, Eleanor Parker, George Hamilton, and George Peppard; and "Bells Are Ringing." (†)
March 1: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1962), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Glenn Ford, Ingrid Thulin, and Charles Boyer; and "Two Weeks in Another Town." (†)
March 2: "Broken Blossoms" (†); and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (1933), directed by Frank Capra, with Barbara Stanwyck, Nils Asther, Gavin Gordon, and Walter Connolly.

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 23: "Shame" (1968), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Hour of the Wolf" (1968), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann.
Feb. 24-25: "Andy Warhol's Dracula" (1975) and "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974), both films directed by Paul Morrissey (X-rated).

Feb. 26-27: "Pumping Iron" (1977), directed by George Butler and Robert Fiore, a documentary on body-building, with Arnold Schwarzenegger; and "Stay Hungry" (1976), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jeff Bridges and Sally Field.

Feb. 28: "Mondo Cane" (†) and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below." (†)

March 1-2: "Seven Beauties" (1976), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey; and "Swept Away" (1975), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato.

**REGENCY,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Feb. 22: "Sabotage" (1936), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester; and "Murder" (1930), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Herbert Marshall and Norah Baring.

Feb. 23-25: "Two Women" (1961), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Sophia Loren, Eleanora Brown, and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Marriage—Italian Style" (1964), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni.

Feb. 26-27: "Great Expectations" (†) and "Oliver Twist." (†)

Feb. 28-March 1: "L'Avventura" (†) and "Kanal." (†)

From March 2: "La Dolce Vita" (1960), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.

**THALIA,** B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Feb. 23: "Contempt" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli; and "Le Gai Savoir" (1968), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Juliet Berto.

Feb. 24-25: "Psycho" (1960), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles, John Gavin, and Janet Leigh; and "Saboteur." (†)

Feb. 26-28: "As You Like It" (†) and "Sleuth." (†)

March 1-2: "Sanjuro" (†) and "Stray Dog." (†)

**THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 22: "Star Spangled Rhythm" (1942), directed by George Marshall, with Betty Hutton, Eddie Bracken, Victor Moore, and many of the stars on the Paramount lot at the time; and "Variety Girl" (1947), directed by George Marshall, with Mary Hatcher, Olga San Juan, William Demarest, and many of the stars on the Paramount lot at *that* time.

Feb. 23: "The Doctor Takes a Wife" (1940), directed by Alexander Hall, with Loretta Young, Ray Milland, Reginald Gardiner, Gail Patrick, and Edmund Gwenn; and "Bedtime Story" (1942), directed by Alexander Hall, with Loretta Young, Fredric March, Robert Benchley, Allyn Joslyn, and Eve Arden.

Feb. 24-25: "Blackmail" (†); and "Sabotage" (1936), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

Feb. 26: "My Sister Eileen" (†); and "What a Woman!" (1943), directed by Irving Cummings, with Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Willard Parker.

Feb. 27: "Cobra Woman" (†); and "Sudan" (1945), directed by John Rawlins, with Maria Montez, Jon Hall, Turhan Bey, and Andy Devine.

Feb. 28: "She Loves Me Not" (†) and "Birth of the Blues." (†)

March 1: "Lifeboat" (1944), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, John Hodiak, Canada Lee, and Henry Hull; and "Thunder Below" (1932), directed by Richard Wallace, with Tallulah Bankhead, Paul Lukas, Charles Bickford, and Eugene Palette.

March 2: "No Limit" (1931), directed by Frank Tuttle, with Clara Bow, Stuart Erwin, and Dixie Lee; and "Dangerous Curves" (1929), directed by Lothar Mendes, with Clara Bow and Richard Arlen.

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM,** Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 23 at 2:30: "The Bronze Bracelet" (1973), in Wolof, directed by Cheikh Tidiane Aw; French subtitles.... ¶ Feb. 23 at 6: A program of three short Senegalese films.... ¶ Feb. 23 at 8:30: "Kaddu Beykat" (1976), in Wolof, directed by Safi Faye; French subtitles.... ¶ Feb. 24 at 2:30: "Wrestling from the Casamance" (1968), directed by Momar Thiam, French commentary, no subtitles; and "Karim" (1970), in Wolof, directed by Momar Thiam, French subtitles.... ¶ Feb. 24 at 6: "Another Fine Mess" (1930), directed by James Parrott, with Laurel and Hardy; and "Are You There?" (1930), directed by Hamilton MacFadden, with Beatrice Lillie and Olga Baclanova.... ¶ Feb. 25 at noon: "Dragonwyck" (1946), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Gene Tierney, Walter Huston, and Vincent Price.... ¶ Feb. 25 at 2:30: "Wrestling from the Casamance" and "Karim."... ¶ Feb. 25 at 5: "Sim" (1969), in French, directed by Momar Thiam, no subtitles; and "Baks" (1974), in Wolof, directed by Momar Thiam, French subtitles.... ¶ Feb. 26 at noon: "Dragonwyck."... ¶ Feb. 26 at 2:30: A film by the Senegalese director Moussa Bathilly.... ¶ Feb. 26 at 5: "Make Way for Tomorrow" (1937), directed by Leo McCarey, with Victor Moore, Beulah Bondi, Fay Bainter, and Thomas Mitchell.... ¶ Feb. 27 at noon: "La Hora de los Niños" (1969), directed by Arturo Ripstein.... ¶ Feb. 27 at 2:30: "Sim" and "Baks."... ¶ Feb. 27 at 6: A film by the Senegalese director Moussa Bathilly.... ¶ Feb. 28 at noon: "La Hora de los Niños."... ¶ Feb. 28 at 2:30: "The Arrangement" (1969), directed by Elia Kazan, with Kirk Douglas, Faye Dunaway, and Deborah Kerr.... ¶ Feb. 28 at 6: "How Yukong Moved the Mountains: The Generator Factory" (1973-75), in Chinese, with English voiceover, directed by Joris Ivens and Marceline Loridan, the third section of a twelve-part documentary on life in the People's Republic of China.... ¶ March 2 at 2:30: "La Question" (1977), in French, directed by Laurent Heynemann; English subtitles.... ¶ March 2 at 6: "The Exercise of Power" (1977), in French, directed by Philippe Galland; English subtitles.... ¶ March 2 at 8:30: "Spoiled Children" (1977), in French, directed by Bertrand Tavernier (who will be present); English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Feb. 26: "Black at Yale" (1977), directed by Warrington Hudlin; and "I Could Hear You All the Way Down the Hall" (1973), directed by Robert Gardner.... ¶ Starting Feb. 28: A program of short films by Vincent Grenier, Jim Jennings, Tim Kennedy, and David Wilson. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

**ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES,** 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Pagnol, Mekas, Riefenstahl, and others. Showings Feb. 22-24 at 7 and 9:30; Feb. 25 at 2:30 and 6; Feb. 26 at 8; Feb. 28-March 1 at 7; and March 2 at 7 and 9.

**FILM FORUM,** 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"Riddles of the Sphinx" (1977), directed by Laura Mulvey and Peter Wollen. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**THE ADVERSARY** (1971)—A shining comedy about an ex-medical student looking for a job in Calcutta, made by Satyajit Ray, whose quizzical humor has a way of coming up and hitting you from behind. The hero—played by Dhritiman Chatterjee—lives in a crammed apartment with his mother, his uncle, his beguiling sister, and a student brother rabidly revolutionary about nothing in particular. The hero falls in love with a gentle girl with the insight to tell him that everyone is different when his medical training has taught him that they are all the same. Absorbing, alert, comic. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 27.)

**ANNIE HALL**—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (Columbia I.)

**AS YOU LIKE IT** (1936)—Shakespeare cleaned up and made rather too respectably lighthearted. Still, this is by no means a contemptible production. As Rosalind, Elisabeth Bergner, a gamine to her fingertips and one of the great theatrical technicians specializing in heartbreaking charm, can't resist being more adorably mischievous than is absolutely necessary, but she's an actress to see. She's a little handicapped by her German accent, which dims the sparkle of some of her lines, but never for a moment does one think of her as Fräulein Rosalind. The young Laurence Olivier is triumphantly angelic as that amorous, brooding goof Orlando. With Henry Ainley, Sophie Stewart, Mackenzie Ward, and Leon Quartermaine. Directed by Bergner's husband, Paul Czinner, who—as in his movie versions of operas—never really seems to get the hang of the medium. (Thalia; Feb. 26-28.)

**L'AVVENTURA** (1959)—Antonioni's masterpiece, and one of the most influential of all modern films. A study of a successful businessman who compromises on everything and is too shallow even to be truly lonely. In Italian. (Regency; Feb. 28-March 1.)

**BABY DOLL** (1956)—Tennessee Williams' droll and engrossing carnal comedy, set lowdown in Mississippi. The infantile erotic heroine (Carroll Baker) sucks her thumb and sleeps in a crib. Her middle-aged husband (Karl Malden) has agreed not to consummate the marriage until she is twenty; meanwhile her husband's enemy, a sharp Sicilian (Eli Wallach), lays expert hands on her. (His performance is also expert.) With Mildred Dunnock and a number of residents of Benoit, Mississippi, whom the director, Elia Kazan, employed as extras. There are some wobbly moments toward the end, but it's an entertaining picture. When it came out, it was condemned by the Catholic Legion of Decency, and *Time* said that it was "just possibly the dirtiest American-made motion picture that has ever been legally exhibited." It's not quite all that. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 25.)

**BELLS ARE RINGING** (1960)—The famous Adolph Green/Betty Comden/Jule Styne musical about an answering service that is the hub of New York romance. Lovingly transcribed to the screen by Vincente Minnelli, and including Judy Holliday, who is one of the very few truly funny women comedians, partly because she has such obvious brains. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 28.... ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; March 2.)

**THE BETSY**—Derived from the Harold Robbins novel, with Laurence Olivier, Robert Duvall, Katharine Ross, Tommy Lee Jones, and Jane Alexander; directed by Daniel Petrie. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eastside Cinema, U.A. East, and Waverly.)

**BIRTH OF THE BLUES** (1941)—Harmless enough, though the trip from Basin Street recorded here is a puny, disingenuous fairy tale about a struggling band and its vocalist, demure Mary Martin, who makes the Dixieland style a public success. This is too stupid to function as an insult to history. Bing Crosby (with his clarinet playing dubbed by Danny Polo) comes off considerably better than smiling Mary, and among the cast are Jack Teagarden and Harry Barris, along with Eddie Anderson and Brian Donlevy (with his trumpet playing dubbed by Poky Carriere). The songs—a mixed bag—include "St. James Infirmary," "That's Why They Call Me Shine," "The Waiter and the Porter and the Upstairs Maid," and "Cuddle Up a Little Closer." Directed by Victor Schertzinger, who was probably responsible for the nauseating full-

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choir rendition of "St. Louis Blues." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 28.)

**Blackmail** (1929)—A London-set Hitchcock silent thriller that was in part reshot and in part dubbed to make it a sound film—and an unusually imaginative and innovative one. With its trick shots in the British Museum and a chase on the museum roof, the film seems almost German in its pictorial style, and the heroine is indeed played by the German actress Anny Ondra, who married Max Schmeling. (Her voice is dubbed.) Cyril Ritchard, who didn't look very different half a century later, plays the artist who tries to rape the heroine. Also with Sara Allgood, John Longden, and Donald Calthrop. Hitchcock turns up being pestered by a little boy while he tries to read a book. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 24-25.)

**Blue Collar**—With Richard Pryor, Harvey Keitel, Yaphet Kotto, and Cliff DeYoung; directed by Paul Schrader. (*Reviewed in this issue.*) (Trans-Lux East, and 86th St. East.)

**Blue Country**—With Brigitte Fossey, Jacques Serres, and Ginette Garcin; directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

**Bobby Deerfield**—A rich-meets-rich picture, and worse than one imagines. Al Pacino gives a torpid performance as a spiritually depleted Grand Prix racing-car driver who falls in love with a well-heeled free spirit (Marthe Keller), a metaphysical kook. Though she's dying, she asks him such meaningful questions that he is restored to life. The director, Sydney Pollack, tries for a Lelouch atmosphere but settles for the glitter of cash outlay. From Remarque's "Heaven Has No Favorites," adapted by Alvin Sargent; with Anny Duperey. (10/3/77) (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 28.)

**The Boys in Company C**—With Stan Shaw, Michael Lembeck, James Canning, Craig Wasson, and Andrew Stevens; directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Bay Cinema, and Loews Orpheum.)

**Broken Blossoms** (1919)—D. W. Griffith's stylized lyric tragedy—a small-scale film but perhaps his most poetic, and one of his finest. With Lillian Gish as the childish waif (the source, probably, of the Giulietta Masina role in "La Strada"), Donald Crisp as the brutal Zampano-like prizefighter, and Richard Barthelmess as the lonely Chinese dreamer. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 2.)

**Ceddo**—Directed by Ousmane Sembène. In Wolof. (New Yorker.)

**Céline and Julie Go Boating**—With Juliet Berto and Dominique Labourier, directed by Jacques Rivette. In French. (Cinema Studio; starting Feb. 24.)

**The Children of Theatre Street**—An American production team gets behind the scenes at Leningrad's historic ballet school (on Theatre Street), and then loses sight of its subject—the way the pupils are trained to become dancers. Colorful sidelights and some good performance shots of young dancers and old ballets, but, by and large, a wasted opportunity. (Quad Cinema.)

**Close Encounters of the Third Kind**—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (Ziegfeld.)

**Cobra Woman** (1944)—Camp classic, with Maria Montez playing twins, Jon Hall as boneheaded as ever, and the cherished line "Gif me the cobra jools!" Robert Siodmak and George Waggner directed this heavenly absurdity. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 27.)

**Coma**—Geneviève Bujold as a surgical resident in a Boston hospital. She discovers that large numbers of young healthy patients have gone into irreversible comas while undergoing minor surgery, and then—vegetablized—have been packed off to a facility that provides long-term life-support systems. And single-handed, she begins to investigate. The story—about the body-snatching of the living—is essentially sleazy, yet this thriller shies away from sleazy jokes. It glides along smoothly, as if computer-operated, and it holds you. But it doesn't give you a lift—all you get is a knot in the gut. Michael Crichton directed and did the adaptation of Robin Cook's novel. With Michael Douglas, Richard Widmark, Rip Torn, and Elizabeth Ashley. (2/6/78) (Murray Hill, and Plaza.)

**Coming Home**—Allowing for the differences in the wars, this may be the post-Vietnam equivalent of the post-Second World War movie "The Best Years of Our Lives," which also dealt with returning veterans in smooth, popular terms. The film embodies a pure-pacifist attitude toward Vietnam: the war is condemned for the simple reason that our soldiers are maimed and killed in it. The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam, she volunteers for work in the veterans hospital and meets a paraplegic in a rage of helplessness (Jon Voight). Hal Ashby directed this amorphous, inappropriately dreamy movie. (2/20/78) (Cinema I.)

**Coup de Grâce**—With Margarethe von Trotta and Matthias Habich, directed by Volker Schlöndorff. In German and French. (Cinema Studio; through Feb. 23.)

**The Deep**—Don't plunge. From the Peter Benchley novel, with Robert Shaw, Jacqueline Bisset, and Nick Nolte; directed by Peter Yates. (7/4/77) (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 28.)

**Dersu Uzala**—A Soviet-Japanese co-production, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Russian. (Baronet.)

**Devi** (1962)—Satyajit Ray's dreamily sensual, ironic film about Indian superstitiousness was originally banned from export until Nehru interceded. The story, about a wealthy man who convinces his son's bride (Sharmila Tagore) that she is an incarnation of the goddess Kali, has startling Freudian undertones. Ray's feeling for the intoxicating beauty within the disintegrating way of life of the nineteenth-century landowning class makes this one of the rare, honest films about decadence. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 27.)

**Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands**—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Paris; starting Feb. 26.)

**The Duellists**—An adaptation of Joseph Conrad's Napoleonic-period story "The Duel," about a cavalry officer's sudden flare-up of rage over a trifling, imagined insult by another officer, which grows into a private war. The hussars (Harvey Keitel and Keith Carradine) go on fighting for over fifteen years, and the origin of the quarrel becomes lost in legend. This English production—a first film by the director Ridley Scott—is consistently entertaining and eerily beautiful; its special quality is in its Géricault-like compositions. The mixed American and British cast includes Cristina Raines, Albert Finney, Alan Webb, Edward Fox, Diana Quick, Jenny Runacre, Robert Stephens, Tom Conti, and Meg Wynn Owen. (1/23/78) (Fine Arts.)

**The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain**—Except for flashbacks, Lina Wertmüller's first film in English takes place during one very wet night. A Communist Italian journalist (Giancarlo Giannini) and a rich American feminist photojournalist (Candice Bergen) have been married ten years, and in all that time they've been having sexual intercourse only in the missionary position. On this night, she suggests that she'd like to try something else, and there's much dishevelment, hysteria, shrieking, and running out into the rain—and the marriage collapses. The entire film has a tutti-frutti romanticism, and parts of it rank with such classics of camp as "Youngblood Hawke" and "The Barefoot Contessa." (2/6/78) (Loews Tower East.)

Albert Hubbell

**The Fugitive Kind** (1960)—Written by Tennessee Williams, directed by Sidney Lumet. See the film, although the combination of talents accentuates the florid in both men and suppresses poetry. Marlon Brando is a nomadic guitar player, Anna Magnani is the starved wife of a cross invalid in a spiteful Southern community. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 25.)

**The Goodbye Girl**—The prolific Neil Simon is at it again; this time it's a tearful comedy with Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss. She says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. Herbert Ross directed. (1/16/78) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Feb. 28.)

**Great Expectations** (1946)—David Lean directed this elegant and satisfying production, which is one of the most memorable of all the many Dickens films. John Mills is Pip; Jean Simmons is Estella as a young girl, and then Valerie Hobson takes over the role; Martita Hunt is Miss Havisham; Finlay Currie is Magwitch; Alec Guinness is Herbert Pocket. (Regency; Feb. 26-27.)

**High Anxiety**—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs; all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey. (1/9/78) (Sutton, Cinema 3, and Paramount.)

**Julia**—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character. (10/10/77) (Quad Cinema, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Feb. 24.)

**Kanal** (1956)—The second in Andrzej Wajda's trilogy about the Second World War generation in Warsaw, and one of the most eloquent and dense political records on film, made with wonderful sensibility. There is an amazing account of the time that some of the young patriots spent in the sewers under their loved capital as it was razed to the ground, with Sheybal, as a young composer, playing a flute with a sound that echoes against the tiles. In Polish. (Regency; Feb. 28-March 1.)

**The Lacemaker**—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 25.)

**The Man Who Loved Women**—The dedicated skirt-chaser of Truffaut's film is meant to be irresistibly charming, but his compulsion looks about as exciting as building a two-foot replica of the Pentagon with toothpicks. With Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. In French. (12/5/77) (Paris; through Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St., starting Feb. 26.)

**Mondo Cane** (1963)—The Italian documentary-maker Gualtiero Jacopetti and his associates are actually documentary fakers: they set out to demonstrate how uncivilized the world is, and then fake the proofs. There's no shortage of available evidence, but they prefer titillating, shocking frauds. The grossness of the picture works to the advantage of the filmmakers, since it seems almost naive to attack it. (Cinema Village; Feb. 28.)

**The Music Lovers** (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief

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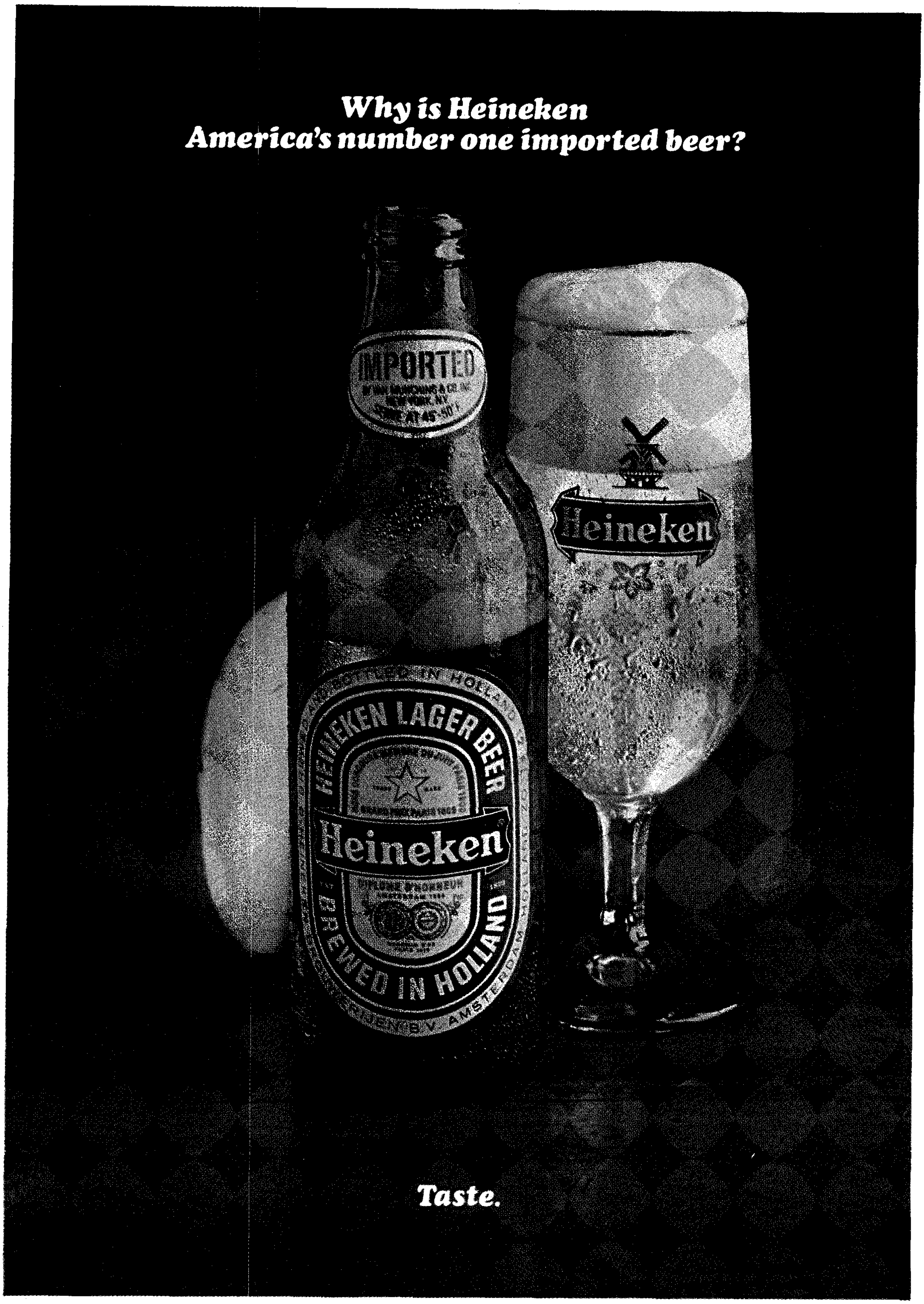
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victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. With Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 24-25.)

**My Sister Eileen** (1942)—Ruth McKenney's *New Yorker* stories about her and her younger sister's experiences in Greenwich Village were turned into a Broadway hit, and then into this less than dazzling romantic comedy (and later into a Broadway musical, which was also filmed, in 1955). As Ruth, leggy Rosalind Russell is too boisterously aware that she's the life of the party, and as Eileen, Janet Blair is very pretty but not much else. (The actual Eileen McKenney married Nathanael West and died with him in an automobile crash in 1940.) Alexander Hall directed. With Brian Aherne. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 26.)

**Oliver Twist** (1948)—David Lean directed this phantasmagoric version of the Dickens novel, with Alec Guinness as the sly, depraved Fagin, Robert Newton as Bill Sikes, Kay Walsh as Nancy, John Howard Davies as Oliver, Anthony Newley as the Artful Dodger. The movie is beautifully done, although in its fidelity to Dickens' attack on cruelty it is sometimes a bit hard on the audience. Children may be frightened by the murder of Nancy. (Regency; Feb. 26-27.)

**The One and Only**—With Henry Winkler and Kim Darby, directed by Carl Reiner. (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné.)

**Operation Thunderbolt**—About the July, 1976, Israeli rescue at Entebbe. Directed by Menahem Golan. (Guild.)

**Padre Padrone**—The Taviani brothers' film version of Gavino Ledda's 1974 autobiography fuses political commitment and artistic commitment into stylized passion. Ledda's story is about how he was enslaved as a child, imprisoned in a sheepfold, and forced to tend the family flock, and of how he fought his way out of the isolation and silence. The spirit of the film isn't naturalistic—it's animistic—and the Tavianis' technique is deliberately barbaric. The grotesquely natural cruelty is mythological—almost rhapsodic. In Italian. (10/3/77) (Cinema II.)

**Saboteur** (1942)—A mixed-up and overloaded American spy thriller by Alfred Hitchcock, with the unengaging Robert Cummings in the lead and an unappealing cast, featuring Priscilla Lane and Otto Kruger. Nothing holds together, but there are still enough scary sequences to make the picture entertaining. (Thalia; Feb. 24-25.)

**Sanjuro** (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Thalia; March 1-2.)

**Saturday Night Fever**—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (Art, Gramercy, 72nd Street East, Loews 83rd Triplex, and Olympia.)

**The Savage Is Loose** (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

**Sebastiane**—Directed by Derek Jarman and Paul Humfress. In Latin. (Quad Cinema; starting March 1.)

**The Serpent's Egg**—Set in Berlin in 1923, this Ingmar Bergman film, made in English in Munich, is about a Jewish-American trapeze artist (David Carradine) and his sister-in-law (Liv Ullmann), who are entrapped by a mad doctor (Heinz Bennent)—a prophet who dreams of what the Nazis will accomplish in the thirties. The movie, which fills the screen with images of fear and blood, of head-splitting pain and death, and then throws in gothic political theories, is a crackpot tragedy. Everything is strained, insufficient, underfelt. (1/30/78) (Coronet.)

**She Loves Me Not** (1934)—Bing Crosby as a college student who hides a night-club dancer (Miriam Hopkins) in his room at the dean's house. He also croons to the dean's daughter (Kitty Carlisle), and they sing together in a sequence set high up over the treetops in the clouds. Since the rest of this musical comedy follows the original Broadway play, this cloud duet seems a berserk tribute to the muse of cinema. Elliott Nugent directed, without much flair, but the material has an agreeable period flavor, especially when young (though hardly college-age) Crosby sings "Love in Bloom." With Warren Hymer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 28.)

**The Sky Above—The Mud Below** (1959)—A little about the Stone Age men of New Guinea and a lot about the ordeals of the intrepid men who made the movie. The documentary techniques are crude and include some obviously staged sequences. Written and directed by Pierre-Dominique Gaisseau. (Cinema Village; Feb. 28.)

**Sleuth** (1972)—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks that the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Thalia; Feb. 26-28.)

**Stray Dog** (1949)—A classic Kurosawa thriller, starring a youthful Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (Thalia; March 1-2.)

**That Obscure Object of Desire**—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, worldly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning: perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. In French. (12/19/77) (Columbia II.)

**Throne of Blood** (1957)—Kurosawa's wild and fine version of "Macbeth," with Mifune, set in sixteenth-century Japan. The sound track pounds with noises of armor and horses' hooves; Shakespeare's main sense is kept, and so are his abiding strokes of theatre, especially when the mists of the picture part to show Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, one of the truly alarming shots in world cinema. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 28.)

**The Turning Point**—A backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Leslie Browne, Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (Beekman, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Quad Cinema, and Little Carnegie.)

**Two Weeks in Another Town** (1962)—Cynical, overheated view of American moviemaking abroad. The producer, John Houseman; the director, Vincente Minnelli; the screenwriter, Charles Schnee; the composer, David Raksin; and the star, Kirk Douglas, had all worked together years before on "The Bad and the Beautiful," a novelettish movie punctuated with some flashy hysterical scenes. Here, sequences of Lana Turner's hysteria in that movie are shown as examples of great screen acting, and in "Two Weeks," this sort of flamboyance is the predominant note, with the characters seen at a time of extreme strain and extravagant disorder, taking part in orgies designed to outdo "La Dolce Vita." Minnelli's pictorial imagination is just too pretty, and the sumptuous gorgeousness turns to slop, but Douglas and Edward G. Robinson give good performances. With Cyd Charisse done up like the heroine of "Marienbad," Daliah Lavi, George Hamilton, Claire Trevor, James Gregory, and Rosanna Schiaffino. Adapted from the novel by Irwin Shaw. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 1. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; March 2.)

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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

SALUTATIONS to Chief Redbird, of the Cherokee Nation, who for more than sixty years has supplied the White House, gratis, with ceremonial headdresses handmade from eagle or turkey feathers, one headdress per elected President. He's outlived most of the recipients: Woodrow Wilson, Warren G. Harding, Calvin Coolidge (do you remember those photographs of Coolidge in an Indian feather bonnet?), Herbert Hoover, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry S Truman, Dwight D. Eisenhower, John F. Kennedy (whose disdain for any kind of headgear nearly put the hat manufacturers out of business), Lyndon B. Johnson. Richard M. Nixon was so honored; not so lucky Gerald Ford (whom we usually picture in a ski cap). Republican or Democrat, each accepted and politely responded to the Chief's benison, which, if the recipient didn't put it on at once, at least reminded him briefly that the Great Spirit was keeping an eye on the Oval Office. (Until lately, this acceptance and response perhaps constituted virtually the Executive's entire interest in Indian affairs.) Redbird is now seventy-eight and is in a hospital far from Oklahoma, but he did manage to send the newest President his habitual favor of welcome this year. The President's staff, according to the *Times*, sent it back, saying that Mr. Carter does not accept gifts from the public. The Chief, who is unable to speak now, is reported to be "despondent." The new Administration has striven to be businesslike without being bureaucratic—to achieve a kind of warm efficiency—and yet there's something here that chills the heart. "This bonnet isn't a gift. It's a symbolic tribute to the nation's chosen leader," says the father-in-law of Chief Redbird's daughter, in the *Times*. Without considering the wrongs of the red man, or the emptiness of symbols, or the importance of the demystification of high office, we wish that the nation's chosen leader could have forsaken principle this time and taken from an old man what was so gently meant.

A DISAGREEABLE word has lately gained a new currency: "blowback." It was introduced into general circulation during the recent House Intelligence Oversight Subcommittee hearings on the relationship of the C.I.A. to news organizations, and it refers to deceptions that, having been planted by the C.I.A. in the press abroad to fool people in other countries, have wafted back into the United States in one way or another and fooled Americans as well. In the opinion of some congressmen at the hearings, it was all to the good that the foreigners were being led to stumble around in a world of misinformation but unfortunate that the Americans were deceived—an accident that everyone concerned seemed to regard as the equivalent in psychological warfare of hitting friendly troops with your own fire. Everyone was especially concerned that American *officials* had sometimes fallen victim to blowback, and one witness, who had formerly been on the staff of the C.I.A., described efforts he had made on several occasions to apprise policymakers that they had been taken in by their own government.

Congress's interest in protecting Americans from deception is no doubt heartening, but its hope of embargoing the tainted material from our shores suggests some basic misunderstandings about what facts—or, as in this case, non-facts—are. Governments call their propaganda campaigns psychological warfare, but facts are quite different from bullets or other ammunition. A bullet will go where it is aimed and will then self-destruct. A fact, however, lives on. Its progress continues long after it has been sprung on the particular enemy that the psychological warriors wished to inform or misinform. The C.I.A. seemed to have in mind the creation of certain zones of misinformation, to which its deceptions could be restricted. The general reliability of information in such zones would presumably be poor—it would be like a form of perpetually bad weather. The United States, by contrast, would be a zone of truth, from which faulty news would be excluded. But facts are both migratory and long-lasting. They can cross borders, and, even if they disappear from sight altogether, they reappear somewhere else years later and bring about results that were entirely unexpected by whoever released them. These peculiarities of facts are well known to anyone who has succeeded in getting a newspaper to retract an error. The retraction never reaches precisely the audience that saw the mistake. And, even if it could reach the original audience, that audience would by then have passed the mistake along to a second audience, which would be altogether unreachable. Once a fact has been released into the air, it can freely blow back and forth and sidewise, and not even the most powerful government in the world can dictate where it will go.

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## *Live*

TOWARD the end of Luciano Pavarotti's recent Metropolitan Opera recital, a voice from the back of the hall yelled "*Bravo, primo te-*

*nore!*"—a simple and accurate description of Mr. Pavarotti's present status in the musical world. Now forty-two, he is the only classical singer who has ever performed a complete live recital before a national television audience—his Metropolitan concert was televised at 4 P.M. on a Sunday to an estimated twelve million viewers—and the only one who has ever given a solo recital at the new Met. His clear, sweet, well-focussed lyric tenor, which is supported by a formidable vocal technique, has been compared to the voice of Caruso or of Björling. His extraordinary ability to communicate with an audience reminds some people of John McCormack. And his repertoire—which includes bel-canto roles that haven't been sung accurately for fifty years, except by him—is a remarkably eclectic one, ranging from the baroque arias of Gluck and Handel to the intensely dramatic role of Cavaradossi in Puccini's "Tosca." We renewed our acquaintance with Mr. Pavarotti on the day of his televised concert, and can report that he is the same engaging mixture of hard-headed north-Italian practicality and Latin charm which we remembered from a previous meeting. He is also just as nervous before a performance. We arrived at the Metropolitan shortly after 3 P.M. to find Mr. Pavarotti—large, bearded, with his throat wrapped in an enormous brown knitted scarf—warming up his voice on the stage of the empty auditorium. Clutching the edge of a Steinway, he sang Donizetti's "Una furtiva lagrima," Leoncavallo's "Mattinata," and Bellini's "Vanne, o rosa fortunata," listening carefully to the reverberation of his voice in the hall. Then he walked back to his dressing room to sit in front of a lighted mirror while a makeup man combed his glossy dark-brown beard and shadowed the sides of his face with a dark foundation stick.

"What time is now?" Mr. Pavarotti asked, looking grim.

"Three-forty-five," an associate said.

"I would not give these last two hours before a concert to my worst enemy," Mr. Pavarotti said, putting his hands over his face as the makeup man released a cloud of hair spray. "Is a great, beautiful profession, but not just before you go onstage." He looked at his reflection in the mirror and said, "Very good, but I won't stay dry. The lights burn me up."

"I'll be there with a towel," said the makeup man.

"*Otto minuti prima delle quattro*," the loudspeaker said as Mr. Pavarotti emerged from his dressing room looking elegant, if uneasy, in white tie and tails.

"Is shirt all right?" he asked John Goberman, the producer of the "Live from Lincoln Center" series, of which this recital was a part.

"It's fine," said Mr. Goberman. "I don't think it will flare in the cameras."

"*La cravatta*," said Annemarie Verde, Mr. Pavarotti's secretary. She reached up and straightened his white tie—a large one—which had tilted up toward his right ear.

Charles Riecker, one of the Metropolitan's artistic administrators, put a comforting arm around Mr. Pavarotti's massive shoulders and said, "Remember, Luciano, everybody loves you out there."

"I hope they still love me after," Mr. Pavarotti said. "When I think of those millions of people who watch on television, I am scared to death for sure."

He walked across the empty Metropolitan stage, paused at the stage manager's desk to sign some programs for the stagehands, and took up a position in the wings, with his chin resting on top of a five-foot metal curtain-control box.

"Houselights going out," said the stage manager, Tom Connell.

Mr. Pavarotti took four deep breaths, pulled a large white handkerchief from his pocket, and walked briskly onstage with his accompanist, John Wustman. The delicate, poignant melody of "Una furtiva lagrima" filled the house. We could see Mr. Pavarotti's broad back, rigid with tension, as he leaned forward with his weight on the soles of his feet to produce a high A. At the end of the first three songs, he bounded into the wings to sip soda water and let the makeup man mop his face and neck with a towel. "I like these friendly people," he said. "*È meglio cantare per amici.*" ("It's better to sing for friends.")

At the end of the concert—after five enthusiastically applauded encores, a blizzard of torn programs, and flowers handed up from the audience—he came offstage smiling broadly and said, "Is a very warm public, and I think *la voce* worked well. For sure, they heard my pianissimo on television, but I think four thousand people out there could hear it, too."

"Now you sing 'Pagliacci,'" said Mr. Wustman with a grin.

"Now I go out and thank the audience—*e basta*," said Mr. Pavarotti, hugging his pianist.

### *Roses*

AT 7 A.M. on the day before Valentine's Day, we were standing in a snowy parking lot at Pinchbeck's rose farm, in Guilford, Connecticut, looking at a twelve-hundred-foot-long greenhouse. Many of the panes were frosted with ice; the rising sun behind the greenhouse gave some of them a shimmering flare of yellow; others showed light-blue sky or wavery clouds of pink. The concrete base of the greenhouse was encrusted with shiny, gnarled formations of ice, but just above the top of the concrete, inside the glass, we suddenly noticed a deep-red rose sticking up, then another, and another, and another, and we went inside to look around. (Over the Valentine's Day period, we'd heard, Pinchbeck's would cut, grade, pack, and ship about a hundred and fifty thousand roses—mostly a variety called Forever Yours—from some ninety-five thousand bushes, sending them to the American Wholesale Cut Flower Company, at 44 West Twenty-eighth Street, in Manhattan's flower district, and to wholesale and retail florists around Connecticut.) The inside of the greenhouse was vast, warm, and silent, and it smelled like one enormous rose. The countless glass panes overhead divided the sweep of sky into pink and blue rectangles with white borders. There was the occasional soft, almost imperceptible dripping of water onto leaves. The rosebushes soared six or seven feet high, rising from thickly clustered beds, three and a half feet wide, that ran the length of the greenhouse and were broken only by wooden crosswalks at three-hundred-foot intervals. Pipes for heat and water hung overhead. Between the rose beds—sixteen of them were laid out side by side—were narrow dirt paths less than two feet wide. We could look down the path on which we stood six hundred feet in one direction, then turn and look six hundred feet in the other; at either end, the space between the bushes was only a tiny slit of light at the vanishing point. To walk, we had to move like a figure in Egyptian art—our feet going forward but our torso turned sidewise—and the leaves and thorns kept brushing against our clothes.

We saw a stocky, smiling man in green work clothes coming toward us, holding an armful of roses. He introduced himself as Norbelto Solivan, said he had been in charge of growing roses at Pinchbeck's for the last twenty years, and, grinning, indicated that he could not shake hands: he wore two-inch sections of old pink garden hose on the thumb and forefinger of his right hand, and they and the three other fingers held a knife. As he cut the roses, he explained, the sections of hose protected his thumb and forefinger. He looked up at a rose at the top of one of the bushes, and in one sweeping gesture the rose was lopped off, to rest on its eighteen-inch stem in the pile on his arm. "We tried clippers once," Solivan said. "But I didn't like them. They were kinda slow." He said he had to change the hose on his thumb every two days, but the forefinger tube lasted two or three months.

We asked him how he had got into the rose-growing business.

"I used to live in Cayey, Puerto Rico," he said. "I worked on a tobacco farm. Tobacco is easier than roses. The only thing we had to do was dust for bugs. With roses, you got to watch *everything*. When I was eighteen, I came to Guilford to work in a factory. I got laid off, and the employment office sent me here." He smiled again. He looked at the roses on his arm. "If the sun shines, you get a nice, beautiful red," he said. "If it's cloudy, you get a paler color."

"Should we go halfway down?" said a girl's voice very nearby. We couldn't see her; it was solid jungle.

"Yes," said Solivan.

"O.K.," said the girl.

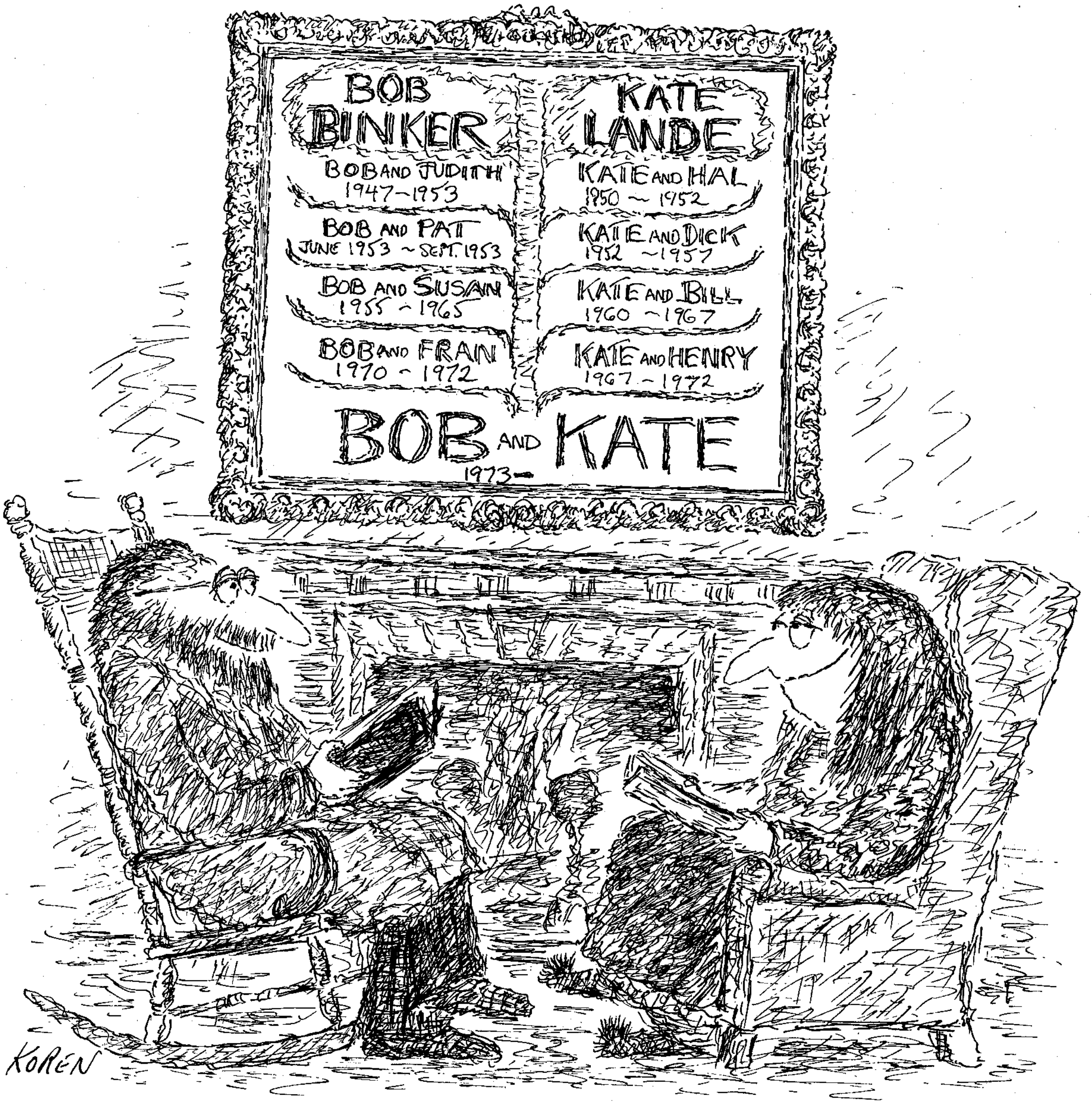
Solivan told us there were eleven people besides him working in the greenhouse that day; they would form three teams and cut roses from all ninety-five thousand bushes twice a day. He moved off to put his load of roses in water, and we went crabwise through sections of white roses, pale pinks, orange pinks, dark oranges, and miniature deep reds, and then into an adjacent brick building, which houses the furnaces, the refrigerating rooms, and the grading and packing area. William Cordts, the man in charge of sales and packing, who was wearing a blue cap, blue work clothes, and black rubber boots, showed us around. Half a dozen women, up to their ankles in rose leaves, were wrapping roses in cellophane at big tables; another woman was dropping freshly cut roses one at a time into a weird conveyor-belt machine called a Jamafa. "The Jamafa sorts them for size," said Cordts. "The length of the stem determines the price." Long, narrow trays, each holding one rose, went bobbing along on the belt until they approached an electric eye. This measured the shadow of the rose, then tripped a device that turned the tray upside down, dumping the rose into one of six compartments, which could accommodate roses with stems as long as thirty inches and as short as ten. Defective roses and those with weak stems or stems shorter than ten inches are never put on the conveyor belt at all. These flowers, called culls, generally end up in paper cones on sidewalk displays at bargain prices. After the graded roses are wrapped, Cordts packs about six hundred in a brown cardboard box, adding shaved ice, "like you get in a Coke," and ships them out.

We went into the greenhouse again to say goodbye to Solivan, and ran into a blond, elfin young woman who was cutting in one of the endless alleys. "How do you like the work?" we asked.

"Fine," she said. "I really like roses. But when I go into a flower shop they seem . . . *prettier*."

## *Gordon Davis*

THE new Commissioner of Parks and Recreation, by order of Mayor Koch, is Gordon J. Davis, who is thirty-six years old and is the tallest (six feet five and a half inches) man,


BOB BINKER
KATE LANDE
BOB AND JUDITH 1947–1953
BOB AND PAT JUNE 1953 ~ SEPT. 1953
BOB AND SUSAN 1955 ~ 1965
BOB AND FRAN 1970 ~ 1972
KATE AND HAL 1950 ~ 1952
KATE AND DICK 1952 ~ 1957
KATE AND BILL 1960 ~ 1967
KATE AND HENRY 1967 ~ 1972
BOB AND KATE 1973–
KOREN

as well as the first black man, to get the job. He is the tenth Parks Commissioner since 1934, when Robert Moses took command of the first consolidated department for the city's parks. Commissioner Davis is in charge of twenty-four thousand acres of New York City property (roughly twelve and a half per cent of the acreage); thirty-one hundred permanent employees; three thousand Comprehensive Employment and Training Act employees, whose salaries are paid by the federal government; five hundred and seventy-two parks; nine hundred playgrounds; a hundred and four swimming pools (nine indoor pools, thirty-seven large outdoor pools, fifty-eight outdoor mini-pools); fourteen golf courses (including one pitch-and-putt); five hundred and thirty-five tennis courts; six beaches; three zoos; seven ice-skating rinks; a hundred boccie courts; seven hundred and nine baseball, softball, football, and soccer fields; six hundred thousand street trees; two million park trees; fifteen hundred vehicles (including mowing machines, sweepers, road graders, road rollers, beach-sand sifters, and mobile recreation units); and thirty-four recreation centers. Cultural Affairs, which was detached from the Parks Department two years ago, now has Henry Geldzahler as its Commissioner. (We wrote about *him* a couple of weeks ago.)

A few days after Commissioner Davis went on the city payroll (fifty thousand dollars annually), we called on him in his new office, on the third floor of The Arsenal, in the Park at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-fourth—a light-filled perch with white-painted walls, a sky-blue carpet, the three obligatory standing flags of country, city, and Parks, a couple of framed photographs on almost empty bookshelves, and a rickety rectangular oak table that was bare except for a calendar, two pencils, and a telephone. Commissioner Davis, who was standing behind the table when we arrived, was wearing a navy pin-striped suit, a tattersall shirt in red, white, and blue, and a red foulard tie. He looked to us like the handsomest city official since John Lindsay. With one foot, the Commissioner was nudging a telephone-dictation contraption under the table, trying to maneuver it out of his way.

"I'm just getting rid of the last of the stuff I found in here that I don't need," Commissioner Davis told us. "I'm not sure what this machine under here does, but I don't need it. Some of the stuff I found—the modern graphics on the walls, that kind of thing—I had taken out because I felt it wasn't reflective of what this department *is*. This office should be reflective of *parks*. I had the table brought in because I can't fit my legs under a regular desk."

*Peasant and Pig*

A young woman came in and handed him a sheet of paper.

"My first administrative assistant, Mable Mitchell," Commissioner Davis said, introducing us, and continued, "Leave the door open, please, Mable."

Then he turned to us and said, "I try as much as possible to keep the door open. I don't like to be isolated, secretive, or whatever. This, by the way, is more like my first real day on the job. I've been struggling with snow problems until now—what to clear first, how to get our equipment working on snow removal wherever we were needed. I was something like an assistant Sanitation Commissioner. It was a great opportunity to learn. The people of the city run things themselves to a great extent, you know. At one point, I was looking at snow conditions here in the Park, and I saw a couple of cross-country skiers come along and put up a police barrier to one of the Park entrances, so that they could do their skiing in peace. Everybody has the most incredibly personal response to our parks. People think it's all theirs, and it *is*. The day after my appointment was announced, I got forty calls from people telling me what's wrong at the tennis courts, at the rinks, with the trees. We have an incredible constituency." He glanced at the paper his assistant had handed him. "I'm going to hold my first staff meeting in a few minutes," he said. "And, oh, the Mayor is going to pay us what they call an unannounced visit. The door is open, if you want to stick around."

We asked Commissioner Davis for a quick identification of his two framed photographs, both of which were group pictures.

He picked up one and pointed to a dignified-looking gentleman with white hair and a white mustache. "There is the man I admire most in the world—my father," he said. "He has the incredible title of John Dewey Distinguished Service Professor of Education at the University of Chicago. The others here are my older brother, Allison Stubbs Davis, who is a corporate and trial lawyer in Chicago, where we were born and raised, and my wife, Peggy, who teaches law at Rutgers—*her* father happens to be the Director of the Department of Human Resources (which includes the Division of Recreation) in Dayton, Ohio—and my daughter, Elizabeth Cooper, and my stepmother and my sister-in-law. And these two little sandy-haired boys are my nephews. Blacks come in every color." He laughed. "Often, people don't find out I'm black until it's too late." He laughed again. "All these guys in the other picture, looking so pleased with themselves, are a bunch of old-line, once-powerful municipal civil servants—Martin Lang, Jim Cavanagh, Harry Bronstein, Henry Rosner, John Lanigan, Tom Roche, John O'Hagan. The picture was taken near the Mayor's Office in City Hall during the last administration. They're all special. That is, all smart—the kind of guys who really know what it takes to run the city. The kind of guys you really *learn* from. But there's also something else here. I keep them here as a reminder. In government, you shouldn't get too pleased with yourself about what you're doing." He looked at his wristwatch. "The meeting," he said. "But we can keep talking."

"Why do you think you were picked to be Parks Commissioner?" we asked, following Mr. Davis out of his office.

"I don't know," he said. "I hadn't known Koch, or even *met* him. I was not at all active in the mayoral campaign. When I got a call from the Mayor's search committee, I was leading a full, contented life. My wife has her own very full professional life. Elizabeth, our daughter, is three years old, and we're committed to spending a lot of time with her. I had been on the City Planning Commission since 1973—the only minority member—and I had my niche, in labor and real-estate law, with the firm of Poletti, Freidin, Prashker, Feldman & Gartner. I've always been interested in planning. When I left college, at Williams, I wanted to be an architect. In those days, I thought *buildings* changed society. The fact of the matter is, a good architect *is* a good planner. Still, it seemed to me that the best planners often tended to be lawyers. I got out of Harvard Law School in the spring of 1967 and went to work for a law firm in Chicago. After eight weeks of corporate buy-sell agreements, I knew that something was wrong. Most of my friends were on the East Coast. It was a time of change, and I felt I was on the sidelines. One of my former roommates was working for the Budget Bureau in New York, so I came here, rented a tiny apartment in the Village, and got a job working in program analysis. I was a young eager beaver, and one thing led to another. I was exposed to City Hall. Then I worked with the Neighborhood Youth Corps. Then the housing program. Then Human Resources. In 1970, I worked as secretary to Mayor Lindsay's cabinet and, finally, as a speech writer for Lindsay. When he tried for the Presidential nomination, I helped write the immortal words for him to speak in Florida, *north* Florida, 'I'm for busing, and let me tell you why.' Parks appeal to me. They're one of the few places that are genuinely democratic. Central Park, you know, was the first park in the United States to be built *for the people*. Koch has a firm idea of the kind of person he wants to head certain agencies. I'm honored to serve, but I'm apprehensive about being drawn into any active politics. I have no desire to give up that last barrier of privacy in my personal life."

We followed the Commissioner into a conference room, where a couple of dozen staff members—all of them white, except for Mrs. Mitchell, and most of them from one to three decades older than the new Commissioner—were seated around a long table. Commissioner Geldzahler was also on hand.

"I'm not going to announce the Mayor's visit, because it's supposed to be *un*announced," Commissioner Davis told us. Then he took his place on one side of the table and quickly said that Commissioner Geldzahler was there because Commissioner Geldzahler wanted to keep Cultural Affairs close to Parks and Recreation, even though they were now separate, and that he himself hadn't yet had time to see everybody on the staff, because he had been busy with snowplows.

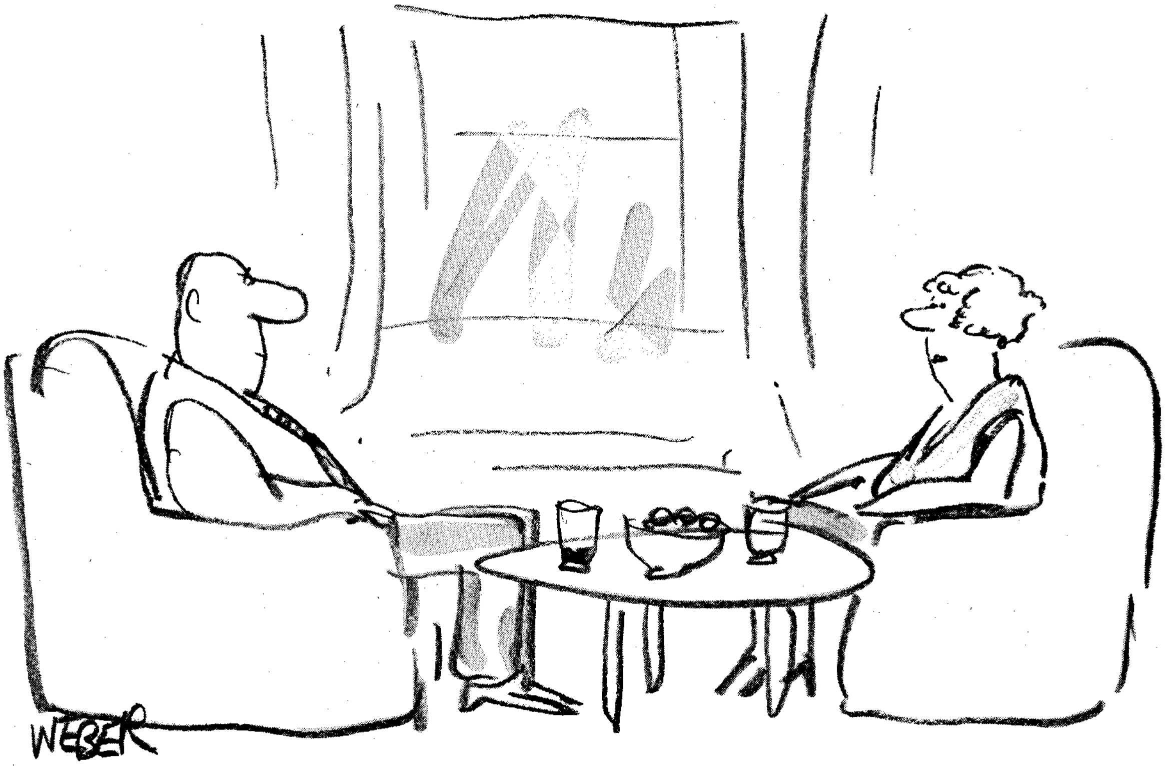
"I'm going to try to have an open door, literally," he told the staff. "I want to keep the paperwork down. I want more direct communication with all of you. Please do not feel reluctant to pick up the phone and call me up. Now, on immediate issues. As of April 1st, there will be a new attrition policy. The city will replace one for every two."

There were knowledgeable mutterings around the table.

"I hope you weren't expecting *good* news," Commissioner Davis said. "I'm going to try to bolster our credibility. But things will be tough, and they will get tougher. We're not at the point of layoffs."

"It's all right!" a gentleman across the table called out, with a wave of his hand which took in everybody in the room. "We've been through this before. Since 1968, we've been through this. We know all about it."

"I'm sure," Commissioner Davis



*"Let's go to the Caribbean or someplace and give our brains a rest."*

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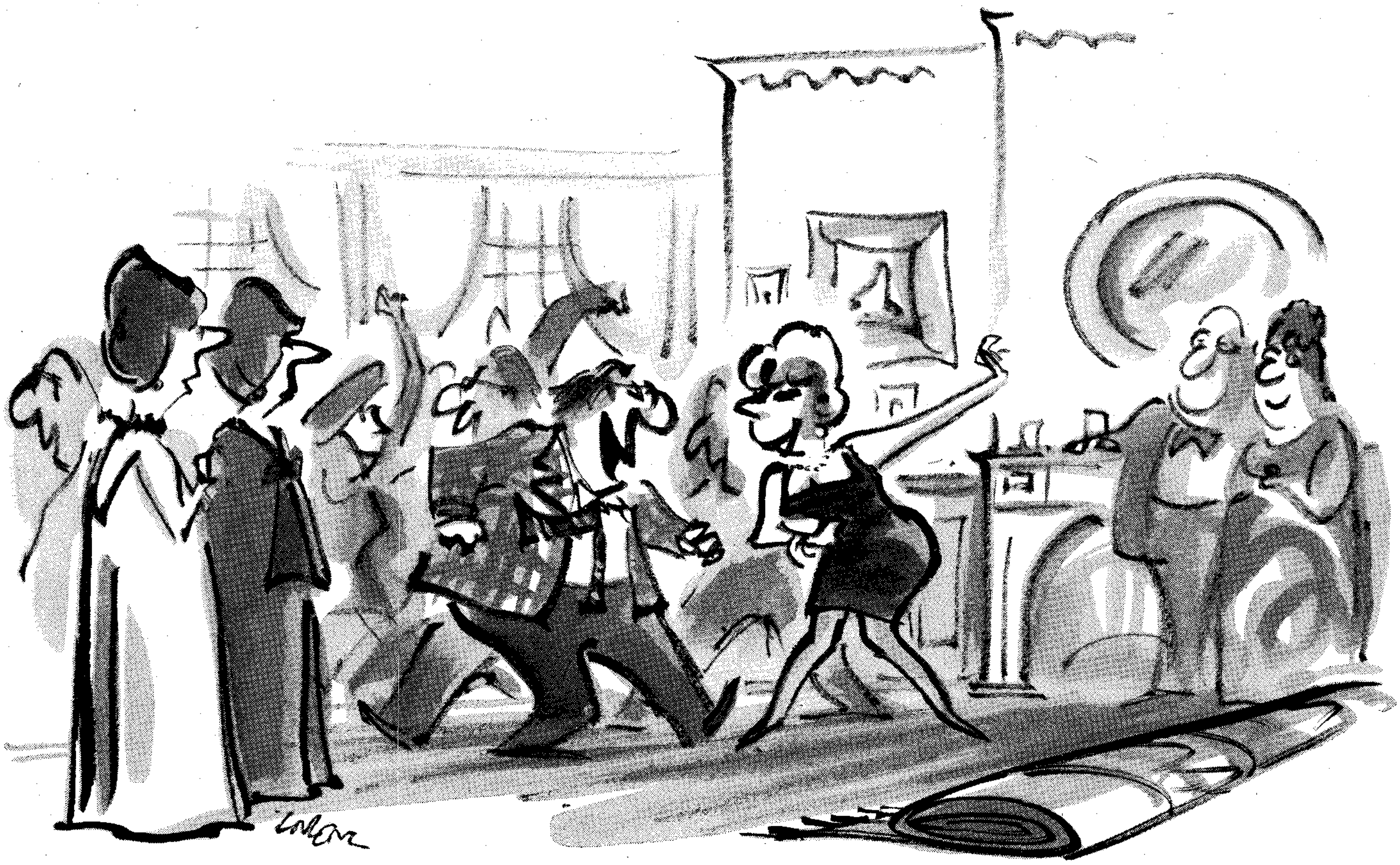

"*I really can't begrudge Arthur a good time—he suffered so much in the sixties.*"

• •

said affably, and he went on, "There will also be an immediate withdrawal of all promotions, raises, and new personnel initiated prior to January 1st. These will be withdrawn and will be reviewed."

There was a flurry at the door, and Commissioner Davis stood up.

"Oh, I think the Mayor is here to join us," he said, managing to deliver the line without affecting surprise. Nobody else in the room looked surprised, either, as the Mayor strode in, wearing *his* navy pin-striped suit and red foulard tie, and looking very friendly, with lots of grins for the members of the staff.

Commissioner Davis ushered the Mayor to a chair on his left. The two men stood beside each other for an instant; when the Mayor looked up at Davis, he really had to look *up*. (The Mayor is six feet one inch.) Then the Mayor sat down. He grinned again, and appeared very happy.

"When I was a district leader, I sat at this table across from Newbold Morris," the Mayor said, launching into the story without effort. "I was there to complain about the drinking in the parks. I felt that it should be stopped. But Newbold Morris felt that stopping it was a Constitutional infringement. I couldn't get *any*where with him. Well, to make a long story short, I won that battle. But the bureaucracy at that time was *terrible*. Instead of being innovative, its whole idea was to keep things as they *were*." Mayor Koch looked disapproving. Then his face brightened, and again he grinned. "The Parks Department is a very important—a *premier*—department, and that's why I got a premier Commissioner to head it," he said. "What we have to do we will do in an intelligent way. Parks are very important to me."

"Just before you came in, we were beginning to talk about the financial plan," Commissioner Davis said.

"There are two problems," Mayor Koch said rapidly, as though on cue. "One is short-term, the other is long-term. Our money does not come in on some days, so we have to *borrow* money. These are called seasonal loans. On the seasonal loans in the past given by the federal government, we paid back every penny. Now we have to borrow again. When I go to Washington, I'll see how much I can get." He raised his voice and his shoulders simultaneously. Then he turned to Commissioner Davis. "Maybe you've got some kind of animal I can take as a present?" he said, with another broad grin. "Think how much relations improved when China sent over those pandas. And we sent them those two musk-ox. And their *hair* fell out!"

With that, the transition seemed to have been made to other matters, and Commissioner Davis said that some of the staff members might want to take the floor—"if you don't mind open-floor questions," he added, to the Mayor.

"I *like* that," the Mayor said.

The questions turned quickly back to the subject of finances, and the one-for-two hiring policy.

"In the old administration, it was *two* for *one*," the Mayor said, chuckling, and winning a few quiet chuckles in echo from the staff. "Attrition is one thing. Removal of incompetents is another. That is not anti-labor. It is anti-those-who-do-not-want-to-labor. In the past, the administration would put the incompetents in a corner. Those days are over. We won't stand for goofing off. *That* immunity is over."

The Mayor stood up, and smiled some more. "Thank you all," he said. "I enjoyed this. And I'll be back."

Commissioner Davis escorted him out and returned in a few moments. He immediately took off his pin-striped jacket. "I'm looking forward to a great four or eight years of working with you here," he said.

# SPLIT DECISIONS

(An Advance Look at Next Week's "Home" Section of the "Times")

Bart and Val Hough are both lawyers with basically the same styles—except his field of law is Maritime and hers is Air Rights. They met while students at Columbia Law School, married in 1961, spent years renovating a brownstone on the upper West Side, and had three children. Then, a little more than a year ago, they had one very long talk, and got divorced. But neither wanted to give up their perfect brownstone (featured twice in this newspaper's "Living" section—both Bart and Val are fabulous cooks). "And," Val added the other day, after an hour spent talking about the kitchen, "neither of us wanted to do 'weekend parenting.' "

And so the Houghs, who are in their early middle forties, worked out what they consider to be the most revolutionary alternate-lifestyle custody arrangement ever: they both stayed right where they were, in their beautiful brownstone, with Matthew (12), Alexandra (9), and Ezra (6). The children do not have to be moved from one house to another, like so much "luggage." No second set of utensils has to be bought, there will be no second Garland stove, and Val and Bart need not divide the kitchen tiles they carried from Oaxaca. (The tiles, which cover the entire north wall of the roomy, light-filled kitchen, are covered with delicate hand-painted Mexican vegetables on a clean white background.)

"It's all so new I sometimes get frightened," Val said, "and I wonder who we are to think we can just make up the rules as we go along. But I try not to doubt myself."

"We just take each day as it comes along," Bart said, biting his lower lip. "And the calendar helps." The calendar hangs on the refrigerator door, and the Houghs write down *every* appointment any of them makes. ("March 4: B takes E to Dr. H," "March 7: V—Karate 5:30," "March 9: Dinner, Percy Sutton.")

"This is just about the best way I could imagine—joint custody in every sense of the word," said Matthew, who, like his younger sister and brother, is very much in favor of the arrangement. "When most of my friends' parents break up, it's the kids who get upset. And then they put their toys and pets in the trash compactor and try to sneak up on anyone who's asleep and pull at the little hairs in their nose. But *we* get to stay right where we've always lived!"

"Yeah, and we can keep our rooms and not have to go to Japanese restaurants," said Alexandra with a smile. "It's a little hard to explain to my friends," she added with a frown.

Ezra stared at the floor.

"I didn't tell *any*body yet," he said.

Val told Ezra he should be brave.

Bart told Ezra he understood. "I mean, I finally told Grandpa Hough just last week. It took me a year to break it to him. He has a pretty open mind, but, for God's sake, I'm his *son!* But he took it O.K. I just couldn't keep on lying to him."

"Bart has a lot of courage," Val said, smiling.

"Also, Grandpa's coming to visit next week," Alexandra said, frowning.

The parents share a law office in midtown Manhattan, where there are three brightly painted steamer trunks suspended from the ceiling. ("They're simple, good-looking, and give us a lot of extra storage space," Val said.) The Houghs eat at their desks on workdays (avocado-artichoke sandwiches are a healthy favorite of the entire "family"), and save enough time on most days to work out at a gym near the office. "I feel even better than I did before we broke up," Val said playfully. "We're a little more secure with this arrangement every day. People ask me if I worry about the kids—about what this will do to them. Well, there'd be something wrong with me if I *didn't*. But I think the first few months were the hardest on them—on all of us. At least, in the daytime I know they're in school, surrounded by people with more traditional attitudes."

"At least, that's where we *think* they are," Bart added, poking Val in the ribs with the stem of his pipe. "I'm just as much—hell, more—of a full-time father than before. It just takes a lot of organization, a little more planning."

There is no child support and no alimony involved in the settlement. The Houghs have the same joint checking and savings accounts they had before the divorce. "Child support is really pretty old-fashioned," Bart said. "The kids all have jobs, anyway."

When the children left for the balcony hothouse to pick beans and radishes, Val took Bart's hand. "Our sex life has changed, of course," she said in a lowered voice. "It's still once a week, but there's just something so much more exciting now."

"Anything dangerous and new is exciting," Bart said. "In a few months, if things work out, we're going to start thinking about another baby."

Val bent back Bart's fingers, smiling.

Do the Hough children ever play one parent against the other?

"Sometimes," Val said. "But if they ever tell me their father said something was O.K. for them to do and I think they're lying all I have to do is ask him. And he's right *here*. Most divorced parents spend tons of time on the telephone. We hardly ever talk on the phone." (The Houghs' white-and-green telephone is stored in a swing-out shelf in their blond-oak king-size captain's bed.)

It is written into their divorce settlement that these living arrangements may change should either parent remarry. "We'll just work that through when it comes along," Val said.

Bart aimed a friendly punch at his wife's jaw. She ducked.

"Missed!" she cried.

"You're such an idiot, Val," he said.

—Jane Mankiewicz

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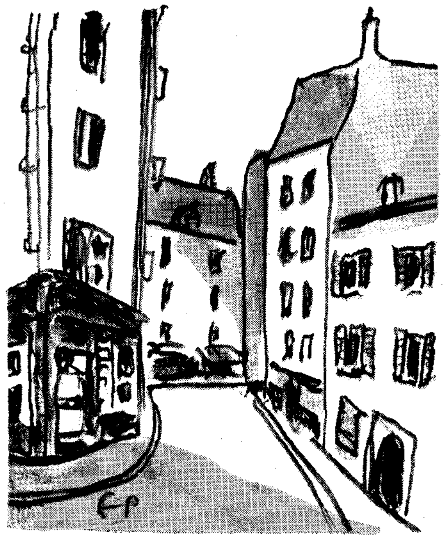


The fact of the matter is that the marijuana bill is a hot potato. The fact of the matter is that the bill was opposed by an organization called the committee of 100 ministers, which represents some of the city's black clergymen. It is a group with considerable political clout, but it is a group with no known expertise when it comes to marijuana.

The point is not that the ministers should not be listened to and the point is not that politics is not a wonderful thing. The point, instead, is that politics is not a wonderful thing. The point, instead, is that this was not the time or the place to play politics.—*Washington Post.*

Agreed. Say, what's that funny smell in the newsroom?

# A VINTAGE THUNDERBIRD

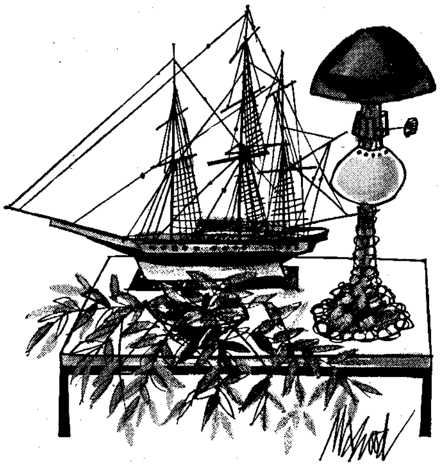
Nick and Karen had driven from Virginia to New York in a little under six hours. They had made good time, keeping ahead of the rain all the way, and it was only now, while they were in the restaurant, that the rain began. It had been a nice summer weekend in the country with their friends Stephanie and Sammy, but all the time he was there Nick had worried that Karen had consented to go with him only out of pity; she had been dating another man, and when Nick suggested the weekend she had been reluctant. When she said she would go, he decided that she had given in for old times' sake.

The car they drove was hers—a white 1959 Thunderbird convertible. Every time he drove the car, he admired it more. She owned many things that he admired: a squirrel coat with a black taffeta lining, a pair of carved soapstone bookends that held some books of poetry on her night table, her collection of Louis Armstrong 78s. He loved to go to her apartment and look at her things. He was excited by them, the way he had been spellbound, as a child, exploring the playrooms of schoolmates.

He had met Karen seven years before, soon after he came to New York. Her brother had lived in the same building he lived in then, and the three of them met on the volleyball courts in a playground adjacent to the building. Her brother moved across town within a few months, but by then Nick knew Karen's telephone number. At her suggestion, they had started running in Central Park on Sundays. It was something he looked forward to all week. When they left the Park, his elation was always mixed with a little embarrassment over his panting and his being sweaty on the street, but she had no self-consciousness. She didn't care if her shirt stuck to her body or if she looked unattractive with her wet, matted hair. Or perhaps she knew that she never looked really unattractive; men always noticed her. One time, on Forty-second Street, during a light rain, Nick stopped to read a movie marquee, and when he turned back to Karen she was laughing and protesting that she couldn't take the umbrella that a man was offering her. It was only when Nick came to her side that the man stopped insisting—a nicely dressed man who was only offering her his big black umbrella, and not trying to pick her up. Things like this were hard for Nick to accept, but Karen was not flirtatious, and he could see that it was not her fault that men looked at her and made gestures.

It became a routine that on Sundays they jogged or went to a basketball court. One time, when she got frustrated because she hadn't been able to do a simple hook shot—hadn't made a basket that way all morning—he lifted her to his shoulders and charged the backboard so fast that she almost missed the basket from there too. After playing basketball, they would go to her apartment and she would make dinner. He would collapse, but she was full of energy and she would poke fun at him while she studied a cookbook, staring at it until she knew enough of a recipe to begin preparing the food. His two cookbooks were dog-eared and sauce-stained, but Karen's were perfectly clean. She looked at recipes, but never followed them exactly. He admired this—her creativity, her energy. It took him a long while to accept that she thought he was special, and later, when she began to date other men, it took him a long while to realize that she did not mean to shut him out of her life. The first time she went away with a man for the weekend—about a year after he first met her—she stopped by his apartment on her way to Pennsylvania and gave him the keys to her Thunderbird. She left so quickly—the man was downstairs in his car, waiting—that as he watched her go he could feel the warmth of the keys from her hand.

Just recently, Nick had met the man she was dating now: a gaunt psychology professor, with a black-and-white tweed cap and a thick mustache that made him look like a sad-mouthed clown. Nick had gone to her apartment not knowing for certain that the man would be there—actually, it was Friday night, the beginning of the weekend, and he had gone on the hunch that he finally would meet him—and had drunk a vodka Collins that the man mixed for him. He remembered that the man had complained tediously that the Beatles had stolen words from Thomas Dekker for a song on the "Abbey Road" album, and that the man said he got hives from eating shellfish.



In the restaurant now, Nick looked across the table at Karen and said, "That man you're dating is a real bore. What is he—a scholar?"

He fumbled for a cigarette and then remembered that he no longer smoked. He had given it up a year ago, when he went to visit an old girlfriend in New Haven. Things had gone badly, they had quarrelled, and he had left her to go to a bar. Coming out, he was approached by a tall, black round-faced teen-ager and told to hand over his wallet, and he had mutely reached inside his coat and pulled it out and given it to the boy. A couple of people came out of the bar, took in the situation, and walked away quickly, pretending not to notice. The boy had a small penknife in his hand. "And your cigarettes," the boy said. Nick had reached inside his jacket pocket and handed over the cigarettes. The boy pocketed them. Then the boy smiled and cocked his head and held up the wallet, like a hypnotist dangling a pocket watch. Nick stared dumbly at his own wallet. Then, before he knew what was happening, the boy turned into a blur of motion: he grabbed Nick's arm and yanked hard, like a judo wrestler, and threw him across the sidewalk. Nick fell against a car that was parked at the curb. He was so frightened that his legs buckled and he went down. The boy watched him fall. Then he nodded and walked down the sidewalk past the bar. When the boy was out of sight, Nick got up and went into the bar to tell his story. He let the bartender give him a beer and call the police. He declined the bartender's offer of a cigarette, and had never smoked since.

His thoughts were drifting, and Karen still had not answered his question. He knew that he had already angered her once that day, and that it had been a mistake to speak of the man again. Just an hour or so earlier, when they got back to the city, he had been abrupt with her friend Kirby. She kept her car in Kirby's garage, and in exchange for the privilege she moved into his brownstone whenever he went out of town and took care of his six declawed chocolate-point cats. Actually, Kirby's psychiatrist, a Dr. Kellogg, lived in the same house, but the doctor had made it clear he did not live there to take care of cats.

From his seat, Nick could see the restaurant's sign hanging outside the front window. "Star Thrower Cafe," it said, in lavender neon. He got depressed thinking that if she became more serious about the professor—he had lasted longer than any of the others—he would only be able to see her by pretending to run into her at places like the Star Thrower. He had also begun to think that he had driven the Thunderbird for the last time. She had almost refused to let him drive it again after the time, two weeks earlier, when he tapped a car in front of them on Sixth Avenue, making a dent above their left headlight. Long ago, she had stopped letting him use her squirrel coat as a kind of blanket. He used to like to lie naked on the tiny balcony outside her apartment in the autumn, with the Sunday *Times* arranged under him for padding and the coat spread on top of him. Now he counted back and came up with the figure: he had known Karen for seven years.

"What are you thinking?" he said to her.

"That I'm glad I'm not thirty-eight years old, with a man putting pressure on me to have a baby." She was talking about Stephanie and Sammy.

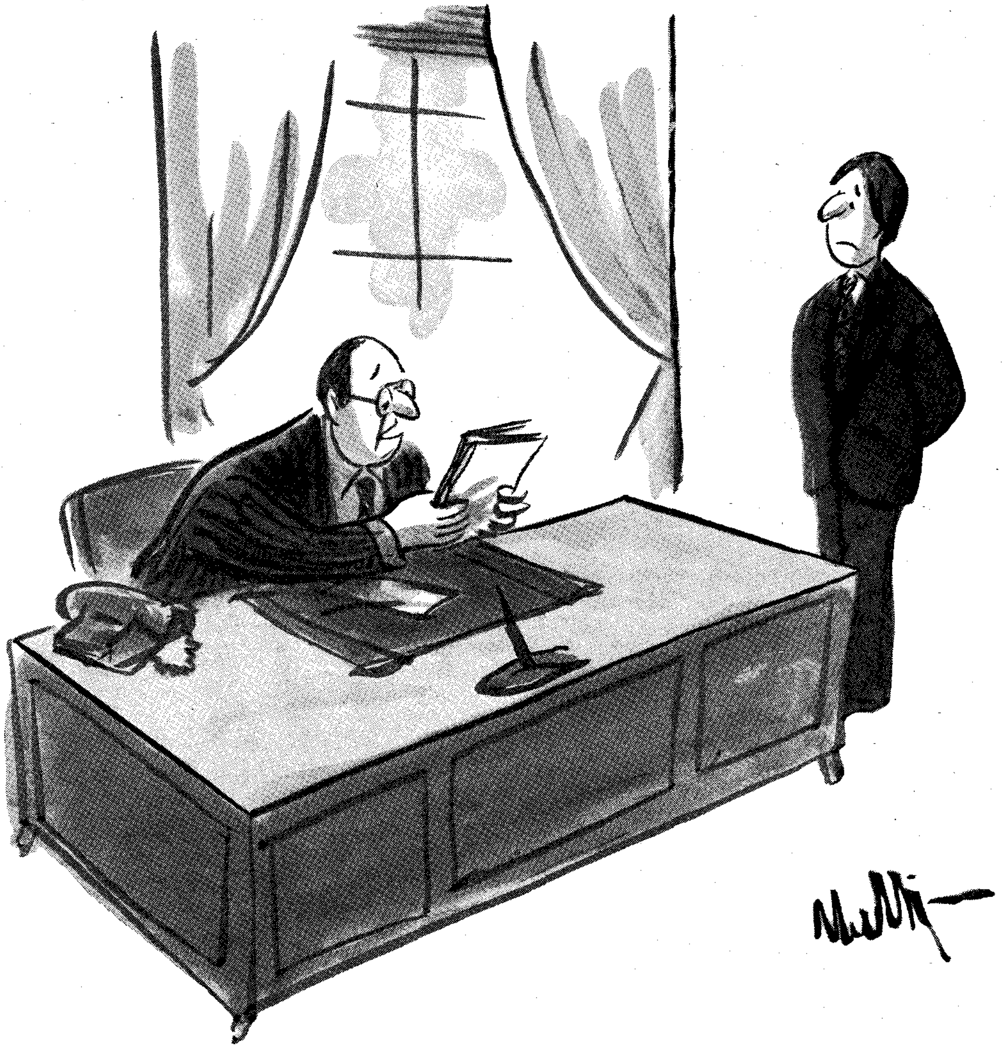
Her hand was on the table. He cupped his hand over it just as the waiter came with the plates.

"What are *you* thinking?" she said, withdrawing her hand.

"At least Stephanie has the sense not to do it," he said. He picked up his fork and put it down. "Do you really love that man?"

"If I loved him, I suppose I'd be at my apartment, where he's been waiting for over an hour. If he waited."

When they finished, she ordered espresso. He ordered it also. He had half expected her to say at some point that the trip with him was the end, and he still thought she might say that. Part of the problem was that she had money and he didn't. She had had money since she was twenty-one, when she got control of a fifty-thousand-dollar trust fund her grandfather had left her. He remembered the day she had bought the Thunderbird. It was a 1959 convertible, in almost perfect condition, with only forty-one thousand miles on the odometer. She spotted the car in an ad in the *Times*, and went out to Long Island and bought it from the original owner that same afternoon. It was the day after her birthday, five years ago. That night, laughing, she and Nick had driven the car through the Lincoln Tunnel and then down the back roads in Jersey, with a stream of orange crêpe paper blowing from the radio antenna, until the wind ripped it off.



*"I'm afraid this is pretty mediocre, Hopkins. On the other hand, we live in an age of mediocrity."*

• •

"Am I still going to see you?" Nick said.

"I suppose," Karen said. "Although things have changed between us."

"I've known you for seven years. You're my oldest friend."

She did not react to what he said, but much later, around midnight, she called him at his apartment. "Was what you said at the Star Thrower calculated to make me feel bad?" she said. "When you said that I was your oldest friend?"

"No," he said. "You are my oldest friend."

"You must know somebody longer than you've known me."

"You're the only person I've seen regularly for seven years."

She sighed.

"Professor go home?" he said.

"No. He's here."

"You're saying all this in front of him?"

"I don't see why there has to be any secret about this."

"You could put an announcement in the paper," Nick said. "Run a little picture of me with it."

"Why are you so sarcastic?"

"It's embarrassing. It's embarrassing that you'd say this in front of that man."

He was sitting in the dark, in a chair by the phone. He had wanted to call her ever since he got back from the restaurant. The long day of driving had finally caught up with him, and his shoulders ached. He felt the black teen-ager's hands on his shoulders, felt his own body folding up, felt himself flying backward. He had lost sixty-five dollars that night. The day she bought the Thunderbird, he had driven it through the tunnel into New Jersey. He had driven, then she had driven, and then he had driven again. Once, he had pulled into the parking lot of a shopping center and told her to wait, and had come back with the orange crêpe paper. Years later, he had looked for the road they had been on that night, but he could never find it.

THE next time Nick heard from her was almost three weeks after the trip to Virginia. Since he didn't have the courage to call her, and since he expected not to hear from her at all, he was surprised to pick up the phone and hear her voice. Petra was in his apartment—a woman at his office whom he had always wanted to date and who had just broken off an unhappy engagement. As he held the phone clamped between his ear and shoulder, he looked admiringly at Petra's profile.

"What's up?" he said to Karen, trying to sound very casual for Petra.

"Get ready," Karen said. "Stephanie called and said that she was going to *have a baby.*"

"What do you mean? I thought she told you in Virginia that she thought Sammy was crazy to want a kid."

"It happened by accident. She missed her period just after we left."

Petra shifted on the couch and began leafing through *Newsweek.*

"Can I call you back?" he said.

"Throw whatever woman is there out of your apartment and talk to me now," Karen said. "I'm about to go out."

He looked at Petra, who was sipping her drink. "I can't do that," he said.

"Then call me when you can. But call back tonight."

When he hung up he took Petra's glass, but found that he had run out of Scotch. He suggested that they go to a bar on West Tenth Street.

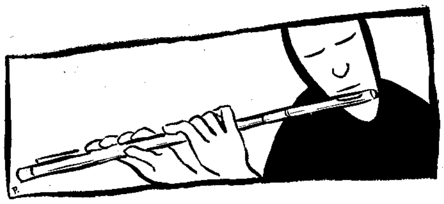
When they got to the bar, he excused himself almost immediately. Karen had sounded depressed, and he could not enjoy his evening with Petra until he made sure everything was all right. Once he heard her voice, he knew he wanted to be with her and not Petra. He told her that he was going to come to her apartment when he had finished having a drink, and she said that he should come over immediately or not at all, because she was about to go to the professor's. She was so abrupt that he wondered if she could be jealous.

He went back to the bar and sat on the stool next to Petra and picked up his Scotch-and-water and took a big drink. It was so cold that it made his teeth ache. Petra had on blue slacks and a white blouse. He rubbed his hand up and down her back, just below the shoulders. She was not wearing a brassiere.

"I have to leave," he said.

"You have to leave? Are you coming back?"

He started to speak, but she put up her hand. "Never mind," she said. "I don't want you to come back." She sipped her Margarita. "Whoever the woman is you just called, I hope the two of you have a splendid evening."



Petra gave him a hard look, and he knew that she really wanted him to go. He stared at her—at the little crust of salt on her bottom lip—and then she turned away from him.

He hesitated for just a second before he left the bar. He went outside and walked about ten steps, and then he was jumped. They got him from behind, and in his shock and confusion he thought that he had been hit by a car. He lost sense of where he was, and although it was a dull blow he thought that somehow a car had hit him. Look-

## SPIDER DISSERTATION

And what a cleansing thing it is, after all: the whole of it
opening up before us in the way of an ocean or desert—
absent, at any rate, of specific geography—
which nonetheless strikes out at us like an ambulance
of monkeys. No, now, be serious; there are no monkeys; we know that. But what things? Opening up? Then it is here:

the force of our days, days that have caught us
unaware, positive as billiard shots: a clean break, a clarity of colliding.
A voice that could speak amidst shadows of unraised hands
has come home to operate the throat. It will grow loud; yes.

Days are softer then, and in front of us another country perceived— perhaps
Mexico—at any rate dense of cactus, thick as tongues upon sand, days of tourists and donkeys,
days that open like wonderful sandwiches in houses where the windows are smashed.

These are crude, and there are cruder ways of putting it. To lie in the dirt, for example,
and feel our legs drawn up, part of the landscape,
and the arboreal nerves leap, then slump
like sacks. And somehow if it is all unfamiliar, all
unsifted as the atoms of our backs, yet
it will come again.
We're glass.

I take it as an omen, then, that I should find a message I've never read
crumpled on my desk like a dead spider. When I unfold it,
smooth it over the spine of a book, a quilt of veins
runs sapless through the text. What we learn
is always strange: never less like a document than now,
never more like a fact than the things written about it.

All those long days in front of us then! Days when we will no doubt
take such pieces of trash out of corners—since the word is forgotten, I will call them documents.

But what of the monkeys, the ambulance,
the nerves, and the sacks? And the body of a spider,
big as a fist, curled into itself—what about that? But it is always
here, crumpled, hidden in the holes of our sight.

—ALEX STEVENS

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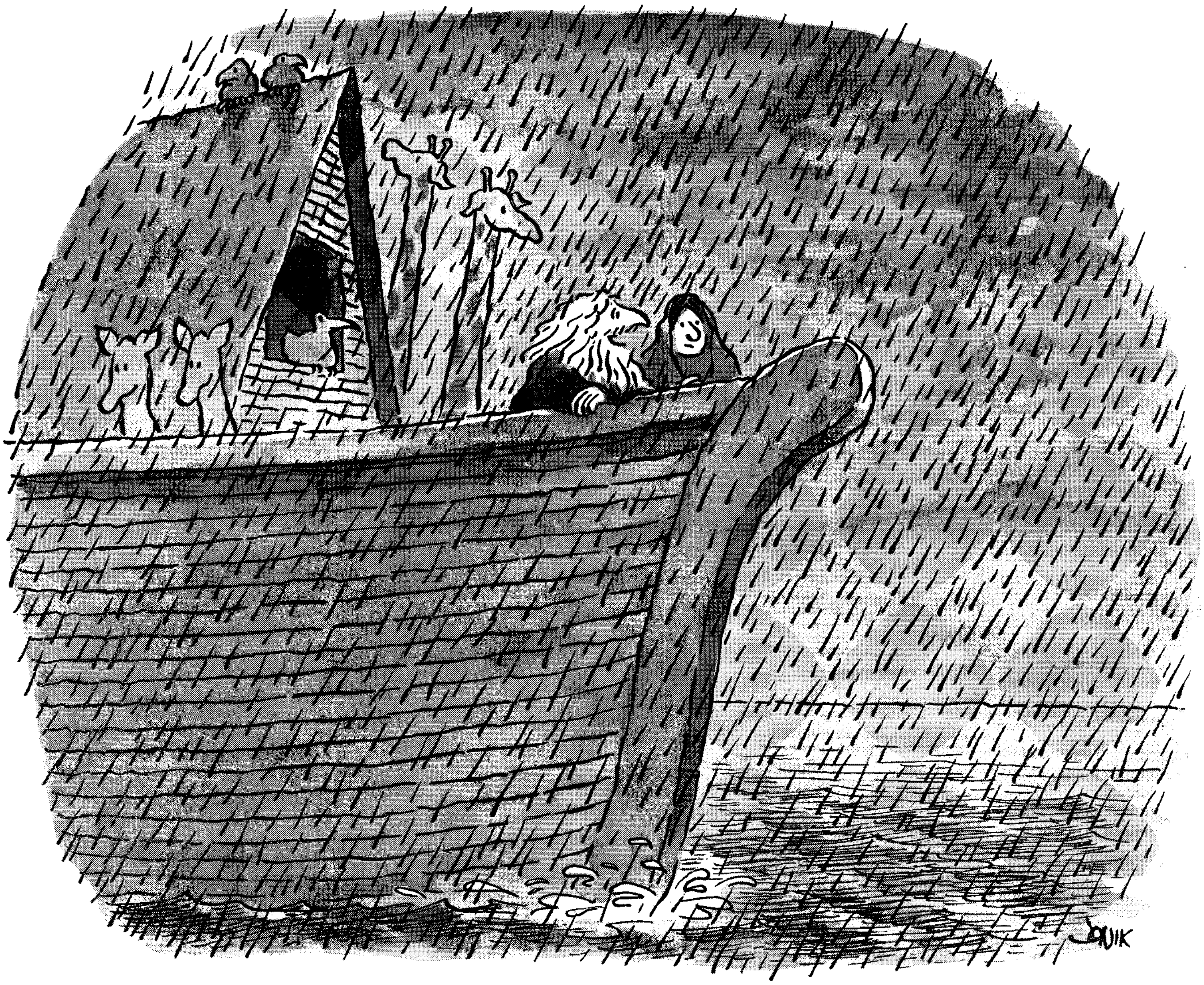


*"Do you have any idea how deep this would be if it were snow?"*

• •

ing up from the sidewalk, he saw them—two men, younger than he was, picking at him like vultures, pushing him, rummaging through his jacket and his pockets. The crazy thing was that he was on West Tenth Street; there should have been other people on the street, but there were not. His clothes were tearing. His right hand was wet with blood. They had cut his arm, the shirt was bloodstained, he saw his own blood spreading out into a little puddle. He stared at it and was afraid to move his hand out of it. Then the men were gone and he was left half sitting, propped up against a building where they had dragged him. He was able to push himself up, but the man he began telling the story to, a passerby, kept coming into focus and fading out again. The man had on a sombrero, and he was pulling him up but pulling too hard. His legs didn't have the power to support him—something had happened to his legs—so that when the man loosened his grip he went down on his knees. He kept blinking to stay conscious. He blacked out before he could stand again.

Back in his apartment, later that night, with his arm in a cast, he felt confused and ashamed—ashamed for the way he had treated Petra, and ashamed for having been mugged. He wanted to call Karen, but he was too embarrassed. He sat in the chair by the phone, willing her to call him. At midnight the phone rang, and he picked it up at once, sure that his telepathic message had worked. The phone call was from Stephanie, at LaGuardia. She had been trying to reach Karen and couldn't. She wanted to know if she could come to his apartment.

"I'm not going through with it," Stephanie said, her voice wavering. "I'm thirty-eight years old, and this was a God-damned accident."

"Calm down," he said. "We can get you an abortion."

"I don't know if I could take a human life," she said, and she began to cry.

"Stephanie?" he said. "You O.K.? Are you going to get a cab?"

More crying, no answer.

"Because it would be silly for me to get a cab just to come get you. You can make it here O.K., can't you, Steph?"

The cabdriver who took him to LaGuardia was named Arthur Shales. A small pink baby shoe was glued to the dashboard of the cab. Arthur Shales chain-smoked Picayunes. "Woman I took to Bendel's today, I'm still trying to get over it," he said. "I picked her up at Madison and Seventy-fifth. Took her to Bendel's and pulled up in front and she said, 'Oh, screw Bendel's.' I took her back to Madison and Seventy-fifth."

Going across the bridge, Nick said to Arthur Shales that the woman he was going to pick up was going to be very upset.

"Upset? What do I care? Neither

of you are gonna hold a gun to my head, I can take anything. You're my last fares of the night. Take you back where you came from, then I'm heading home myself."

When they were almost at the airport exit, Arthur Shales snorted and said, "Home is a room over an Italian grocery. Guy who runs it woke me up at six this morning, yelling so loud at his supplier. 'You call these tomatoes?' he was saying. 'I could take these out and bat them on the tennis court.' Guy is always griping about tomatoes being so unripe."

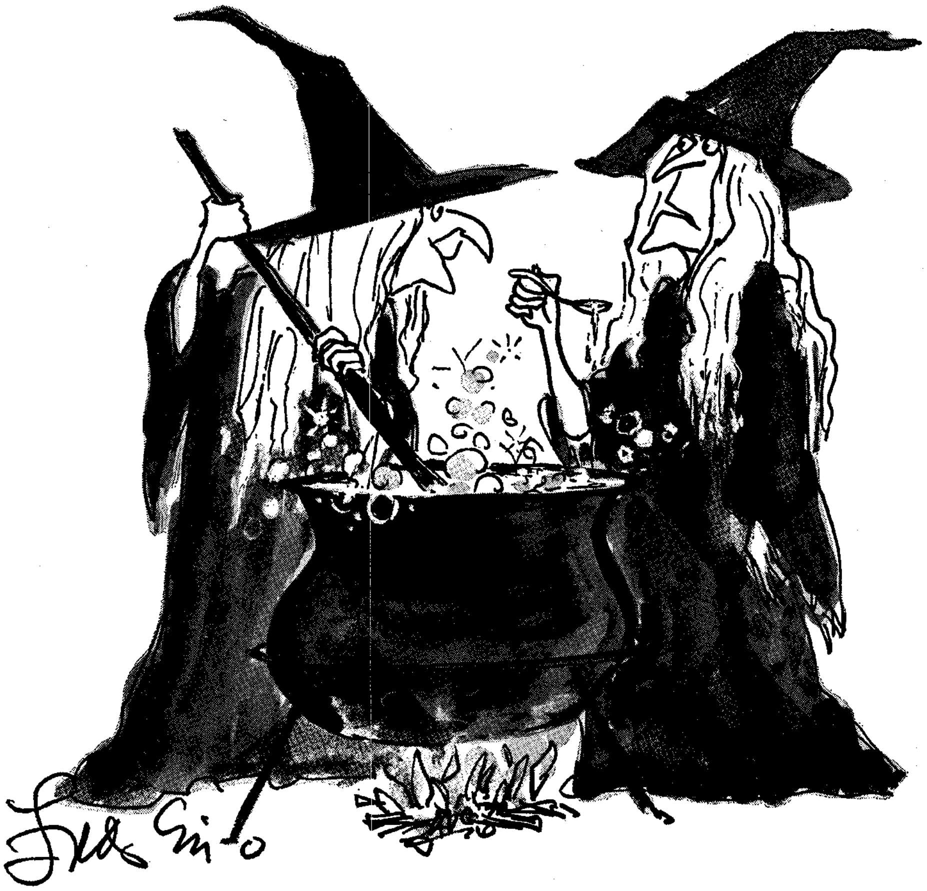
Stephanie was standing on the walkway, right where she said she would be. She looked haggard, and Nick was not sure that he could cope with her. He raised his hand to his shirt pocket for cigarettes, forgetting once again that he had given up smoking. He also forgot that he couldn't grab anything with his right hand because it was in a cast.

"You know who I had in my cab the other day?" Arthur Shales said, coasting to a stop in front of the terminal. "You're not going to believe it. Al Pacino."

FOR more than a week, Nick and Stephanie tried to reach Karen. Stephanie began to think that Karen was dead. And although Nick chided her for calling Karen's number so often, he began to worry too. Once, he went to her apartment on his lunch hour and listened at the door. He heard nothing, but he put his mouth close to the door and asked her to please open the door, if she was there, because there was trouble with Stephanie. As he left the building, he had to laugh at what it would have looked like if someone had seen him—a nicely dressed man, with his hands on either side of his mouth, leaning into a door and talking to it. And one of the hands in a cast.

For a week, he came straight home from work, to keep Stephanie company. Then he asked Petra if she would have dinner with him. She said no. As he was leaving the office, he passed by her desk without looking at her. She got up and followed him down the hall and said, "I'm having a drink with somebody after work, but I could meet you for a drink around seven o'clock."

He went home to see if Stephanie was all right. She said that she had been sick in the morning, but after the card came in the mail—she held out a postcard to him—she felt much better. The card was addressed to him; it was from Karen, in Bermuda. She said she had spent the afternoon in a sailboat. No explanation. He read the message several times. He felt very relieved. He asked Stephanie if she wanted to go out for a drink with him and Petra. She said no, as he had known she would.



*"Too sweet. Use less revenge."*

At seven, he sat alone at a table in the Blue Bar, with the postcard in his inside pocket. There was a folded newspaper on the little round table where he sat, and his broken right wrist rested on it. He sipped a beer. At seven-thirty, he opened the paper and looked through the theatre section. At quarter to eight, he got up and left. He walked over to Fifth Avenue and began to walk downtown. In one of the store windows there was a poster for Bermuda tourism. A woman in a turquoise bathing suit was rising out of blue waves, her mouth in an unnaturally wide smile. She seemed oblivious of the little boy next to her, who was tossing a ball into the sky. Standing there, looking at the poster, Nick began a mental game that he had sometimes played in college. He invented a cartoon about Bermuda. It was a split-frame drawing. Half of it showed a beautiful girl, in the arms of her lover, on the pink sandy beach of Bermuda, with the caption "It's glorious to be here in Bermuda." The other half of the frame showed a tall, tired man looking into the window of a travel agency at a picture of the lady and her lover. He would have no lines, but in a balloon above his head he would be wondering if, when he went home, it was the right time to urge an abortion to the friend who had moved into his apartment.

When he got home, Stephanie was not there. She had said that if she felt better she would go out to eat. He sat down and took off his shoes and socks and hung forward, with his head almost touching his knees, like a droopy doll. Then he went into the bedroom, carrying the shoes and socks, and took off his clothes and put on jeans. The phone rang and he picked it up just as he heard Stephanie's key in the door.

"I'm sorry," Petra said. "I've never stood anybody up before in my life."

"Never mind," he said. "I'm not mad."

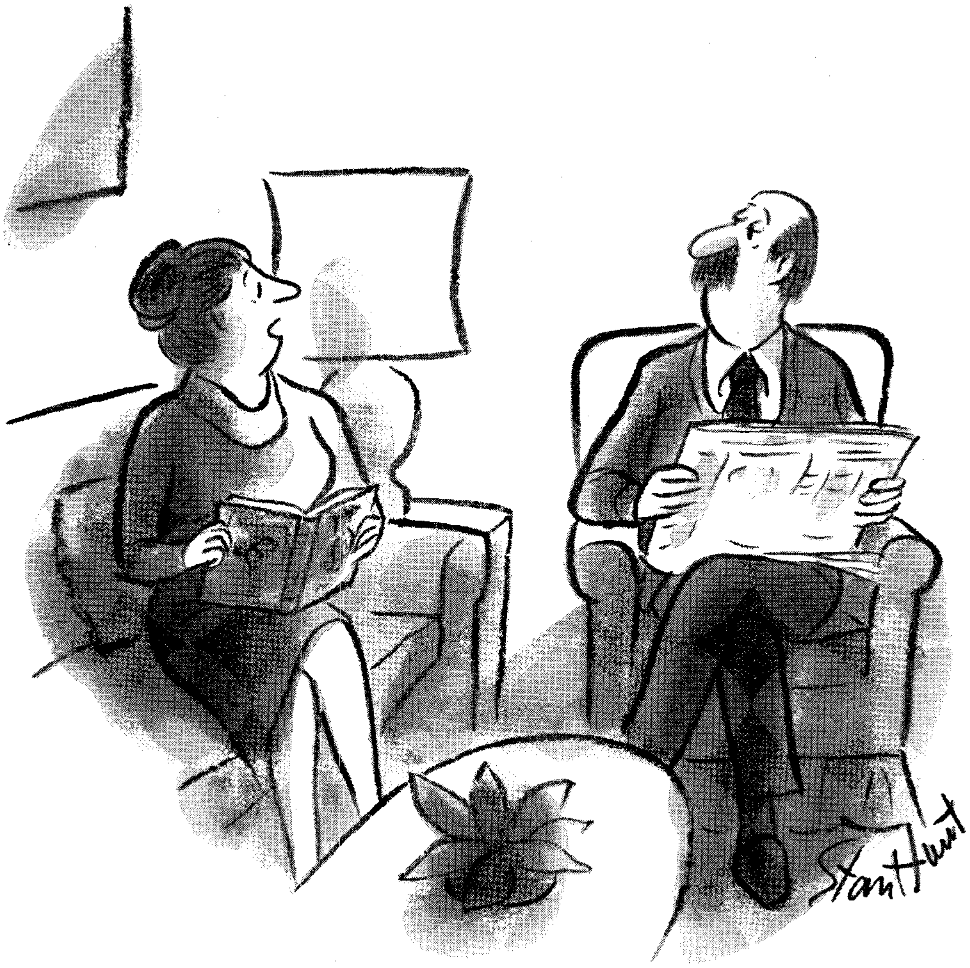
"I'm very sorry," she said.

"I drank a beer and read the paper. After what I did to you the other night, I don't blame you."

"I like you," she said. "That was why I didn't come. Because I knew I wouldn't say what I wanted to say. I got as far as Forty-eighth Street and turned around."

"What did you want to say?"

"That I like you. That I like you and that it's a mistake, because I'm al-



*"What's the difference between sporting a mustache, like the man in this book, and just having a mustache, like you, Cranston?"*

• •

ways letting myself in for it, agreeing to see men who treat me badly. I wasn't very flattered the other night."

"I know. I apologize. Look, why don't you meet me at that bar now and let me not walk out on you. O.K.?"

"No," she said, her voice changing. "That wasn't why I called. I called to say I was sorry, but I know I did the right thing. I have to hang up now."

He put the phone back and continued to look at the floor. He knew that Stephanie was not even pretending not to have heard. He took a step forward and ripped the phone out of the wall. It was not a very successful dramatic gesture. The phone just popped out of the jack, and he stood there, holding it in his good hand.

"Would you think it was awful if I offered to go to bed with you?" Stephanie asked.

"No," he said. "I think it would be very nice."

TWO days later, he left work early in the afternoon and went to Kirby's. Dr. Kellogg opened the door and then pointed toward the back of the house and said, "The man you're looking for is reading." He was wearing baggy white pants and a Japanese kimono.

Nick almost had to push through the half-open door, because the psychiatrist was so intent on holding the cats back with one foot. In the kitchen, Kirby was indeed reading—he was looking at a Bermuda travel brochure and listening to Karen.

She looked sheepish when she saw him. Her face was tan, and her eyes, which were always beautiful, looked startlingly blue now that her face was so dark. She had lavender-tinted sunglasses pushed on top of her head. She and Kirby seemed happy and comfortable in the elegant, air-conditioned house.

"When did you get back?" Nick said.

"A couple of days ago," she said. "The night I last talked to you, I went over to the professor's apartment, and in the morning we went to Bermuda."

Nick had come to Kirby's to get the car keys and borrow the Thunderbird—to go for a ride and be by himself for a while—and for a moment now he thought of asking her for the keys anyway. He sat down at the table.

"Stephanie is in town," he said. "I think we ought to go get a cup of coffee and talk about it."

Her key ring was on the table. If he had the keys, he could be heading for the Lincoln Tunnel. Years ago, they would be walking to the car hand in hand, in love. It would be the day after her birthday. The car's odometer would have just forty-one thousand miles on it.

One of Kirby's cats jumped up on the table and began to sniff at the butter dish.

"Would you like to walk over to the Star Thrower and get a cup of coffee?" Nick said.

She got up slowly.

"Don't mind me," Kirby said.

"Would you like to come, Kirby?" she asked.

"Not me. No, no."

She patted Kirby's shoulder, and they went out.

"What happened?" she said, pointing to his hand.

"It's broken."

"How did you break it?"

"Never mind," he said. "I'll tell you when we get there."

When they got there it was not yet four o'clock, and the Star Thrower was closed.

"Well, just tell me what's happening with Stephanie," Karen said impatiently. "I don't really feel like sitting around talking, because I haven't even unpacked yet."

"She's at my apartment, and she's pregnant, and she doesn't even talk about Sammy."

She shook her head sadly. "How did you break your hand?" she said.

"I was mugged. After our last pleasant conversation on the phone—the time you told me to come over immediately or not at all. I didn't make it because I was in the emergency room."

"Oh, Christ," she said. "Why didn't you call me?"

"I was embarrassed to call you."

"Why? Why didn't you call?"

"You wouldn't have been there anyway." He took her arm. "Let's find someplace to go," he said.

Two young men came up to the door of the Star Thrower. "Isn't this where David had that great Armenian dinner?" one of them said.

"I *told* you it wasn't," the other said, looking at the menu posted to the right of the door.

"I didn't really think this was the

place. *You* said it was on this street."

They continued to quarrel as Nick and Karen walked away.

"Why do you think Stephanie came here to the city?" Karen said.

"Because we're her friends," Nick said.

"But she has lots of friends."

"Maybe she thought we were more dependable."

"Why do you say *that* in *that* tone of voice? I don't have to tell you every move I'm making. Things went very well in Bermuda. He almost lured me to London."

"Look," he said. "Can't we go somewhere where you can call her?"

He looked at her, shocked because she didn't understand that Stephanie had come to see her, not him. He had seen for a long time that it didn't matter to her how much she meant to him, but he had never realized that she didn't know how much she meant to Stephanie. She didn't understand people. When he found out she had another man, he should have dropped out of her life. She did not deserve her good looks and her fine car and all her money. He turned to face her on the street, ready to tell her what he thought.

"You know what happened there?" she said. "I got sunburned and had a terrible time. He went on to London without me."

He took her arm again and they stood side by side and looked at some sweaters hanging in the window of a store called Countdown.

"So going to Virginia wasn't the answer for them," she said. "Remember when Sammy and Stephanie left town, and we told each other what a stupid idea it was—that it would never work out? Do you think we jinxed them?"

They walked down the street again, saying nothing.

"It would kill me if I had to be a good conversationalist with you," she said at last. "You're the only person I can rattle on with." She stopped and leaned into him. "I had a rotten time in Bermuda," she said. "Nobody should go to a beach but a sand flea."

"You don't have to make clever conversation with me," he said.

"I know," she said. "It just happened."

LATE in the afternoon of the day that Stephanie had her abortion, Nick called Sammy from a street phone near his apartment. Karen and Stephanie were in the apartment, but he had to get out for a while. Stephanie had seemed pretty cheerful, but perhaps it was just an act for his benefit. With him gone, she might talk to Karen about it. All she had said was that it felt like she had caught an icepick in the stomach.

"Sammy?" Nick said into the phone. "How are you? It just dawned on me that I ought to call and let you know that Stephanie is all right."

"She has called me herself, several times," Sammy said. "Collect. From your phone. But thank you for your concern, Nick." He sounded brusque.

"Oh," Nick said, taken aback. "Just so you know where she is."

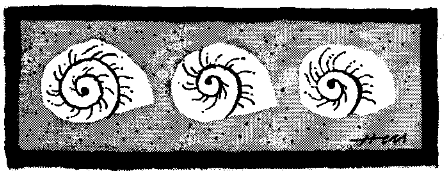
"I could name you as corespondent in the divorce case, you know."

"What would you do that for?" Nick said.

"I wouldn't. I just wanted you to know what I could do."

"Sammy—I don't get it. I didn't ask for any of this."

"Poor Nick. My wife gets pregnant, leaves without a word, calls from New York with a story about how you had a broken wrist and were having bad luck with women, so she went to bed with you. Two weeks later I get a phone call from you, all concern, wanting me to know where Stephanie is."



Nick waited for Sammy to hang up on him.

"You know what happened to you?" Sammy said. "You got eaten up by New York."

"What kind of dumb thing is that to say?" Nick said. "Are you trying to get even, or something?"

"If I wanted to do that, I could tell you that you have bad teeth. Or that Stephanie said you were a lousy lover. What I was trying to do was tell you something important, for a change. Stephanie ran away when I tried to tell it to her; you'll probably hang up on me when I say the same thing to you: You can be happy. For instance, you can get out of New York and get away from Karen. Stephanie could have settled down with a baby."

"This doesn't sound like you, Sammy, to give advice."

He waited for Sammy's answer.

"You think I ought to leave New York?" Nick said.

"Both. Karen *and* New York. Do you know that your normal expression shows pain? Do you know how much Scotch you drank the weekend you visited?"

Nick stared through the grimy plastic window of the phone booth.

## WIDOW'S WALK

When he visited Nantucket, Crèvecœur noted, "A singular custom prevails here among the women.... They have adopted these many years the Asiatic custom of taking a dose of opium every morning; and so deeply rooted is it, that they would be at a loss how to live without this indulgence...."—*"Cape Cod and the Offshore Islands," Walter Teller.*

Captain: The weathervane's rusted.
Iron-red, its coxcomb leans into the easterly wind
as I do every afternoon swinging
a blind eye out to sea. The light
fails, day closes around me, a vast oceanic whirlpool . . .
I can still see your eyes, those monotonic palettes,
smell your whiskeyed kisses!
Still feel the eelgrass of embrace—
the ocean pounds outside the heart's door.
Dearest, the lamps are going on. I'm caught
in the smell of whales burning! Vaporous and drowsy,
I spiral down the staircase in my wrapper,
a shadow among many shadows in Nantucket Town.
Out in the yard, the chinaberry tree
turns amber. A hymn spreads through the deepening air—
the church steeple's praying for the people. Last night
I dreamed you waved farewell.
I stood upon the pier, the buoys tolling
a warning knell. Trussed in my whalebone,
I grew away from you, fluttering in the twilight,
a cut-out, a fancy French silhouette.

—ELIZABETH SPIRES

THE BUCK STOPS HERE
Richter

• •

"What you just said about my hanging up on you," Nick said. "I was thinking that you were going to hang up on me. When I talk to people, they hang up on me. The conversation just ends that way."

"Why haven't you figured out that you don't know the right kind of people?"

"They're the only people I know."

"Does that seem like any reason for tolerating that sort of rudeness?"

"I guess not."

"Another thing," Sammy went on. "Have you figured out that I'm saying these things to you because when you called I was already drunk? I'm telling you all this because I think you're so numbed out by your lousy life that you probably don't even know I'm not in my right mind."

The operator came on, demanding more money. Nick clattered quarters into the phone. He realized that he was not going to hang up on Sammy and Sammy was not going to hang up on him. He would have to think of something else to say.

"Give yourself a break," Sammy said. "Boot them out. Stephanie included. She'll see the light eventually and come back to the farm."

"Should I tell her you'll be there? I don't know if—"

"I told her I'd be here, when she called. All the times she called. I just told her that I had no idea of coming to get her. I'll tell you another thing. I'll bet—I'll *bet*—that when she first turned up there she called you from the airport and she wanted you to come for her, didn't she?"

"Sammy," Nick said, staring around him, wild to get off the phone. "I want to thank you for saying what you think. I'm going to hang up now."

"Forget it," Sammy said. "I'm not in my right mind. Goodbye."

"Goodbye," Nick said.

He hung up and started back to his apartment. He realized that he hadn't told Sammy that Stephanie had had the abortion. On the street, he said hello to a little boy—one of the neighborhood children he knew.

He went up the stairs to his floor. Some people downstairs were listening to Beethoven. He lingered in the hallway, not wanting to go back to Stephanie and Karen. He took a deep breath and opened the door. Neither of them looked too bad. They said hello silently, each raising one hand.

It had been a hard day. Stephanie's appointment at the abortion clinic had been at eight in the morning. Karen had slept in the apartment with them the night before, on the sofa. Stephanie had slept in his bed, and he had slept on the floor. None of them had slept much. In the morning, they all went to the abortion clinic. Nick had intended to go to work in the afternoon, but when they got back to the apartment he didn't think it was right for him to leave Stephanie. She went back to the bedroom, and he stretched out on the sofa and fell asleep. Before he slept, Karen sat on the sofa with him for a while, and he told her the story of his second mugging. When he woke up, it was four o'clock. He called his office and told them he was sick. Later, they all watched the television news together. After that, he offered to go out and get some food, but nobody was hungry. That was when he had gone out and called Sammy.

Now Stephanie went back into the bedroom. She said she was tired and she was going to work on a crossword puzzle in bed. The phone rang. It was Petra. She and Nick talked a little about a new apartment she was thinking of moving into. "I'm sorry for being so cold-blooded the other night," she said. "The reason I'm calling is to invite myself to your place for a drink, if that's all right with you."

"It's not all right," he said. "I'm sorry. There are some people here now."

"I get it," she said. "O.K. I won't bother you anymore."

"You don't understand," he said. He knew he had not explained things well, but the thought of adding Petra to the scene at his apartment was more than he could bear, and he had been too abrupt.

She said goodbye coldly, and he went back to his chair and fell in it, exhausted.

"A girl?" Karen said.

He nodded.

"Not a girl you wanted to hear from."

He shook his head no. He got up and pulled up the blind and looked out to the street. The boy he had said hello to was playing with a Hula Hoop. The Hula Hoop was bright blue in the twilight. The kid rotated his hips and kept the hoop spinning perfectly. Karen came to the window and stood next to him. He turned to her, wanting to say that they should go and get the Thunderbird and, as the night air cooled, drive out of the city, smell honeysuckle in the fields, feel the wind blowing.

But the Thunderbird was sold. She had told him the news while they were sitting in the waiting room of the abortion clinic. The car had needed a valve job, and a man she met in Bermuda who knew all about cars had advised her to sell it. Coincidentally, the man—a New York architect—wanted to buy it. Even as Karen told him, he knew she had been set up. If she had been more careful, they could be in the car now, with the key in the ignition, the radio playing. He stood at the window a long time. She had been conned, and he was more angry than he could tell her. She had no conception—she had somehow never understood—that Thunderbirds of that year, in good condition, would someday be worth a fortune. She had told him this way: "Don't be upset, because I'm sure I made the right decision. I sold the car as soon as I got back from Bermuda. I'm going to get a new car." He had moved in his chair, there in the clinic. He had had an impulse to get up and hit her. He remembered the scene in New Haven outside the bar, and he understood now that it was as simple as this: he had money that the black teen-age boy wanted.

Down on the street, the boy picked up his Hula Hoop and disappeared around the corner.

"Say you were kidding about selling the car," Nick said.

"When are you going to stop making such a big thing over it?" Karen said.

"That creep cheated you. He talked you into selling it when nothing was wrong with it."

"Stop it," she said. "How come your judgments are always right and my judgments are always wrong?"

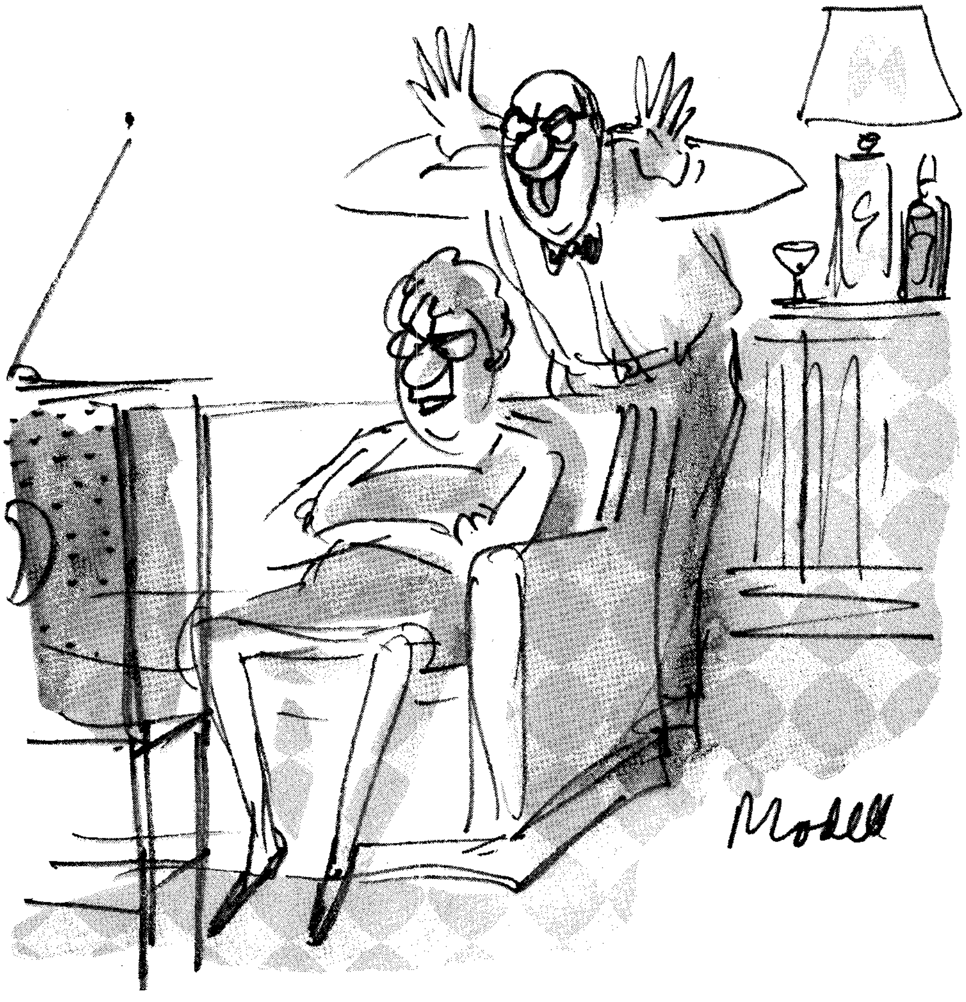
"I don't want to fight," he said. "I'm sorry I said anything."

"O.K.," she said, and leaned her head against him. He draped his right arm over her shoulder. The fingers sticking out of the cast rested a little above her breast.

"I just want to ask one thing," he said, "and then I'll never mention it again. Are you sure the deal is final?"

Karen pushed his arm off her shoulder and walked away. But it was his apartment, and she couldn't go slamming around in it. She sat on the sofa and picked up the newspaper. He watched her. Soon she put it down and stared across the room and into the dark bedroom, where Stephanie had turned off the light. He looked at her sadly for a long time, until she looked up at him with tears in her eyes.

"Do you think maybe we could get it back if I offered him more than he paid me for it?" she said. "You probably don't think that's a sensible suggestion, but at least that way we could get it back." —Ann Beattie



*"You should watch this. You might learn something."*

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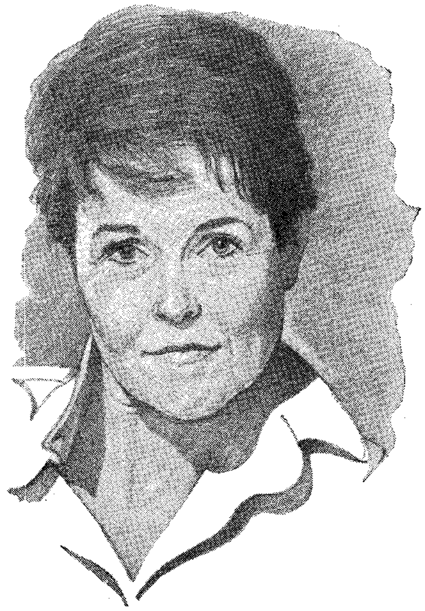
Princess Irene Galitzine: "If I had to make one big change next year, it would have to be to buy a small plant. In this country (Italy) it is becoming not a luxury but a necessity if you're on the road as much as I am. After all, there are strikes every other minute—and I mean literally every other minute. It often takes more time to fly to Milan from Rome than to New York. I can't tell you how many times I've sat for four hours looking at my thumbs in an airport."—*W, a fashion biweekly.*

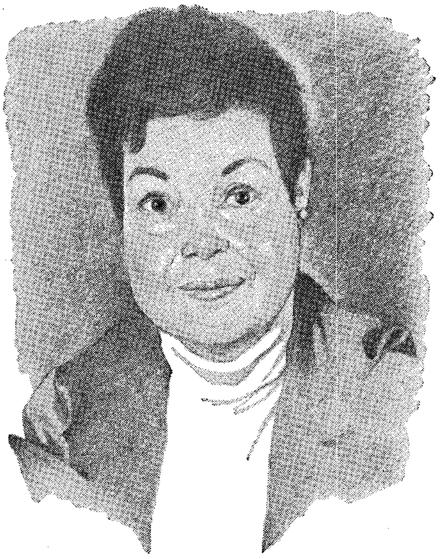
A twin-engine philodendron would be perfect.

# PROFILES

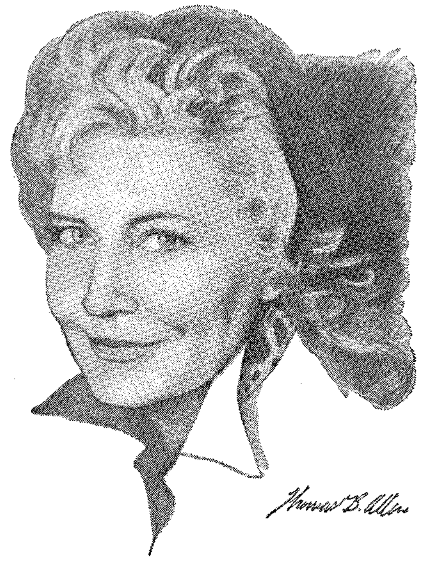
## AMERICAN SINGERS



*Barbara Lea*



*Teddi King*



*Mary Mayo*

A CERTIFIABLE body of classic American songs now exists. These songs, variously and disconcertingly known as "pop songs," "popular songs," "counter songs," "novelty tunes," or "show tunes," have been composed during the past sixty years for the stage, the movies, and Tin Pan Alley by the likes of Jerome Kern, Irving Berlin, George Gershwin, Cole Porter, Richard Rodgers, Fats Waller, Harold Arlen, Duke Ellington, Willard Robison, Vincent Youmans, Hoagy Carmichael, Alec Wilder, Ann Ronell, Vernon Duke, and Stephen Sondheim. The belated recognition that these songs are not ephemeral, that they are the work of melodists directly descended from Tchaikovsky and Puccini and Rachmaninoff, has been brought about by many things, among them Alec Wilder's judicious and witty work of classification and criticism, "American Popular Song" (Oxford); the current series of Wilder-organized shows broadcast by National Public Radio and given over to performances of the best American songs by the best American singers; Mabel Mercer's continued reign as the doyenne of American singers; the brilliant recitals given at Town Hall and the Ninety-second Street "Y" in the early seventies by the late Johnny Mercer; Bobby Short's ten-year engagement at the Café Carlyle; increasingly frequent appearances around New York by Anita Ellis, Barbara Lea, Marlene VerPlanck, Mary Mayo, Sylvia Syms, Helen Merrill, Johnny Hartman, Helen Humes, Nancy Harrow, David Allyn, Blossom Dearie, Mark Murphy, Margaret Whiting, Irene Kral, Jackie Cain, Mel Tormé, Peggy Lee, and Maxine Sullivan.

The singers who have been carrying forward this movement must also be regarded as of the first rank. They have made the beauty and ingenuity of American songs clear. They are the first to join the two principal strains in American singing: the "popular" kind (pioneered largely by Gene Austin and Ruth Etting and Bing Crosby and traceable to European light-classical music) and jazz singing (pioneered largely by Ethel Waters and Louis Armstrong and Billie Holiday and traceable to blues and gospel and instrumental music). They possess qualities that few of their forebears had forty years ago, when the first sizable wave of "popular" singers appeared. Those singers worked chiefly with the big bands, and were wholly functional. They were intuitive and homemade, pushing their songs along before them, and praying that they would stay on pitch and finish in the same bar as their accompanists. Most big-band fans considered them unnecessary and boring—interludes to be tolerated until the next "instrumental," with its complement of solos. They were obliged to sing dreadful, of-the-moment material, and to sit on camp chairs at the front of the bandstand throughout the evening. Primitive sound systems, or even the band, made them inaudible to themselves and to those in the audience who *did* want to hear them. Their descendants are more fortunate, and are far better equipped. They are excellent musicians who can sing a song exactly as written (many have had classical training) and then, using their knowledge of Mildred Bailey and Billie Holiday, improvise or enlarge on it. They are at once better schooled and more inventive than their predecessors. They are masters of diction, timing, intonation, and melody. Most are middle-aged, and came up during the last days of the big bands. Surviving the forties, they foundered on rock in the fifties, although a small number worked in studios and in the hotels of Las Vegas and Miami. The dilution of rock and the disappearance of the ten-per-cent federal entertainment tax have helped their renaissance, but they are still struggling. The few big bands left rarely hire singers of their sort, and neither does television. Several hospitable night clubs have appeared in New York—Michael's Pub, the Ballroom, the Café Carlyle, Hopper's, Reno Sweeney—but even these are prone to fads or poor judgment. So it is always a joyous occasion when the new singers land jobs.

THREE of the most gifted and tenacious of the new singers have been Mary Mayo, Barbara Lea, and the late Teddi King. Teddi King died last November. She suffered from a debilitating disease, but few knew of her

*“You call this cuisine haute, Mac?”*

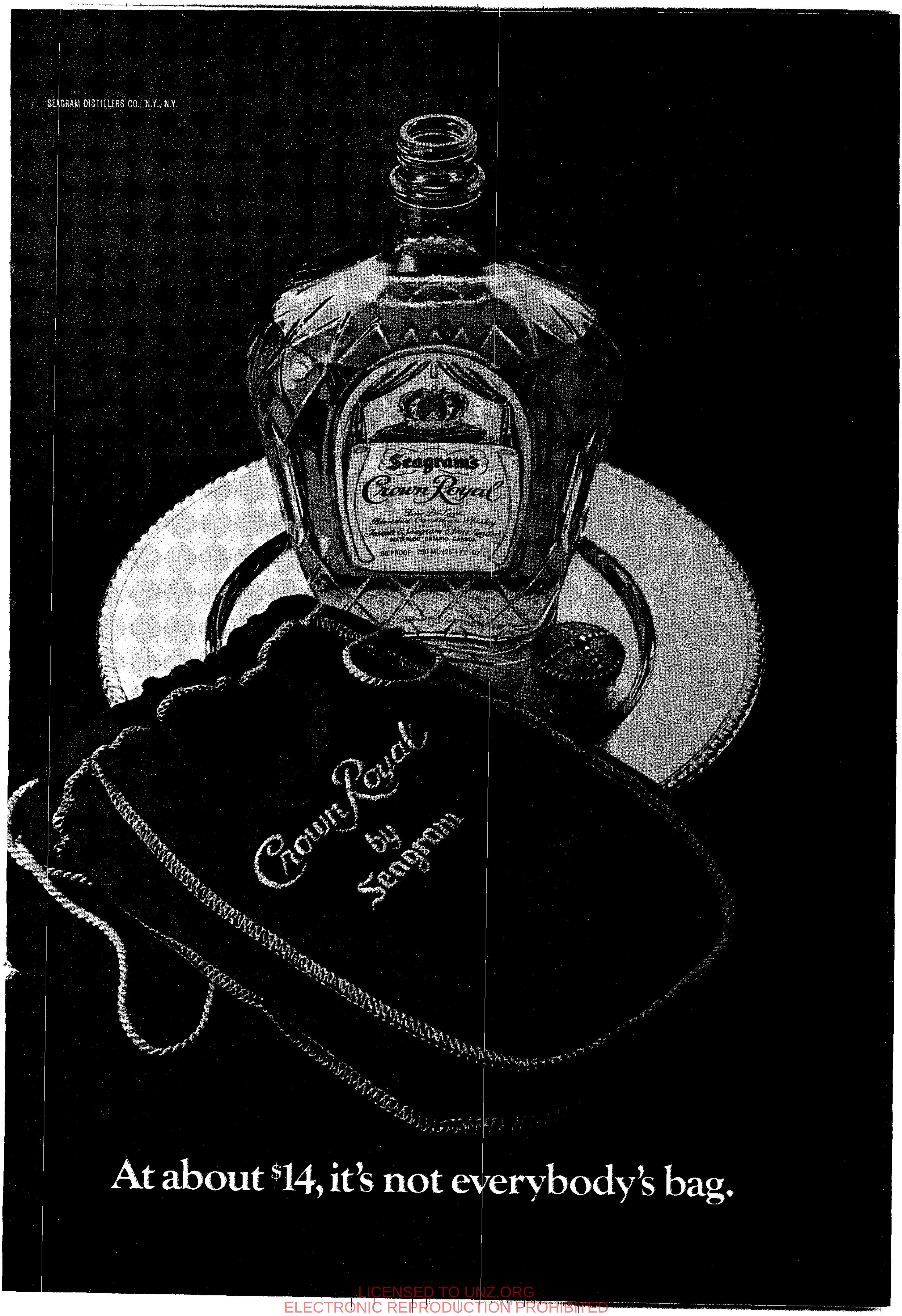
• •

illness, and she never allowed it to affect her demeanor or her singing. She was a miniature person. Her hands and feet were tiny, and her small, pretty face was dominated by lustrous eyes. She was barely five feet tall, but her voice was large and effortless. When she performed, she invariably wore a hat, which was like adding a mansard roof to a bungalow. She had a generous contralto and a wide vibrato, and a peaceful, spacious way of phrasing. She never hurried a note, even at fast tempos, and she gave each song a serenity that carried it through the noisiest room. The particulars of her style were less important than the harmonious wholes she made of her songs. Traces of Lee Wiley and Mildred Bailey showed up, but her work was her own. She loved to talk, and she had a Boston accent and a pealing, old-fashioned laugh. She lived in a big apartment on the upper West Side with her husband, Josh Gerber, who is shy and genial, and is an expert society-band drummer. She had a quick, dancing, half-moon smile, and it lit up the rare pauses between her sentences. She talked about herself one afternoon in New York late last summer:

“Josh and I were married in 1949, and by then I was *the* lady singer in Boston. I worked with Nat Pierce’s band, and I was on all three of the local musical television shows. George Wein opened his first Storyville Club, in the Buckminster Hotel, and I got to know him and Charlie Bourgeois. Charlie started waving my banner around. Storyville moved to a bigger place, in the Copley Square Hotel, and George Shearing came in with his quintet. I sang for him, and he said my sound fitted the sound of the quintet. I went with him for two years, beginning in the fall of 1952, and the whole association was a joy. Then I went out on my own, and worked places like Mr. Kelly’s, in Chicago, and the Rendezvous, in Philadelphia. John Carradine was in the show at the Rendezvous, and one night he sat out front and stared at me, and when I finished he said, ‘I want to thank you for not shouting at us.’ Those were musically happy years, but they ended when George Wein became too busy to handle me, and I took on a New York manager. He didn’t know the cloth I was made of. He didn’t know the subtleties of my work. All he knew was Las Vegas. So I had an act written and sequinned gowns made, and I went to Vegas. I signed a contract with RCA Victor, and I had a couple of singles that did very well. I worked the big rooms and was on network TV, and the public became aware of my name. But it wasn’t me. I was doing pop pap, and I was in musical despair. I didn’t have my lovely jazz music and the freedom it gives. Elvis Presley got bigger and bigger, and rock arrived, and I got very depressed and thought of quitting the business. Josh and I had kept a little apartment in Boston, and we went back to it. George Wein had just moved to New York, and he told us we should, too, so we did. I opened the Playboy Club in New York and stayed there off and on through the sixties.

“I took a job on Nantucket the summer of 1970. The first day I went to the beach, I started feeling strange. I could barely maneuver, and I got a rash on my arms. I was in and out of the hospital on Nantucket all summer, but no one could find out what was wrong until I went to the Pratt Clinic, in Boston, where they diagnosed what I had as systemic lupus erythematosus. It attacks women more often than men, and it goes after the connective tissue. Flannery O’Connor eventually died of it. You take cortisone. It makes you very susceptible to infection, so you can’t get too fatigued and you have to stay out of the sun. I was bedridden quite a while, and my main concern was whether I’d be able to sing again. Then I started to mend, and in 1971 I worked at the Columns, in West Dennis, on Cape Cod, with Dave McKenna. They gave me a room upstairs, and the whole thing was a terrific tonic. Dave is one of the great accompanists. Bobby Hackett, who had just moved to the Cape, would sit in, and *he* was one of the great accompanists, too. I’ve been working where I could since then—at festivals and on Alec Wilder’s program and for six weeks at the Café Carlyle last winter.

“I think my illness changed the emphasis in my singing. I’ve always been enamored of sound, but I was afraid I might not have the voice I’d had, and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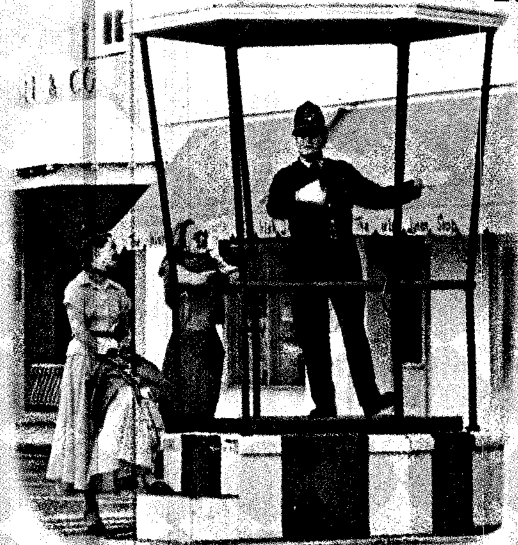
"Bermudians have a sense of pride in the island.
It's like they're inviting you to their home."

Diana Niles and Joan Harting recall
their visit to Bermuda during Rendezvous Time.



"Everybody dreams about an island to escape to.
Bermuda is ours. It's a real paradise."

"There's so much British tradition here.
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"The activities are so available
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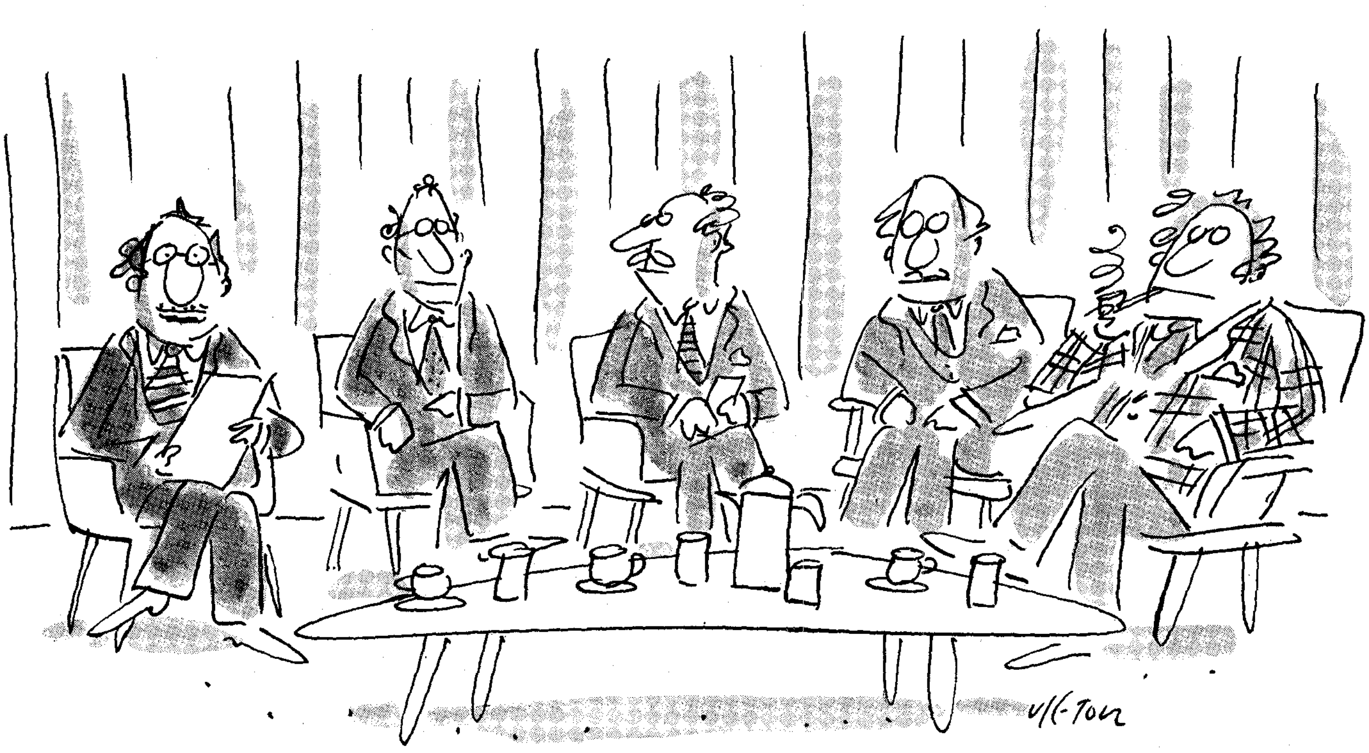

*"Mr. Ginsbrook is a Senior Fellow, Mr. Whillip is a Distinguished Fellow, Mr. Roemer is an Honorary Fellow, and Mr. Dilbum is a Regular Fellow."*

• •

I began concentrating on lyrics. That, and I fell under the influence of Mabel Mercer, who is my goddess now. I'd never dwelt on lyrics: I sang them and that was all. But I began watching Mabel, to see how she touched people, and I discovered it was the way she put the lyrics first. Her lyrics are her magic. Then she told me that, no matter how beautiful its melody, she selects a new song only after she has gone over its lyrics to see if they have any meaning for her. When I sing, I'm in a little shell. I feel as if I'm reciting a poem. If there is a person in the lyrics—in 'It Never Entered My Mind' or 'Little Girl Blue' or 'I'm in the Market for You'—I become that person. The lyrics direct my choice of notes. They take over, and I can just open my mouth and the sound follows. So I don't think ahead in my phrasing, and every time I do a song it comes out slightly differently. My singing is also influenced by the external things of the moment, like the room or the people or the accompanist. A good accompanist breathes with you. An inferior one forces you back into yourself.

"My mother had a glorious natural voice, and she and my father, who was a song-and-dance man in vaudeville, were always singing and listening to music on the radio. I was born Theodora, and I'm a Bostonian, purebred. My mother lost three other children, so I became an only child. She has never changed—shy and sweet and childlike. She leaned heavily on my father for suggestions and interest, and then followed through on her own. He died about a year ago, but she's kept their big old apartment in Revere. My dad was self-educated and well read, and he could have gone into anything. He was handsome and had a little mustache, and he had such presence that when my parents gave a party everyone sat and waited in the living room—it was as if they were waiting for Godot—until my father came in. Then the party started. When vaudeville gave out, he got into a printing-and-publishing firm and became a proofreader. My talent surfaced when I was four and sang 'Am I Blue?' in a great deep voice. I took classical piano for a year in the sixth grade, and since I'm a very disciplined person, I went on by myself, using whatever piano books the teacher had given me. It still relaxes me to play Bach and Debussy. Then we moved to Malden, and I finished school there. I was in the glee club, but I was more interested in acting than in singing, and I joined the dramatic club in high school. I minded not being able to afford going to college, but the Boston school system was marvellous then, and a high-school diploma was the equivalent of at least a year of college. And I knew that it's not impossible to absorb learning by yourself if you have a mind to. I went into a typing-and-shorthand job after school, but my head was in the arts, and I tried out for a repertory company called the Tributary Theatre of Boston. It was in the New England Mutual Hall, and it played Shakespeare and O'Casey and light American comedy. I did a couple of readings for them, using a lot of accents—they liked it, and I loved doing it, because accents have always seemed to me to reveal the inner cadence of a country. They also discovered I sang, which I'd been doing right along on the side, so they gave me the role of a singing mermaid in a musical 'Peter Pan.' I wasn't listed in the program, but Elliot Norton, the Boston critic, wrote in glowing terms about the young lady who played the mermaid and sang, and that triggered something in me: maybe I should think more seriously about singing. I never missed a show at the R.K.O. I'd sit in the front row with my lunch to see Sinatra and Helen Forrest and Helen O'Connell and Jo Stafford. When the R.K.O. had a Dinah Shore sing-alike contest, I entered it and beat out five hundred girls. My singing career began immediately. Winning night, two young gentlemen came backstage and said, 'We caught the show and wonder if you would be interested in singing with a friend who's starting a band.' The friend was George Graham, and he'd just come off Georgie Auld's band. He had a

# "WE SOLVE PROBLEMS. IF YOU THINK THE AUDI 5000 IS BEAUTIFUL, SO MUCH THE BETTER."

AN INTERVIEW WITH HERBERT BROCKHAUS, HEAD OF STRUCTURAL TESTING

**Are you saying that beauty wasn't your prime concern?**

Brockhaus: With us, styling and engineering go hand in hand. They are one and the same. When I look at the car, I can see all the parts underneath. Like x-ray vision, if you will. The styling is an essential part of the engineering and vice versa, which is as it should be. If the car is attractive, it is basically because of the elegant engineering solutions.

**Isn't it a bit pompous to say you solve problems? Don't all car manufacturers?**

Brockhaus: Some car manufacturers are more like plastic surgeons—they change the skin. But for us, you might say solving problems is our driving force. So we built the Audi 5000 from the ground up. We have all the necessary equipment and testing facilities. At Audi a surprisingly high percentage of our total budget is allocated to Research and Development.

**All right, what problems did you solve with the Audi 5000?**

Brockhaus: Overall, we solved the problem of making a large, lively car that is comfortable to drive with remarkable handling and performance. To do this, we had to develop totally new ideas, from the first 5-cylinder gasoline engine to a new concept of interior design utilizing psychology.

**Five cylinders? Psychological design? Sounds extreme.**

Brockhaus: Extreme? No. Innovative, perhaps. That's my point about solving problems—we needed an engine with efficiency, like a 4 and performance, like a 6. So we were the first to make a 5-cylinder gasoline engine. We knew from psychological testing that harsh interiors could make a driver more aggressive. So we developed cheerful interiors which would be comfortable and pleasing and help the driver to remain calm and relaxed.

**Were all your solutions so innovative?**

Brockhaus: No. But they are equally important. For example, we not only are concerned with the exterior finish of a car, but the interior protective finish, as well. Therefore, we designed particularly large openings inside the doors, and other body panels, so that we could get sufficient layers of protective coatings into all the normally hidden body areas. Attention to a thousand minor details like these makes for a better car overall.

**What's a minor detail, for example?**

Brockhaus: Well, a nice little detail was the radio speakers. As an option, we developed a new radio installation that achieves a real high fidelity sound with excellent frequency response over the entire audible audio range. I doubt that many of your readers would find this important. But it mattered a great deal to us because it was an interesting challenge.

**Is everything in the car brand new?**

Brockhaus: No, no. We continue to use front-wheel drive, as we have for over forty years. Front-wheel drive gives excellent tracking stability in rain, ice and snow. You really should try the Audi 5000 in bad weather; you will be pleased with how it feels.

**Do you think there's a better car?**

Brockhaus: You can't ask the question in this form. There are cars that cost $48,000. They may well be "better," but are they realistically what one needs in normal driving situations? I don't think so.

**What about cars twice as expensive as the Audi 5000?**

Brockhaus: You have to ask yourself whether they can have double the worth. The Audi 5000 costs about $8,500* in America and it's the largest German car you can buy for the money. As a matter of fact, some of my colleagues thought a much higher price would have been justified.

**Then why would someone pay up to twice as much for another car?**

Brockhaus: That's a very good question. Until now, if they wanted a large German car like the Audi 5000, perhaps they had to pay double. Come to think of it, they still can. But now there's a choice so we've solved that problem too.

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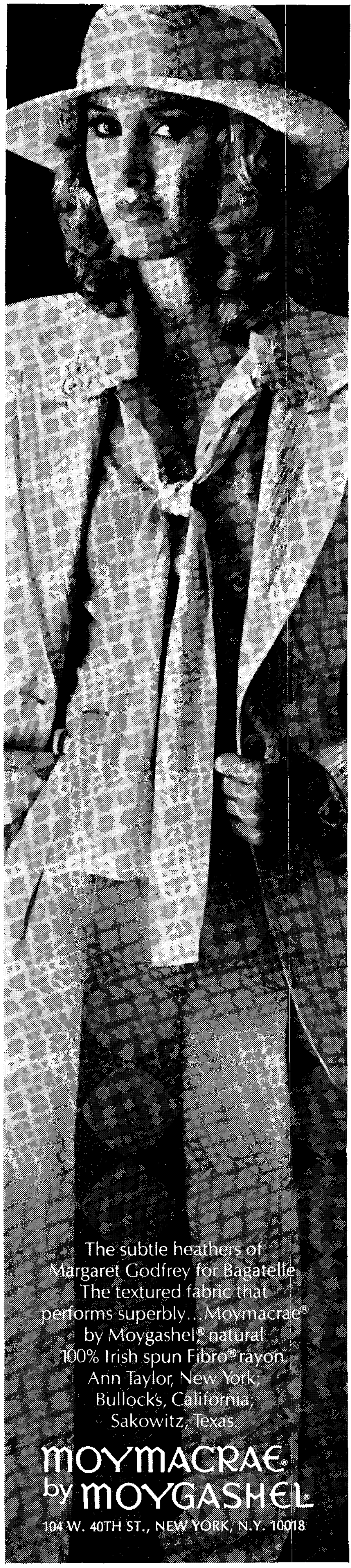

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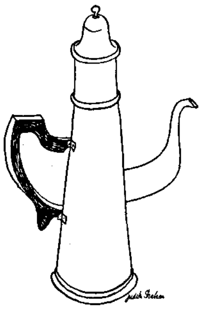
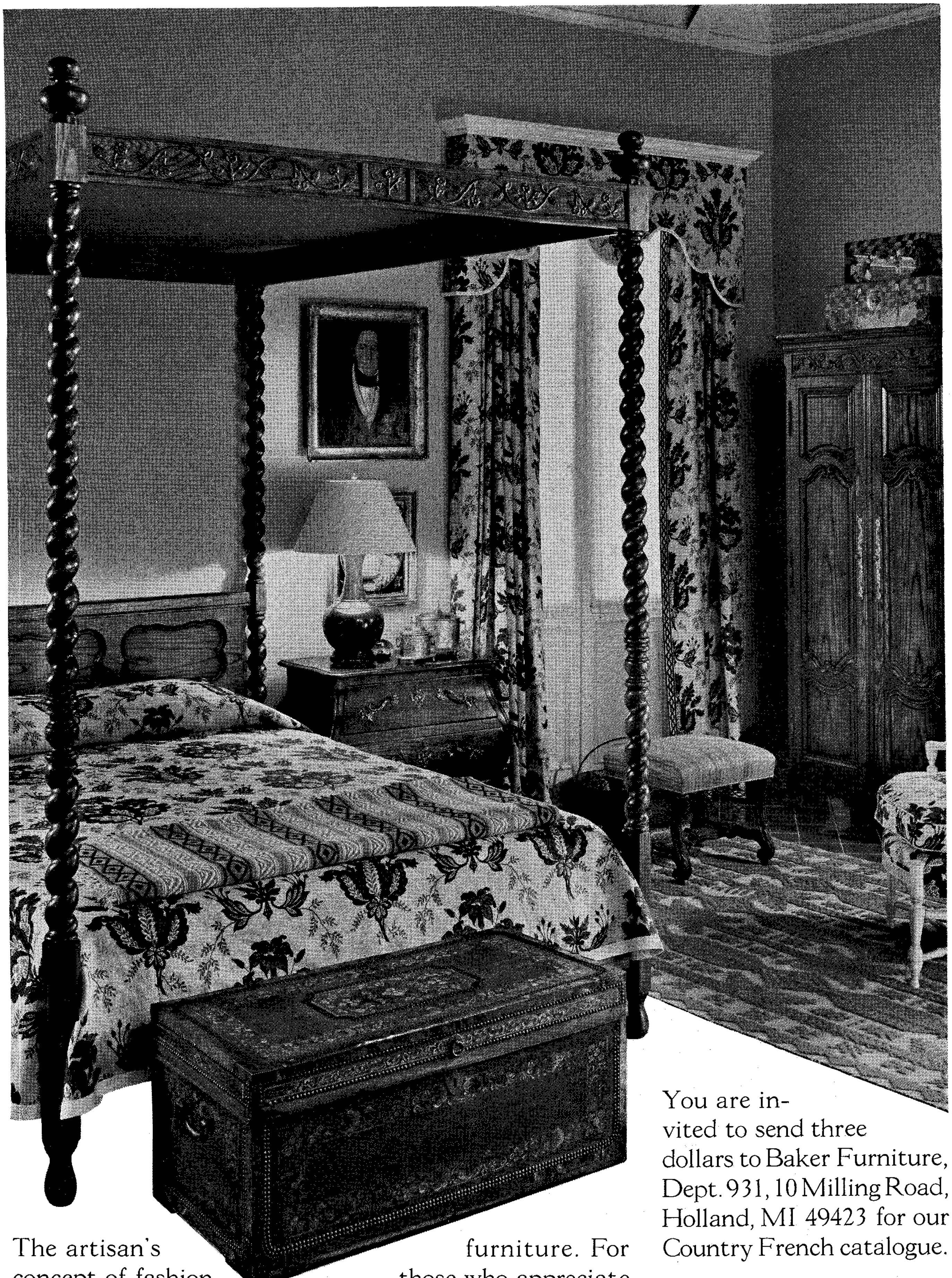
complement of the best musicians in town, and I joined for five dollars a night. They were at the Ritz Ballroom, on Huntington Avenue near Symphony Hall, and I was there for several months. I suppose I sounded like Billie Holiday, because she had influenced me a great deal. Then I took a weekend job with Jack Edwards at the Coral Gables Ballroom in Weymouth, on the South Shore. They were grooming him to be another Vaughn Monroe, and we had a lot of radio remotes. I was paid thirty-five dollars, so I quit my day job as a typist at the Boston Navy Yard. A family club called Cappy's, in Easton, Massachusetts, near Brockton, hired me next. Josh was the drummer, and I got to know him driving back and forth to Boston. This was 1946, and for the next three years I sang around Boston. I also studied voice with Mrs. Chester MacDonald, who had taught at the New England Conservatory. She said I had natural voice placement, and within six months I was singing lyric and coloratura things. She was heartbroken when I left her after a year. I studied a little jazz piano, too, which helped me with chords and changes, with dominant sevenths and flatted fifths. I feel best now when I'm working. The rest of the time, I take it easy and let the silly, petty things roll off my back."



Mary Mayo has an extraordinary range. She has said, "My voice runs from low A below middle C to A-flat above high C. I used to be able to go to C above high C, but it's not something you ever need." She can be compared to Sarah Vaughan, who has about the same reach. Vaughan's voice is heavier and less subtle. Her lowest register is cavernous but somewhat harsh, her middle tones are three deep, and her high range is rather piping. Mary Mayo's instrument is of a piece from top to bottom. Her highest register is liquid and effortless, and it pours into her serene middle range. Her lowest register is a silken evening voice. She does not hit her notes dead center but favors the area just a hair above, which gives her singing a light, suspended quality. Of the singers of her generation, she is the most limpid and graceful. Her diction, like Teddi King's and Barbara Lea's, is faultless; she sets each word before the listener. She is of average height, and she has broad shoulders and a heart-shaped face. Her coloring and manner reflect her singing: platinum-blond hair, very white skin, and a beacon smile. She moves little when she performs, but she takes on an intense, almost beseeching look, which, underlined by her broad dynamics, becomes inescapable in a song like "Molly Malone." She is married to Al Ham, an independent record producer, and they have a daughter, Lorri, who is studying acting and who also sings. Mary Mayo has lived for twenty-five years in a light-filled apartment high over Morningside Park. It is a suitable aerie for her voice. She smiles a great deal when she talks, and her speech is tinted with a Piedmont accent:

"My father, Franklin Riker, was born in Burlington, Vermont, and he came to New York in 1888, when he was twelve. Someone heard him sing in a choir up there and recommended that he move to the city. He lived in Brooklyn with an aunt and was a boy-soprano soloist at Old Trinity Church, downtown. He eventually became a heldentenor, and he sang at the Met when Caruso was there. He studied in Europe with Jean de Reszke, Cotogni, and Stahlschmidt. He returned to America just before the First World War, prepared for 'Tristan' and 'Siegfried,' but Wagner had been put away for the duration. After the war, he did sing Wagner, in English, and then he went into teaching. My father was a tender, kind man. He had very blue eyes, and his hair was white when he was thirty. He was robust and had pink cheeks, and his hands were always warm. My mother's name was Lois Long, and she was born in Statesville, North Carolina. She's ninety-three, but she's still a pixie and full of spunk. She used to play softball and ride sidesaddle. She and my father met in New York. She had had an early, unhappy marriage, and had a daughter, and was studying at the Master School of Music. My father heard her sing in church. She was a lyric coloratura, but he thought she could be a dramatic soprano. He told her, 'You're not using the best part of your voice.' She was furious, but eventually he convinced her, and she became a Flagstad singer, a Traubel singer. Her voice had a certain opulence and was a perfect instrument. There were no breaks in it, and she never had to make adjustments in going up and down the scale. She'd take a high F or G, and it would envelop you. It came at you, and it was globular. I've never heard that sound anywhere else except in Farrell and early Tebaldi. Once after I had sung



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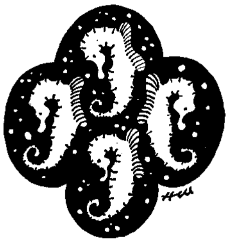
for her, she said, 'You've got to realize, my darling, that you're just a silver bell.'

"When I came along, my mother went home to Statesville. I was born just after midnight. She had been playing bridge and listening to Galli-Curci records. There always seemed to be at least a half-dozen adults around when I was growing up. They made you insecure and yet you tended to lean on them. We moved to Philadelphia when I was two, and not long after that my father was offered a job at the Cornish School, in Seattle. We lived in the Hotel Sorrento there, and I became addicted to hotels. I was the only child in the hotel, and one Christmas I got sixty-five dolls. One had white silk hair pulled back in a bun and was several feet tall. Then we moved to San Francisco, to another residential hotel, and I learned to love foghorns and the sea. The Met touring company was looking for a second lead to Lily Pons, and my mother auditioned twice and got the job. But something went wrong within my family back in Statesville—some sort of a financial reversal—and Mother had to decide between the job with the Met company and going home, and of course she went home. I'd visited Statesville every summer and Christmas since we'd moved to the Coast, so I knew what it was like, but I missed the sea and the fog so much that I cried for a year.

"I finished high school in Statesville, and did two years of college—one at Mitchell College, at home, and one at Peace College, in Raleigh. When I was eighteen, I came up to Juilliard to study classical singing. I had won the G. Schirmer Award for high musical attainment. I had also won a prize in a singing contest sponsored by the Norge refrigerator people when I was fourteen. The song was 'Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life.' I didn't study singing until after I was fifteen, because my father felt that children sing naturally and correctly, and I'd always had a very easy voice. I studied with my father my first year of college, and continued those studies at Juilliard. But we had a lot of popular music around the house. My father admired Jerome Kern very much, and even knew him, and my grandmother was a Gene Autry fan and was invariably willing to listen when I learned the latest song. So I was ready for what I heard when I got to New York—Woody Herman and Dizzy Gillespie and Coleman Hawkins. Hawkins' 'How Deep Is the Ocean?' and 'Body and Soul' sent me on my way. I stayed at Juilliard a year, and in 1946 I won an Arthur Godfrey talent show and worked for him briefly. I spent a summer on the Normandie Roof of the Mount Royal Hotel, in Montreal. They wanted a singer who looked and sang like a lady, and I was paid fifty dollars a week. They gave me room and board, and on Sundays, when I was off, I sat in the room and read magazines and ate bonbons. In the fall, I was with Frankie Carle for three weeks, and then, through a singer named Elise Bretton, whom I met in a choral group, I went with Tex Beneke and the Glenn Miller Orchestra. I became a Moonlight Serenader, and was also given solos. Al Ham played bass in the band and wrote for it, and we fell in love. In Olympia, Washington, we were married secretly, because people in the band weren't supposed to be married to each other, but Walter Winchell broke the news twelve days later. Tex gave us his blessing anyway. After a few months, Al and I came in off the road and starved for a while in New York. We did some club dates and I got some commercials. Then Johnny Mercer heard a test recording of 'Blue Moon' that I had made, and I was signed by Capitol Records. That helped me get a job on the Frank Sinatra show. Someone told me he'd said, 'I don't like girl singers, but I like that one.' It was a hard time for him, emotionally and in his career. He was chasing Ava Gardner, and he was out of fashion as a singer. He was also a perfectionist. He'd check my camera shots, he'd check my hair, and we'd have long runthroughs. But nothing went right. Frank opened the show with the verse of 'Bewitched,' and the mike was dead. The stagehands took a long time getting the curtains right, and someone dropped a sandbag that just missed Frank. We had a new director each week. By the fourth week, I was dropped. But the job helped, and I worked steadily until 1956, when Lorri was born, and for ten years I went to mothering. I'm a categorized person, and I couldn't sing and mother at the same time. Anyway, everything has happened to me by luck. I have absolutely no drive. In the sixties, I started in at the studios again, doing commercials and such, and I worked for Al, too. I sang the title song he



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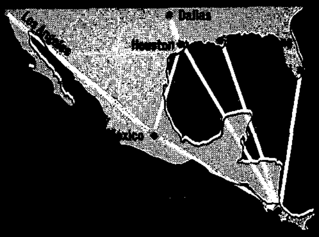

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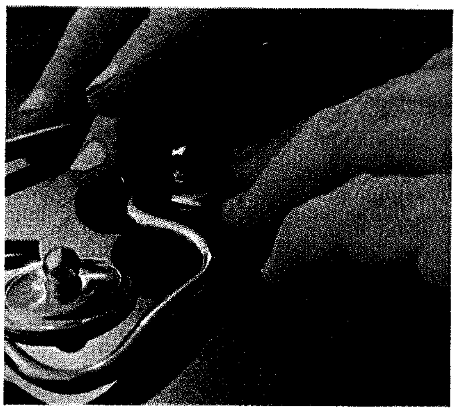

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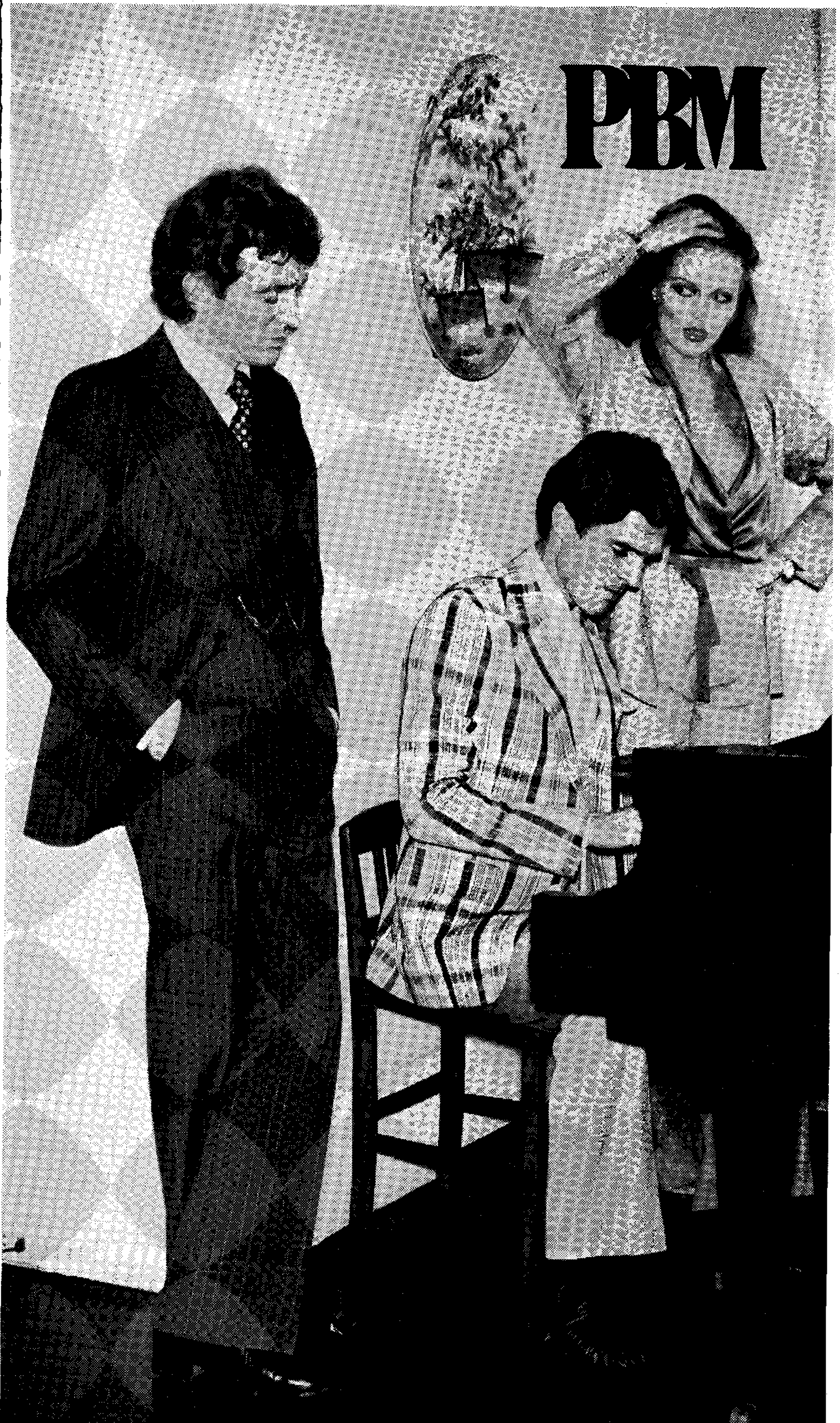
wrote on the soundtrack of 'Harlow.' Last March, I spent two weeks at Michael's Pub. That was the first New York club date I'd had in twenty-five years, and I loved it and am ready for more.

"My specialty at Juilliard was French art songs. I had grown up with Galli-Curci and Lawrence Tibbett and Paul Robeson. If I had studied more, I would have been a lyrico-spinto, which is a kind of wedding of Tebaldi and Sills. But I ended up a lyric coloratura. I have always loved the freeness and velvetiness and roundness of the great classical voice. I would like to have those qualities, and I would also like to have the sound Joe Venuti gets on his violin, and the sounds of Johnny Hodges and Benny Carter and Ben Webster. I missed Billie Holiday and Mildred Bailey, but I've admired Nat Cole—the Cole of the Trio—and Jo Stafford and Margaret Whiting and Ella Fitzgerald and Peggy Lee and certain things about Doris Day. Margaret Whiting is a terrific example of how to pronounce words. The way she sings 'you're' is so clear. It's not 'your' and not 'you are' but 'you're.' My father believed that you should warm up like a pitcher before you sing, that you shouldn't perform without reaching a certain 'intensity of mood.' To gain this, you should stand very quietly, with a straight back, and sing a soft vowel sound, sustain it, and change the vowel when you move up a tone. You do this for half an hour, eventually locking yourself into the general vocal area you'll be working in that day. When I sing, I feel whatever the song is saying. The lyrics light up the melody—give the melody a tongue. Most melodies are dumb before they have words. I wish to get into the person's head—the listener's head. I don't sing at people, I sing *to* them. Even in a theatre, I pick out one face and sing to it. If I have rehearsed enough, everything becomes spontaneous, and I don't need to worry about melody, or about anything. It isn't fair to the audience to be concerned whether your earring is going to get tangled in your hair or your heel is going to get caught in the hem of your gown. My earlier singing was pretty and melodramatic, but now I'm giving a great deal more of *me*. I'm a different singer now from what I was seven or ten years ago. I've started improvising. You find yourself eventually. I remember one of the early reviews I got. It said something to the effect that I was a pleasant enough singer but, alas, a not too exciting one. Things like that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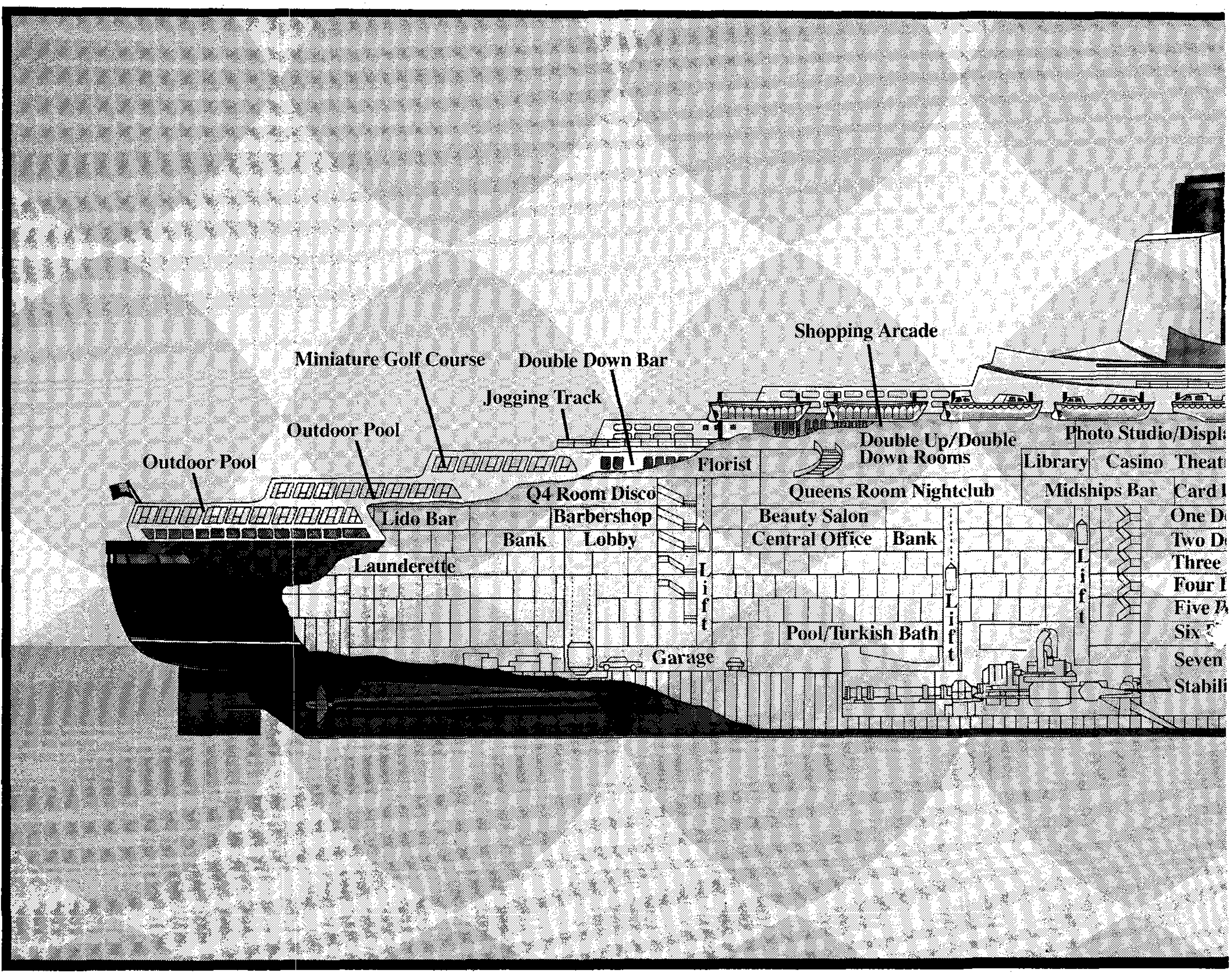
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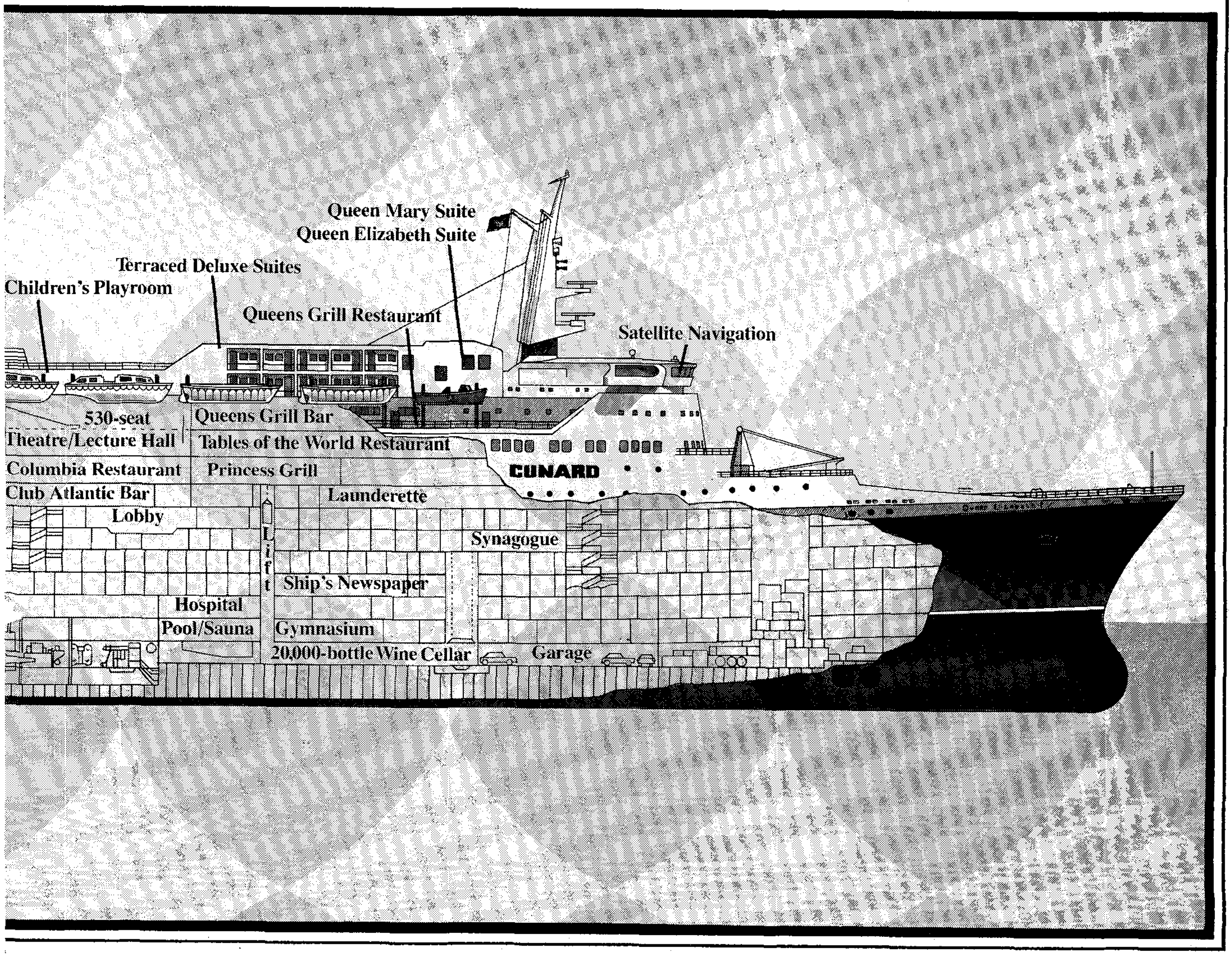
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stay in your head—particularly when they're right. I'm anything but an exhibitionist, but I'm always aware that, whether I like it or not, when I stand there singing I'm naked."

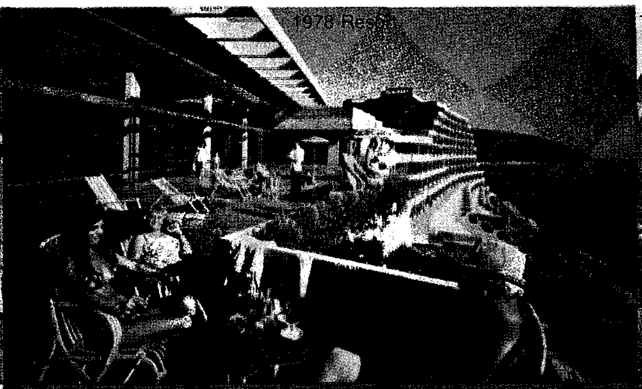
Barbara Lea is a singers' singer. She has no appreciable style, because style implies self, and when she sings she puts her ego to one side and attempts to make each song exactly what its composer and lyricist intended. She has a deep, forceful voice; her tones resonate. She also has an even vibrato, great rhythmic agility, sharp dynamics, and voice timbres that move from silk to sandpaper. Offstage, she has a damn-the-torpedoes manner, and she always seems slightly incredulous. Her face is square and handsome, and her chin determined. Her hair is reddish and short. She lives in a three-room apartment on West Fifty-fifth Street, not far from the old Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse, above which another determined singer, Sylvia Syms, once lived. Barbara Lea has a canny ear, and she likes to talk about singers and singing:

"Billie Holiday couldn't sing a song without embellishments. What she did, especially in the early days, was terribly honest and direct. She flattened out the melody of her songs. She could swing incredibly. Sweet-and-sour, dill pickles, strong, cutting—she was an absolute. She sprang full grown from the head of Jove. Mabel Mercer ushered in a new era of singing. She ushered in the era of paying attention to each word. Before, sad was sad and happy happy, and they were always the same. She became terrifically specific with lyrics. She is a singing actress, as was Ethel Waters, who was outside the general run of singers. Frank Sinatra was the first big singer who took great care with his phrasing. He was a *purposeful* singer. He paid attention. There is a lot of shtick in Sarah Vaughan. She doesn't value songs. But she has a fine voice and a fine ear. When Mel Tormé sings straight, he sings beautifully. His tone is second to no one's. I wish he didn't have to be a star. I wish he could be a nobody, he's so talented. Bobby Short structures a song beautifully. He gives it such a dramatic lift. When he's got it together, his movements are marvellous—eyes, face, shoulders. And he'll break out those hands. He's not self-indulgent.

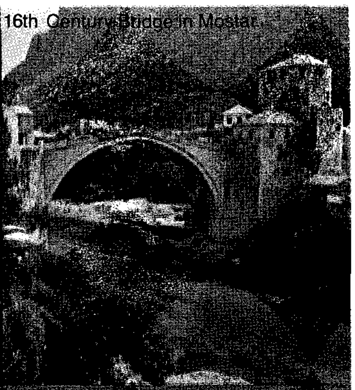
"Nor have I ever been. I was born in Detroit, and we moved out to Melvindale, which is near Dearborn, when I was very little. We were always singing and making music around my home. I grew up assuming everyone could sing and play instruments. My brother, who sang, tap-danced, and played harmonica, kept winning amateur contests. It was the age of amateur nights. People still entertained themselves, and it was still possible to be a Hollywood star. I was born Barbara LeCocq, which was changed to Leacock when I was four or five. I started using Lea when I made my first recordings, in the early fifties, and I've also had three married names. My father was an assistant attorney general in Michigan. He could be a brilliant, charming, sparkling man, and other times he could be critical and picky and putting-down. He probably should have been a classical clarinettist. He played in the pit band for Al Jolson's 'Sinbad' after the First World War, and he studied with the first clarinettist of the New York Philharmonic. But, with his strict background, it was unthinkable to go into music. My mother is intelligent and fun, and everybody loves her. She wasn't around a lot when I was little. She worked, and my grandmother took care of me. But she's very motherly, my mother. There were hard times when we lived in Melvindale, even though we were comparatively well off. We moved back to Detroit when I was ten. I'd been in a little town where I was the smartest in the class and my father was on the school board, so I was resented. I got in the habit of trying to be inconspicuous. When I was sent to a huge school in Detroit, I waited for them to find out I was good, but they never bothered. It took a long time before I learned to come out of that shell.

"I went to Wellesley. I liked the music department, and the place was physically beautiful. I studied counterpoint and orchestration and composition, but there was no ear training, and my ear deteriorated from lack of use. I spent a lot of time in Boston listening to jazz and singing with groups like the Crimson Stompers, at Harvard. I had started singing in high school and had had some coaching. Summers, I sang a little at an outdoor dance place near a cottage we had in Belle River, Ontario. Father had to ask the leader if I could sing with the band. Billie Holiday was my idol, and I saw Mildred Bailey in Boston. After graduation, I supported myself as a secretary in Boston, at thirty-five dollars a week, and I collected cover charges at the tables

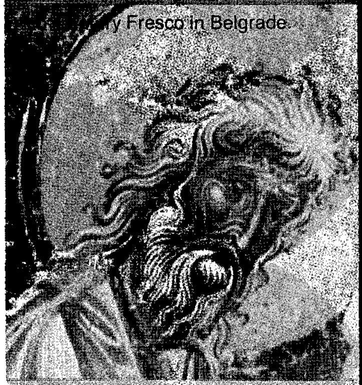
[illegible] Amphitheatre in [illegible]



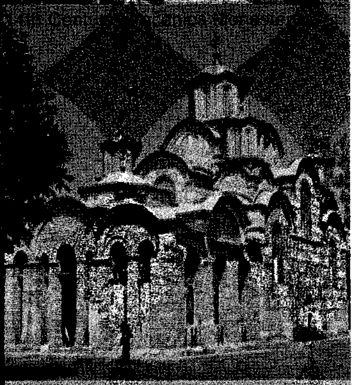
1978 Resort



16th Century Bridge in Mostar



[illegible] Century Fresco in Belgrade



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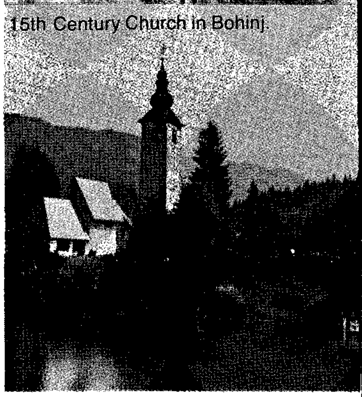
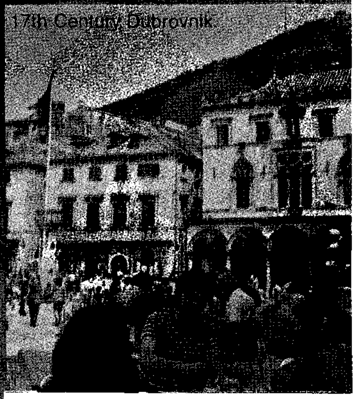
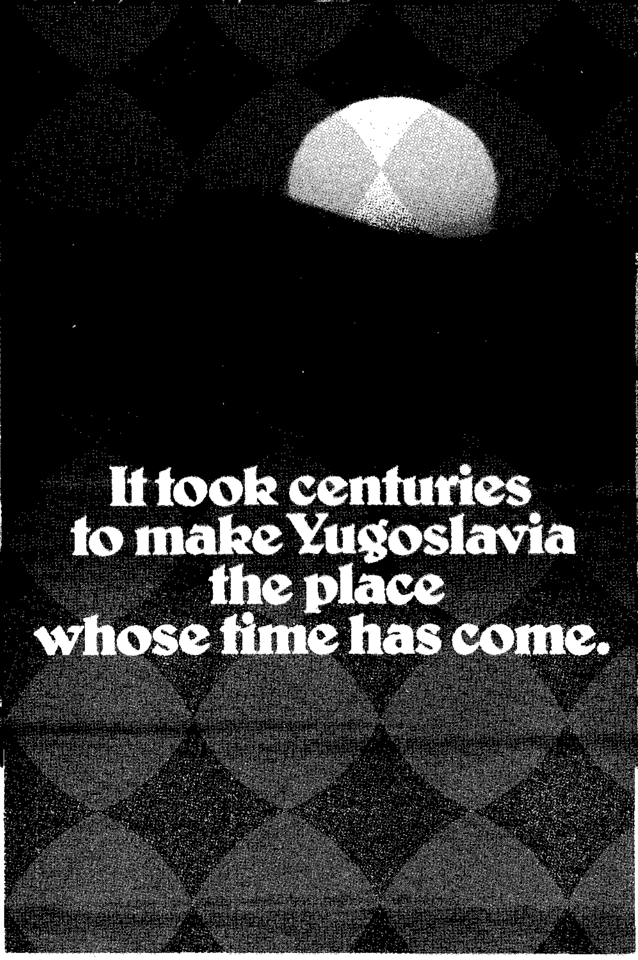


15th Century Church in Bohinj



17th Century Dubrovnik



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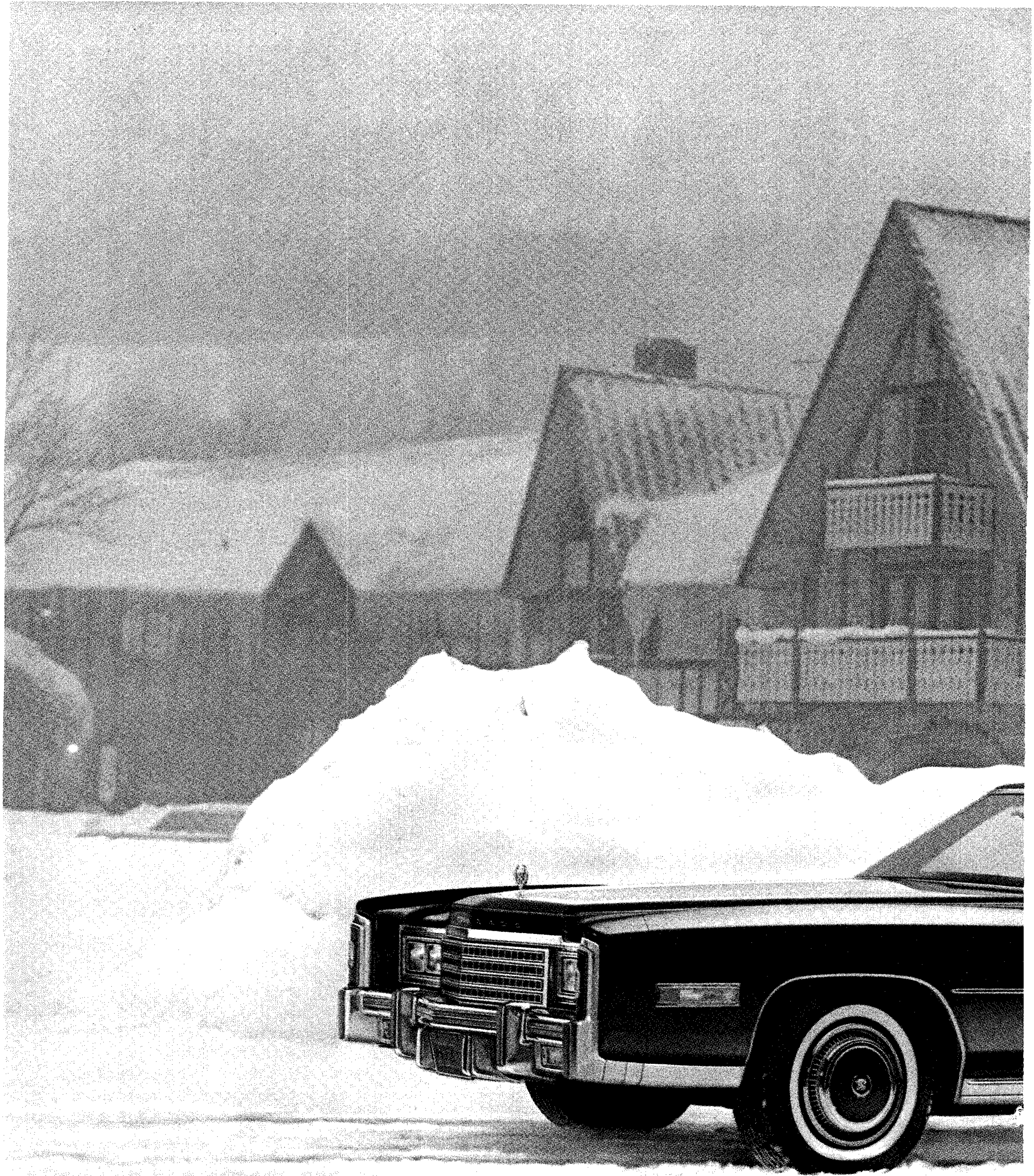

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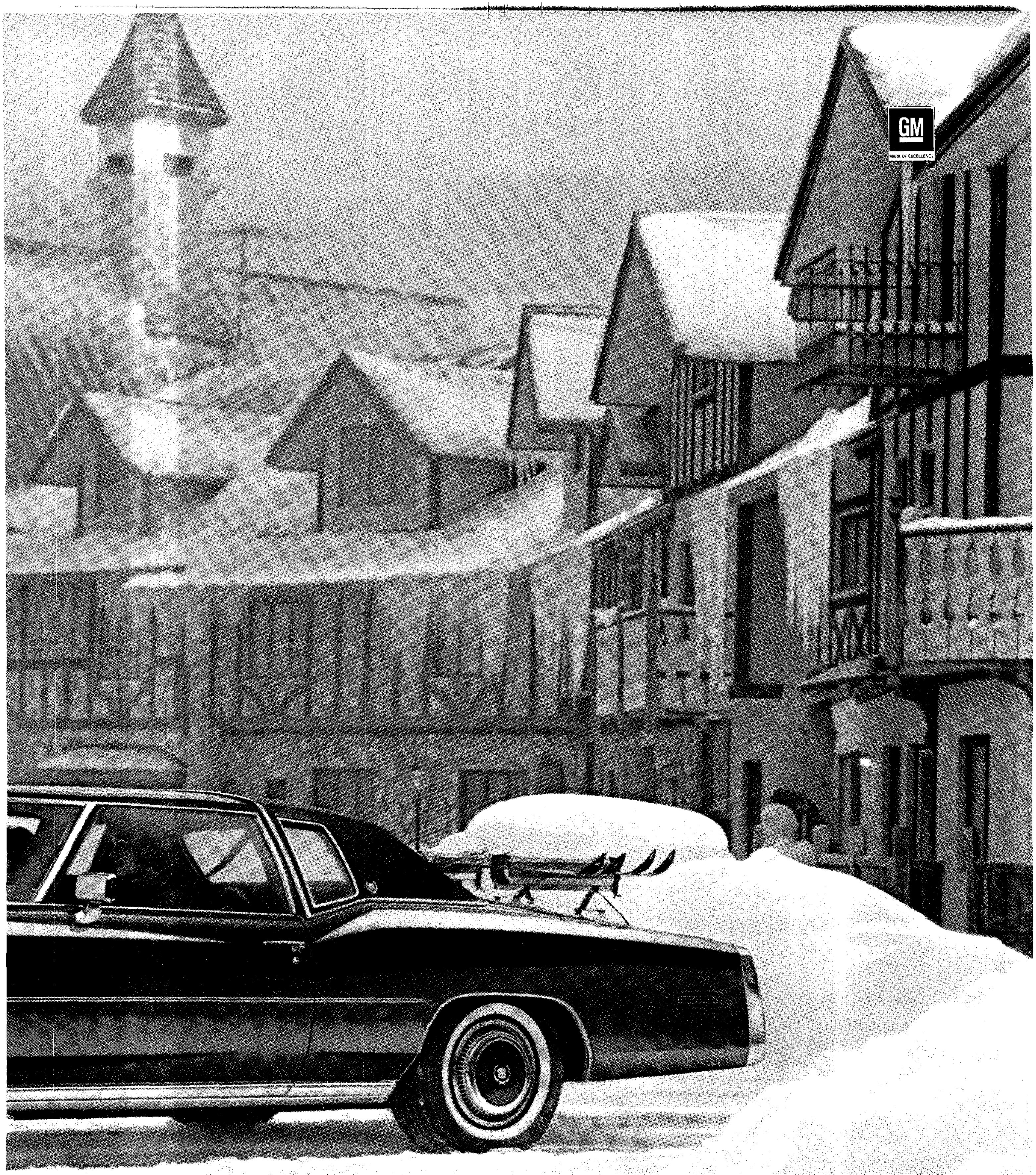

# nly the beginning.

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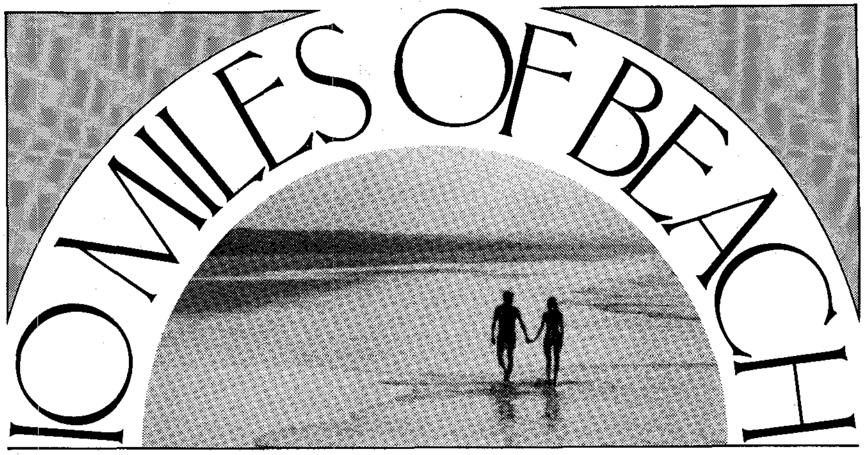
for George Wein at his Storyville Club. I sang with Lester Lanin-type groups. Then I went to New York, and through a friend of my parents I found a steady job in a clip joint in Union City. There were four chorus girls, too, and all of us were expected to sit with the customers, but I was bad at that. I was bad at everything. I had no stage presence. I was scared to death. I didn't know what to do with my hands. So I retreated to Boston, and worked in lounges where it was safe and dark. I slowly got tough. I worked with a piano player in Boston who couldn't read, couldn't keep a beat, couldn't transpose, couldn't play the songs of the day, and hated to play the piano. And that gave me a great musical independence—I learned to sing with anyone, anywhere, under any conditions. I made my first record in 1954, and moved to New York for good. Things began to happen. I made a record for Riverside in the spring of 1955. It got great reviews, and John Wilson listed it as one of the albums of the year, along with Marlene Dietrich and Bing Crosby and the 'Oklahoma!' soundtrack. I won a *Down Beat* poll as the best new singer in 1956, and I worked at the Village Vanguard. But I didn't believe any of it. I considered myself a college kid who happened to sing. I didn't accept myself as a grownup. I had got married and my husband managed me, but we split up and I was convinced I couldn't go on working without him. So I started at the Lane Theatre Workshop, on West Forty-sixth Street. It was run by a brilliant man named Burt Lane, who, by choice, is now driving a cab. Jean Shepherd sent me there. I began to learn about people: that they didn't always mean what they said, that you didn't have to tell the truth—or, rather, that other people didn't. I learned something about alternatives in life and art. I began to come out of my dream world. I had a twenty-dollar flat in SoHo, which I had to heat myself. I made a movie full of liberal dialogue about Castro called 'Rebellion in Cuba,' and I had a substantial part in 'Finnegans Wake.' The first was shot in Coral Gables and I was the leading lady and it was terrible, and the second was made in New York and shown maybe twice. I got a job with the Stanley Woolf Players in the Catskills. Tony Curtis came out of them. We stayed in Liberty and went out to a different hotel every night. It was thirty a week and room and board. I did some Off Broadway and a lot of summer stock, and I gener-



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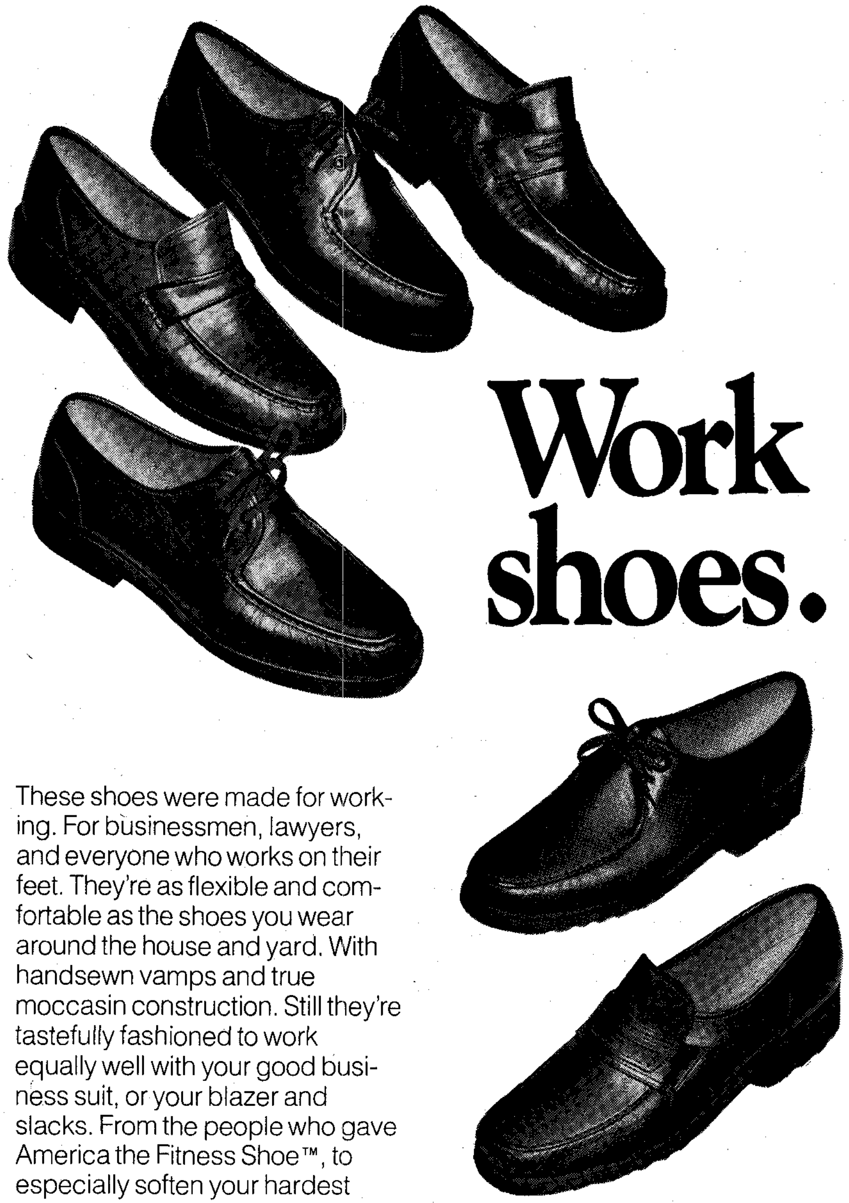
ally worked enough to get unemployment. During this time, I sang when I got the chance—at a family place called Vinnie's Horseshoe Bar, in Astoria, and on a concert tour with Marian McPartland and Mose Allison. I sang all the time in elevators and supermarkets and on the street. But I didn't work anywhere as a singer after 1964. I had become a housewife and an actress in California, and after that I got my master's in drama at San Fernando Valley State College, and came back East and taught speech at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and acting at Hofstra College.

"In 1972, I ran into a piano player I'd worked with fifteen years before. He said he was in a little place at Fifteenth Street and Irving Place, and I sat in with him for three hours one night. I began dropping in there, and I started going back to Vinnie's Horseshoe one or two nights a week. Things have multiplied, and it looks as if I'm back singing again. I did Alec Wilder's radio show and had two engagements at Michael's Pub. But I will always keep my hand in the theatre.

"There is nothing as sensual as singing. Acting is quite different. There is the teamwork, and exploring another person and his emotions and responses. In a way, everything is given to you—costumes, script. The words are not your responsibility but the character's. Singing is nothing but *me*, and years ago I was swamped by the responsibility of it. Now my face isn't locked, my back isn't frozen. I can let my face and my body go with what I'm singing about. Phrasing has to do with the meaning of the lyrics and the play of rhythm against rhythm. Even when I'm singing a phrase, I hear two or three other ways of singing it. I like to think the unheard ways are subliminally present. Singing is a very physical act. It's your lips and teeth and mouth. It's your chest, where the sounds are resounding. The meaning and textures of the words you sing roll around in the body before they gather and go into the microphone. It all comes back through your ear, and that's another sensation, as is moving any part of your body while you're singing. I didn't realize how marvellous the textures of the consonants are until I studied speech with Arthur Lessac. He likens the letters of the alphabet to the instruments of the orchestra. 'B's, 'P's, 'D's, 'T's, 'K's, and 'G's are drumbeats. 'Ch's, 'Dg's, and 'Ts's are cymbals. 'L's are saxophones. 'R's are trombones. When you say a word like 'asks,' you fall in love with English and realize what an



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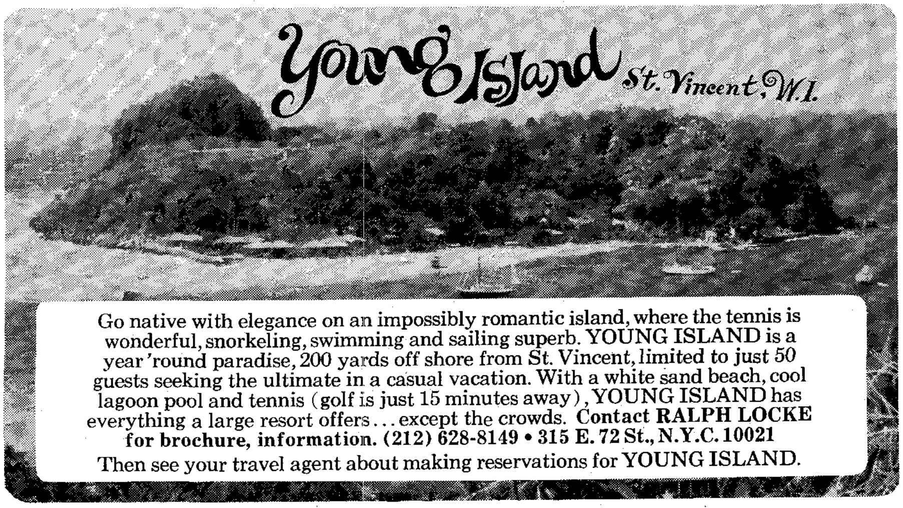

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extraordinary language it is. Something happens at a good performance. The singer and the audience hold it together. When Teddi King was at the Carlyle last winter, singer and song and audience became one. I'm totally involved when I'm singing, but part of me is always monitoring the rest of me to keep the content and the precision in balance. I want to weave as nearly complete a tapestry as I can. Singing isn't playing an instrument. There are words, and words have their own music. They also have meaning, which should be expressed in your tone, your timbre. The tone you employ is consciously not always the most beautiful. When you sing 'That man of mine ain't comin' home,' in Irving Berlin's 'Supper Time,' you should use a sound that expresses anger and sadness and finality. Some singers sing every song with the same tone, and that is like speaking in a monotone. If you're going to do 'Down in the Depths on the Ninetieth Floor,' you should have some rage and bitterness in your tone. You should not have a beautiful sound. There are many singers who *use* music. I resent that. Music is sacred. The song has to control the performance. Doing anything else—employing this or that trick—to make the audience applaud is an outrage. Then you are making them applaud *you*.

"A good accompanist must know that he and the singer are there to serve the song. He should love songs, and I mean music *and* words. And he should be free of attitudes and prejudices and prejudgments—like if it isn't a so-called jazz tune, it isn't good. The most important quality musically in an accompanist is rhythm, and that means being able to swing and to control the motion of the song. A good accompanist has to know how to go along with your phrasing—whether to play counterpoint or echo you or put in a little resonant harmony. Just one right note from a good accompanist can send you flying. An accompanist like Jimmy Rowles *listens*, and with one like Dave McKenna I can almost *see* the power descending from Heaven and coming out in those hands."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

The Northeast cold spell drained so much power that Commonwealth Edison engineers in Chicago reported that the nation's electric clocks ran an average of $7.7 seconds slow during the night and Tuesday morning.—*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

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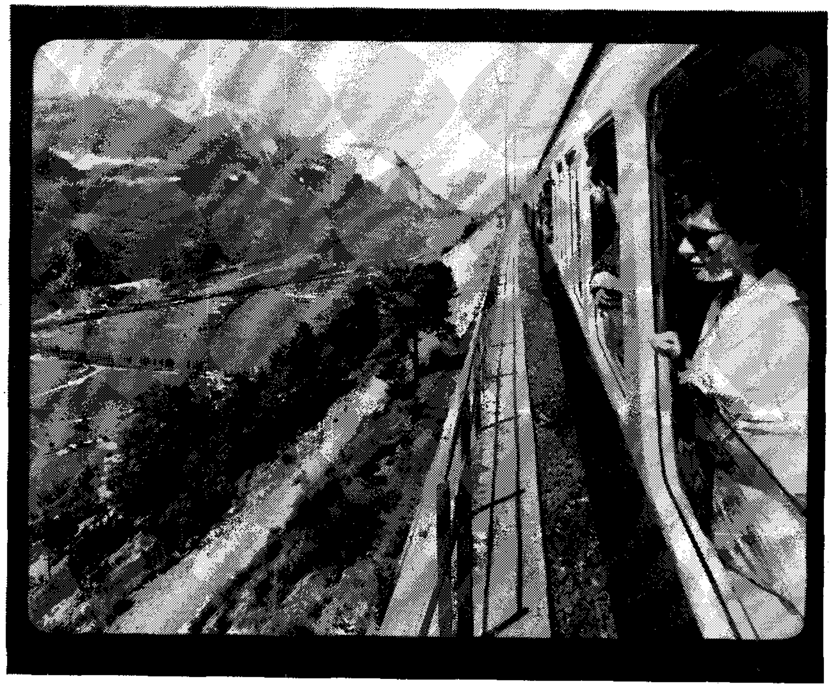

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# A REPORTER AT LARGE

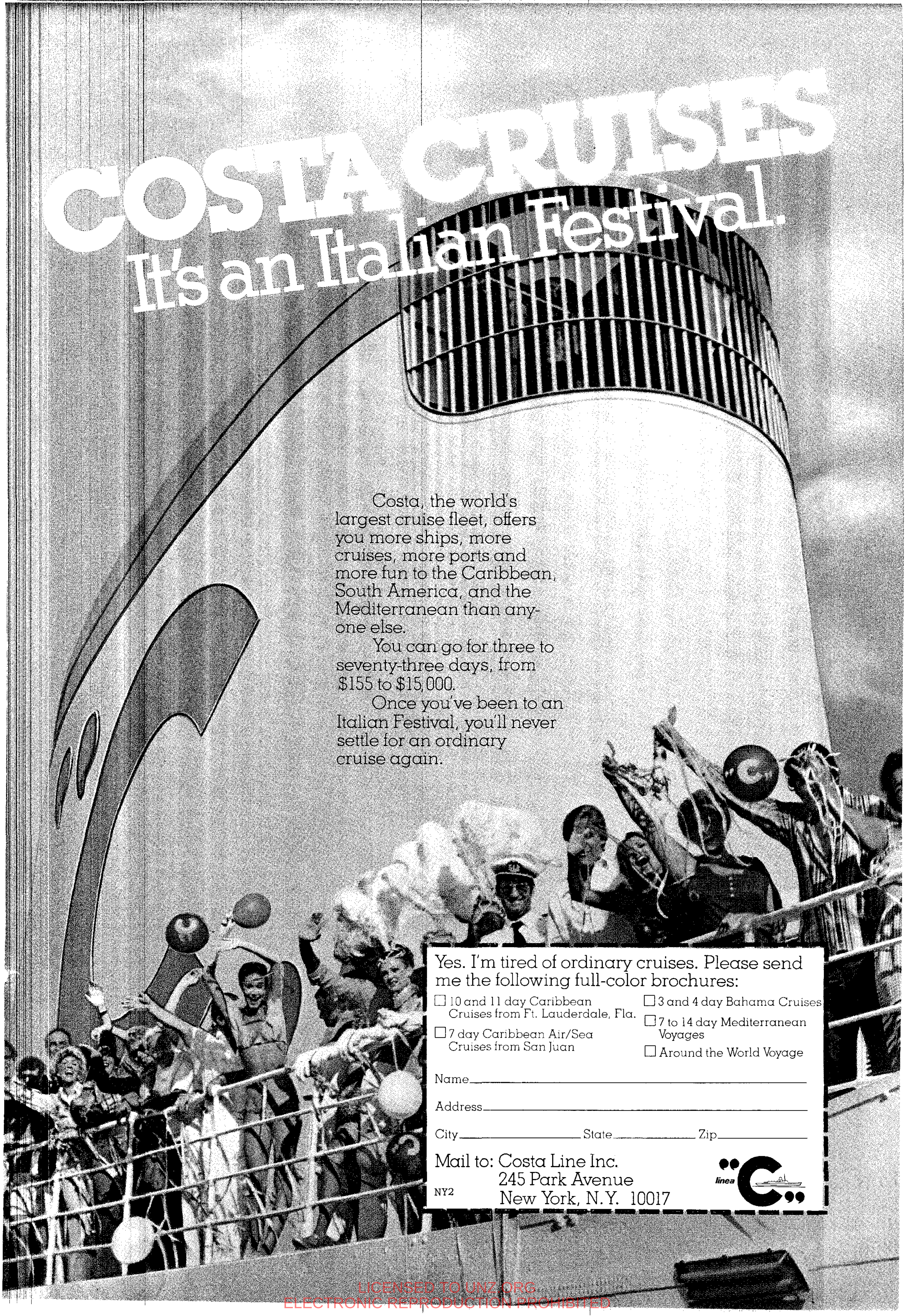
## PHASE: ENGAGEMENT WITH THE SPECIAL-INTEREST STATE

IF the Carter campaign for the Presidency had any one premise, it was that this man and the people around him would be sufficiently fresh, sufficiently unburdened by traditional party politics and ways of doing business in Washington, that they would be able to move the furniture around in the nation's capital quite a bit. Now that they have governed, or tried to, for a little over a year, it is clearer than ever—even if one takes into account, as they themselves do, that "newness" can cause missteps—just how hard it is to bring about change in government. Some of the difficulty now would exist no matter who was making the attempt; some of it can be laid to the particular approaches of the current Administration. All of it, along with the conclusions which the President and the people around him have come to, is instructive on the question of why things don't change much.

The budget of the United States government is as good a place as any to begin to find the imprint of the Administration in power. The budget is where rhetoric and hopes are reduced to numbers and hard choices. The striking thing about the Carter Administration's first budget, released in late January, is not how little it differs in overall construction from those of the preceding, Republican years—the President's avowals of fiscal prudence and economic realities augured that—but how little its interior design has changed. The same sorts of political realities that have confronted every Administration, however bent on change it may have been, have left their marks all over this budget. For example, twenty-one million dollars is allocated for something called the Uniformed Services University of the Health Sciences, which opened in 1976 in Bethesda. Last year, the Carter people proposed to delete funds for the college: its patron, former Representative F. Edward Hébert, of Louisiana, who had headed the Armed Services Committee, had retired; there seemed to be no evidence that the armed services would suffer a scarcity of doctors by the nineteen-eighties; and it costs a hundred and ninety-two thousand dollars to train a student there for four years, whereas the same student could be sent to a civilian medical school for between forty and seventy thousand dollars. And they got clobbered. They have not chosen to raise the issue again. One official of the Office of Management and Budget says, "There isn't a penny in the budget that somebody isn't desperate about, and the smaller the amount, the harder the issue. There isn't a penny in the budget that some group isn't convinced is important to the national security or the fabric of society. Our institution is supposed to balance all these claims in some sort of rational way, but that's just impossible. The demands of the particular overwhelm efforts to make the whole damn thing work." Each item in the budget is likely to have the support of a comradely triumvirate consisting of an interest group, a congressional committee or subcommittee, and a segment of the bureaucracy—all of which have a stake in keeping the thing going. There was a time when pressures of this sort could be dealt with by simply enlarging the budget, but with the President determined to hold its size down—something that is also politically popular—each political contingency presses on the others. The new system of zero-based budgeting, which requires agencies to rank their programs in order of importance, may help to some degree in analyzing the relative merits of programs, but it is not politically instructive.

*"Elmer! Is that you?"*

To a member of Congress—with rare exceptions—a good program is what puts money in your district. Administration after Administration has broken its pick in an attempt to cut back federal funds in school districts that are referred to as "impacted"—that is, districts that contain people who live or work on tax-free federal property. Of course, localities and the politicians who represent them scramble for federal installations. "Impact aid," as it is called, goes to four hundred and fifteen of the four hundred and thirty-five congressional districts. This year, the Administration proposed to reduce funds for children whose parents are federal employees but do not live in federal installations, on the theory that these people do pay property taxes. Previous Administrations had tried in vain to eliminate this category of aid, and so did the Carter Administration last year. The category covers, among others, the children of government employees in Washington, many of whom live in the surrounding Maryland and Virginia suburbs, which are among the wealthi-



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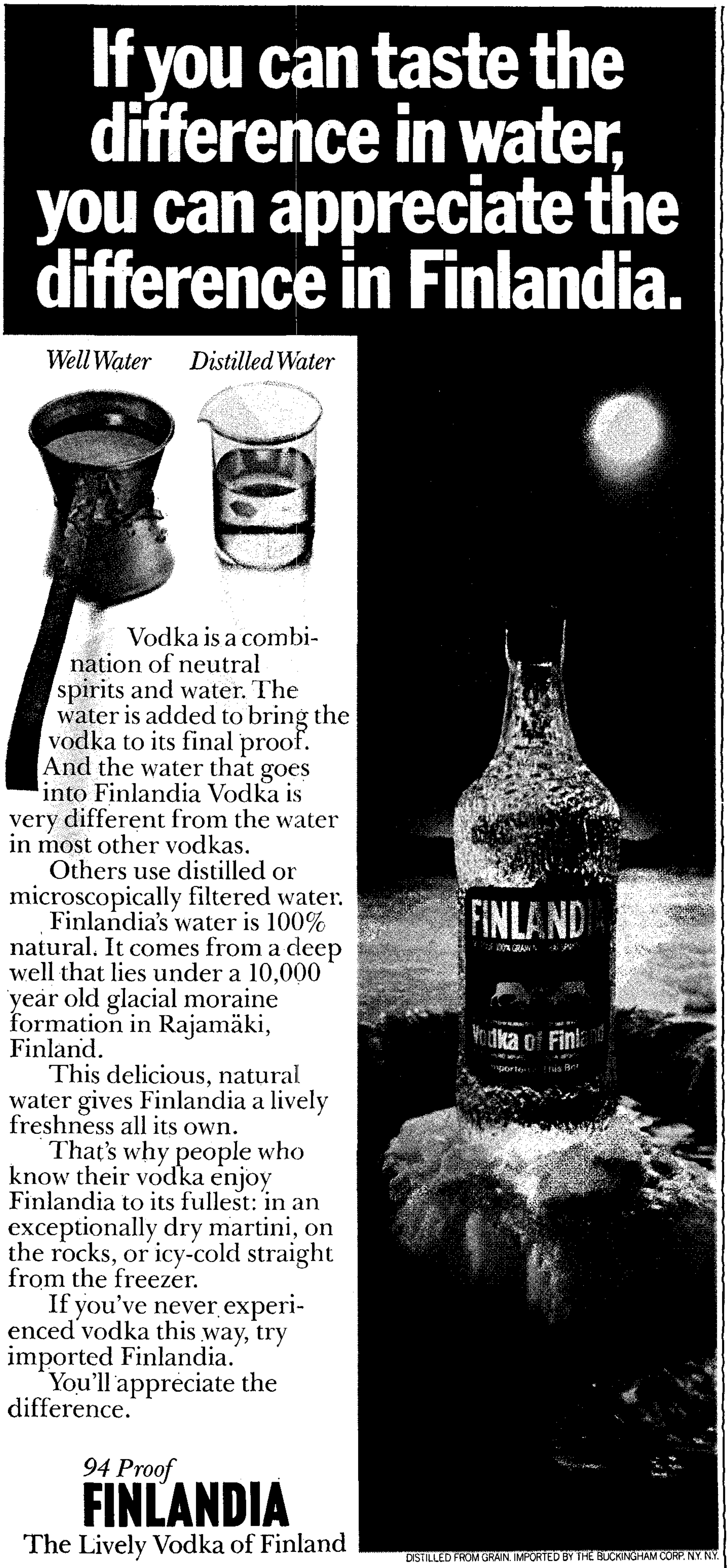

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est in America. The move to reduce funds was immediately denounced by a congressman from northern Virginia, which borders on the District of Columbia, as "simply not fair."

A few years ago, a Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare offered what he considered to be carefully reasoned, irrefutable testimony to a Senate subcommittee on why the impacted-areas aid program should be cut. When he finished, the subcommittee chairman said, "Mr. Secretary, I have one question. How much money does my state get under that program?"

The answer, the Secretary told him, was about a hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars.

The senator replied, "How can you expect me to vote against a program that puts a hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars into my state?" That was the end of the discussion.

A number of other concessions to realities mark the decisions on how federal funds will be spent. Increases for grants to college students were included in the budget in the hope of warding off a proposal, popular in Congress, for a tax credit for college tuition. Such a tax credit would be quite expensive, and would be awarded irrespective of need. Tax credits are becoming an increasingly popular device for achieving various groups' goals, because once they are on the books, they are not subject to the same review by the government agencies and by Congress as programs that are authorized for a few years at a time and require new appropriations each year or so. Thus, last year prepaid legal services—a form of legal-services insurance provided by employers for their employees—which the United Auto Workers union has won from one auto company and hopes to win from the others, received a tax exemption. And, despite budget officials' doubts whether prepaid legal fees should receive a tax preference, and worries that it sets a bad precedent, its repeal was not requested, for fear of stirring up the U.A.W. on this year's tax bill and perhaps on other matters as well. Moreover, the U.A.W. was an important backer of Carter in 1976. One official, conceding that the Administration was not offering a budget that "shakes things up," suggested that an important reason was "the lessons of the last year." One of those lessons, according to a number of Administration officials, was what happened when the President proposed to eliminate funding for thirty-two water projects. After a good bit of howling from the affected areas and their representatives in Congress, some of whom were in a particularly good position to cause difficulties on other issues, a compromise was struck in which eighteen projects were recommended to be dropped. Eventually, Carter signed a bill passed by Congress restoring all but nine projects (even though there were sufficient votes in the House to sustain a veto). Actually, once the President had made his proposal, he did not continue to dramatize the issue. Nevertheless, the Administration, according to the testimony of some of its members, concluded that at the same time that the proposal was causing the President all manner of grief with Congress, what is known as "the general public" was not cheering him for taking on this formerly sacrosanct program. And so no further efforts to cut back on water projects have been made. One Administration official says, "The water-projects effort was one of the most attractive things he's done. But some of his political advisers told him that 'out there' no one cared." When Cecil Andrus, the Secretary of the Interior, was asked at a press conference last month whether he would propose another list of water projects to be killed, he replied, "I'm not stupid."

Another Administration official said in January, "We had some success with the water projects, but you can't do it all that often. We learned that you can't pick that many fights. No one has that much time for it, and the Cabinet agencies won't stick with you. The Secretary will at first, and then will walk away from our position under questioning by a congressional committee. The assistant secretaries will stay farther away, and the bureau chiefs will pull the rug out from under you." Even the Cabinet officer inclined to take a broader view can find himself paralyzed by his department's clients and their friends on Capitol Hill. The official continued, "The lesson I learned last year is that because of the fact that no one in the government thinks that the money spent on his program is wasted, it's hard to organize the Cabinet around a point of view."

One fight that the Administration has already chosen not to make is over something called the National Fire Academy, in the National Fire Prevention and Control Administration, in the Department of Commerce. The budget-makers, though they question the necessity for such an academy, readily concede that they are going to have to bow to congressional pressure to spend six million dollars on it. Two and a half million dollars has already been spent, on a site—the grounds of a former small college in Washington, which, among other problems, doesn't have sufficient classrooms to house the academy. In addition to their own doubts, the budget-makers found that several fire departments think it would make more sense to have special training programs at community colleges and state universities near them, both as a matter of convenience and in order to provide the training best suited to local conditions. But trade associations that represent the firemen of America—the National Fire Protection Association, the International Association of Fire Chiefs, Inc., and the International Association of Fire Fighters—want the fire academy in order to give their profession the same status that the national police academy, which is run by the F.B.I., gives policemen. So, although budget officials believe there is no argument that can be made with a straight face that the nation needs a fire academy, they decided—it was the sort of decision they frequently find themselves making—that it would be easier to agree to spend the money for it than to put up with the fuss.

A long-standing issue has been whether a state or the federal government will pay for the roads and bridges necessary in connection with a federal water project, such as the construction of a canal or the widening of a river. The issue is usually settled on a case-by-case basis. This year, the question arose concerning bridges for the Tennessee-Tombigbee water project, which goes through Mississippi and Alabama, and was one of those the Administration had unsuccessfully tried to kill off last year. Senator John Stennis, Democrat of Mississippi and chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, learned that the Administration might decline to spend the money to build the bridges along the Tennessee-Tombigbee project, and he suggested to high Administration officials that he was in a position to help on important matters (including continuing efforts to kill the B-1 bomber), so why have trouble over a few million dollars? The officials agreed. In drawing up the budget, a decision was made not to halt the building of ships at the Quincy, Massachusetts, shipyard, so as not to provoke House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill, of Massachusetts. Administration after Administration has considered making the fees

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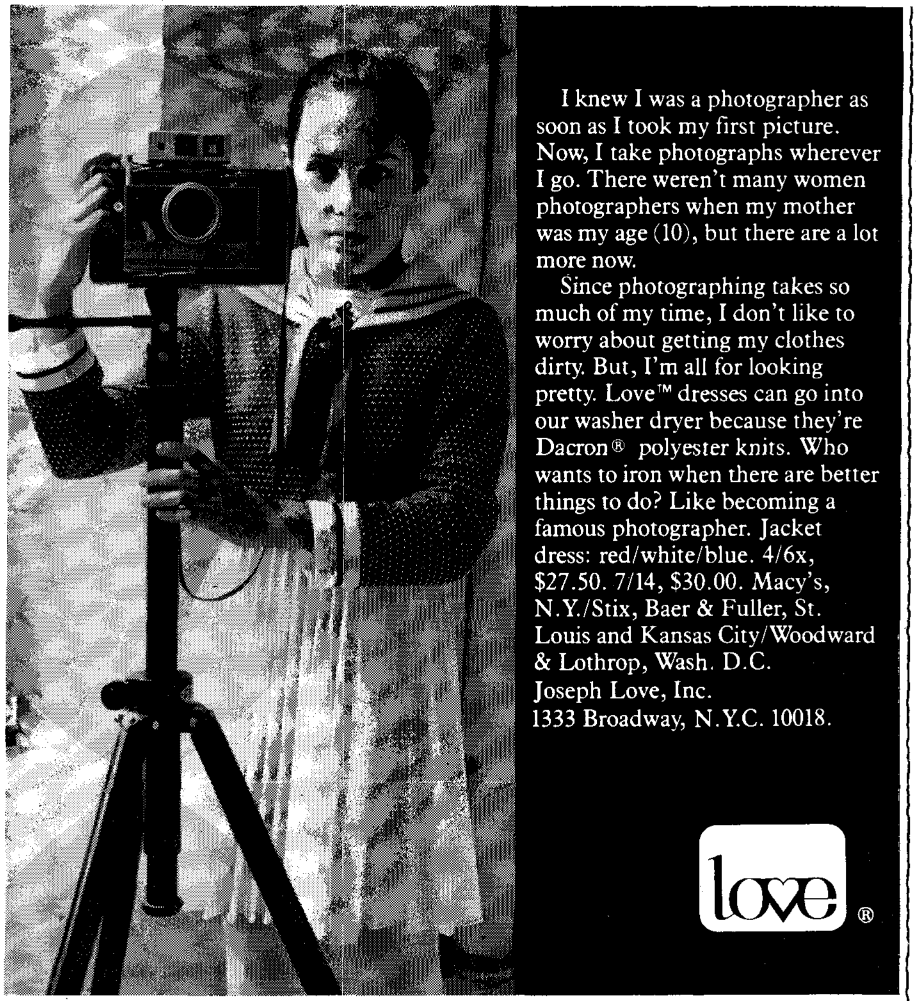
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that cattlemen pay for grazing their cattle on federal land reflect more accurately the economic value of this privilege, and Administration after Administration, including this one, has given up. (This particular surrender took place in the course of a trip through the West by Vice-President Mondale in January, during which, on behalf of the Administration, he surrendered on a number of issues.)

"It is very hard to get something going and then to announce that it's achieved its purpose and to stop it," an Administration official says. "Government is much more a series of confrontations now than it ever was in the past, because we do more, and each change is going to bring a fight." Budget officials say that seventy-five per cent of the money in the budget is what is termed "uncontrollable;" that is, it consists of funds that have to be expended according to a formula established by law or by prior contracts or appropriations. The other twenty-five per cent "is there because someone wants it there," a budget official remarked to me recently. "The little teeny programs you would think of cutting out tend to have highly vocal support from someone or some group you need for something else, and it's not worth arguing over. On the other hand, you get creamed when you try to cut the big ones. Big programs tend to be fundamental to big groups. So you can't win." As an example, he suggested that an argument could be made that federal money for health research, which has gone up eleven per cent a year over the past several years, should not continue to be subject to such automatic increases. But, the man said, given the power of the health lobby, and of its champions in Congress, "we're not going to get into that." He added, "Why take on an absolute loss?"

At a press briefing on the new budget which was conducted by Administration officials on a Saturday in January, James McIntyre, the acting director of the Office of Management and Budget (he succeeded Bert Lance), was asked what he was going to do about the high percentage of "uncontrollables." He replied, "We have been very careful not to submit statutory changes that would be irresponsible."

THE same sorts of constraints that obtained in designing the budget have affected the Administration's once-grand ideas about reorganizing the federal government, and they flow from the same source. The goal, which Carter often cited in his campaign for

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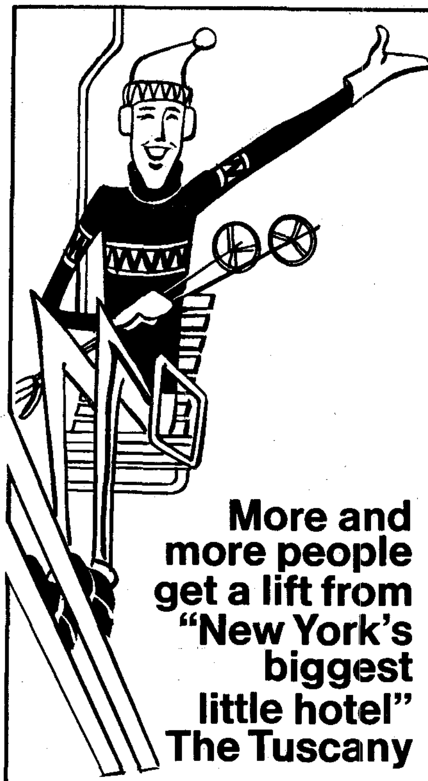

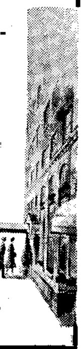

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the Presidency, of cutting the number of federal agencies from nineteen hundred to two hundred—an idea of no particular merit—has long since been dropped. But more modest goals are also proving elusive. The most important purpose of government reorganization—loosening the grip of the organized groups on the programs whose beneficiaries they represent, or purport to, a far more important purpose than achieving whatever tidiness is possible—is what makes reorganization so hard. Each agency has grown accustomed to its place, and its friendly interest groups and congressional committees prefer to keep it there. The situation has become comfortable, and a pattern of mutually gratifying arrangements has grown up around it. For a congressional committee, moreover, a reorganization can mean a loss of jurisdiction and, therefore, power. "Reorganization is pure turf-fighting," says one Administration official. "That's what makes it so hard. You hope you're reorganizing the turf to get better processes, but to get there you wrench a lot of relationships and established ways." The President is described as still quite committed to the concept of reorganization, but, says another official, "there is greater selectivity about which fights to take on, a greater recognition that any reorganization involves picking a substantial number of fights." For example, tempting though it is to pull together various programs dealing with local economic development—fifty billion dollars' worth of programs now scattered among the Small Business Administration and the Departments of Commerce, Transportation, Labor, and Housing and Urban Development—it is recognized that trying to do so would set off a row with each department and with each program's friends. A White House committee formed to establish an agenda for the Administration for this year has told the Office of Management and Budget that the Administration will take on only two controversial reorganizations in 1978. The White House committee, which is chaired by Vice-President Mondale, appears to believe that the O.M.B. group is not sufficiently "realistic;" the O.M.B. group appears to believe that the White House committee is all too "realistic"—that it is too timid about taking on Congress and the Democratic Party's constituencies.

One reorganization proposal that has already been made and that counts as controversial is to revise certain civil-service procedures. The Civil Service is a once-shining reform that, as happens eventually to many reforms, has become tarnished. On the one hand, it suffered politicization, especially during the Nixon Administration, and, on the other, procedures that were designed to protect civil servants from summary dismissals have emerged as labyrinths that few executives care to enter, and thus provide a secure place for the incompetent. The O.M.B. has a diagram consisting of nine panels, twenty-one feet wide overall, which illustrates the existing civil-service disciplinary process. Each foot represents one month. The aim of the new proposal is to cut the process in about half. But the proposal has been pre-negotiated with federal-employee unions and, in the words of one Administration official, "ain't much." Still, given reality—that is, the unions' potential for bringing the A.F.L.-C.I.O. along on the position they take—the proposal represents more than some of its designers thought possible. Despite the Administration's efforts, however, the unions' support is by no means assured. Among other controversial reorganization plans under consideration are one to consolidate the economic-development programs and one that would be certain to cause an uproar—the long-standing idea of creating a Department of Natural Resources, which would combine some activities of the Agriculture, Interior, and Commerce Departments. The main sticking point here—which has been at issue since 1937, when this reorganization began to be discussed—is that the Forest Service, which is in the Agriculture Department, would be moved to the new department. Timber interests, particularly in the South, feel that the Forest Service is now "production-oriented," and they like it where it is, and fear its being turned over to an agency that might impose more environmental considerations. On the other hand, some environmental groups that are all for moving the Forest Service to a new department oppose moving the Environmental Protection Agency—which is now an independent agency—there, because they have good friends at the E.P.A. and it suits their own interests to keep it independent. One weary O.M.B. official said recently, "Your friends on one thing are your enemies on another." And then he offered the observation that as more and more outside people become involved in questions before the government—a

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development he did not deplore—it becomes harder and harder to get change.

AT the end of their first year in office, the people around the President went through a lengthy process of evaluation of the problems they had encountered so far—with Congress, with the public, and with themselves. Memorandums were written by Hamilton Jordan, one of the President's top advisers; by Jody Powell, the President's press secretary; by Stuart Eizenstat, the President's chief adviser for domestic policy; and by Zbigniew Brzezinski, the President's national-security adviser. One conclusion that was reached as a result of these exercises was that this year the Administration would be more "political." Hamilton Jordan pointed out in his long memorandum that even where the Administration had won victories in Congress the margins had often been quite narrow, and that if Democrats suffered a loss of, say, thirty-odd seats in this year's congressional elections, the Administration's legislative efforts would be more hostage to Republican coöperation.

This new political approach will take a number of forms. White House aides are very skittish about discussing one of them: the intention of making greater use of federal grants and projects to further their political purposes—giving them out in a way that helps friends or punishes uncoöperative politicians, and, in the longer term, helps the Administration's political fortunes. Of course, this is not unprecedented behavior. Most Administrations in memory have made such use of the many programs whose beneficences can be allocated on a discretionary basis. In fact, the normal flow of projects, buildings, and what have you is so great that the capacity of the executive branch for trading projects for power is enormous, and many members of Congress could be made to think twice before they chose to be cavalier with a President who was aware of and prepared to interfere with that flow. A President could do much with such an approach. But apparently the very idea so goes against the posture that the Carter Administration wished to assume at the outset that the aides who are willing to talk about it at all do so in hushed and nervous tones.

In addition, the Administration will be deeply involved in the 1978 congressional elections, which are seen as a prelude to the 1980 Presidential campaign. "The President is going to be running for reëlection in 1978," one of his aides said to me earlier this year. Therefore, a good bit of effort will be going into helping this year's candidates for Congress, as a way of helping both the candidates and the President himself. In a style that is reminiscent of the 1976 Presidential campaign, which was under the direction of Hamilton Jordan, a system will be established which will accord a certain number of points to a political appearance by the President, by Mrs. Carter, by the Vice-President, by Mrs. Mondale, and by a Cabinet member, so that their appearances can be matched with the importance assigned to each race. A committee headed by Frank Moore, who is in charge of the President's congressional-relations office, will arrange the scheduling, taking into consideration such factors as where there are Senate and House seats that Democrats, with help, could win; past favors and expectations of future ones; and whose appearance can be most helpful where. Cabinet members will be expected to make two such appearances a month. In some places—in South Carolina, for instance—the White House has involved itself in refereeing within its own party among would-be candidates for the Senate; and this does go against past theory and practice. (In South Carolina, this involvement dealt a blow to a congressman who had, at some risk to himself, been helpful to the White House in the water-projects fight last year and had wanted to run for the Senate.) The Mondale trip to the West, one White House aide has explained to me, "was the first shot across the bow in this political effort."

The President is described by those around him as being of a more political bent this year than last—more willing to spend his time with or do little things for past or prospective supporters. "He's come down off the mountain," says one aide. The deliberate decision to be more "political" was accompanied by a decision to do better by what are considered the President's, and the Democratic Party's, constituent groups. There are the little things, like acting on the realization that the White House still has its magnetism. One afternoon in late January, a reception was held there for the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union; earlier in the month, there had been a reception for the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers and one for the President's supporters in Iowa, where the first precinct caucuses of 1976 took place. There were plans for receptions for his New Hampshire supporters, for his Florida sup-

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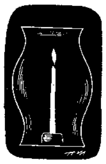
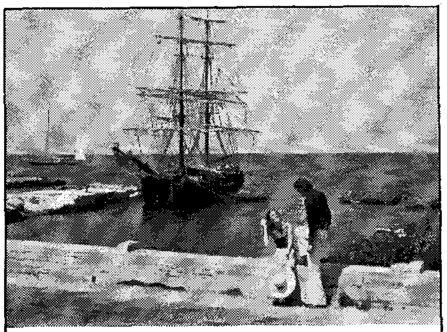
porters, for Polish-Americans, and on and on. The President has held meetings with labor groups, with business groups, with minority groups. Part of the strategy—and the reason for some of the social functions—is to go around the leadership of some of these groups, the theory being that even if the Administration gets along with, say, a labor leader, that does not necessarily guarantee support by the union members. And if he has trouble with a group's leadership, he will reach around it for support from the troops. Therefore, some of the President's aides have explained, more effort will be made to respond to the "legitimate" concerns of these various groups, more attempts will be made to develop political relationships with them, and when all they want cannot be done, they will be given reasons. (The White House staff is now in almost daily consultation with the leadership of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.) Hamilton Jordan, whose memorandum was also concerned with how to maintain a political base for governing and with 1980, said to me recently, "You have to have a political base in order to govern. It's as simple as that. When you're down in the public-opinion polls and you don't have any institutional support, then you're in trouble. A President will go up and down in the polls. It is difficult, if not impossible, to be a highly popular President when you're dealing with as many difficult issues as we are. Along the way, you need to have friends you can reach out to for help." George Meany, for example, was helpful on the Panama Canal. The problem, of course, with reaching out to people who make it a business to be "friends" in Washington is that they charge a price. The price can be exorbitant.

The essential reason the President is recommending this year the creation of a separate Department of Education—an idea that few of those around him will even attempt to defend on the merits and that several opposed—is to fulfill a 1976 campaign commitment made to the National Education Association. Not every campaign commitment will be fulfilled, of course, or is even expected to be, but this one has been, and so will a few others—made under similar pressures by a candidate who kept asserting, "I owe the special interests nothing." There is, after all, 1980 to consider. Thus, last year the Administration gave its support to the cargo-preference bill, an expensive proposition that a certain amount of imported oil be transported in American ships. The bill was backed by the maritime unions (these unions and their leaders made substantial contributions to Carter during the primaries) but was rejected after members of Congress were embarrassed by published reports of the generous campaign contributions made to them by maritime interests. Now there is considerable concern within the Administration over what to do about national health insurance, which Carter, when he was a candidate for the nomination, promised the United Auto Workers he would support. The very terms of his speech endorsing the idea in the spring of 1976 were negotiated with the U.A.W. The problem is that national health insurance would be quite expensive, and a number of people who are as concerned as anyone about putting proper health care within the reach of people who need it have begun to have doubts about such a program. They fear that it would seal in an inefficient and costly system, and they propose as an alternative to begin piecemeal, offering the sort of help—such as prenatal care and early child care—that is likely to do the most good. But the U.A.W. is a politically powerful union, and the Carter group is loath to appear to renege on its promise. I asked one White House aide what he thought the U.A.W.'s alternative would be in 1980. His answer was simple and direct enough: he replied, "Jerry Brown." The Carter people have for some time assumed that Edmund G. Brown, Jr., the Governor of California, who defeated Carter in five of the six primaries in which they competed in 1976, will challenge Carter in 1980, and they appear to be quite spooked by the prospect.



Another conclusion that the Carter group came to about how to make this year different from last year was to try to set its "priorities" and give them more "focus"—and, as the President has publicly indicated, to ask less of Congress and to try to get along with it better. Locked in a safe in Vice-President Mondale's office is the sole copy of the plan for the Administration's 1978 agenda, which was drawn up by the senior staff committee headed by Mondale. The assumption is that if the plan got out, all hell would break loose among disappointed claimants for a piece of the agenda. Another problem, of course, is that the results of this elaborate exercise may end up having little relation to reality. The purpose of the plan was to choose, from among all the matters the Administration might have to deal with, which ones should have a claim on the President's time—it was recognized that his time was not particularly well allocated last year—which ones could be handled by Cabinet officials, and which ones should not be on the agenda at all. The constraints of Congress's schedule, as Congress sees it, were taken into account. The committee made a list of everything that could be anticipated as requiring the President's time: legislative items left over from last year, new legislative initiatives by the Administration and by Congress, foreign trips by the President, visits here by heads of state. This list took six weeks to compile, and upon its completion it struck everyone involved as overwhelming and impossible. After a series of meetings between Mondale and senior advisers to the President, and then with the President, an outline of the plan was drawn up and presented in December to a Cabinet meeting from which staff members were barred. Cabinet officers were asked to give their reactions within a week. At the same time, Mondale and White House staff members began a series of consultations with members of Congress. As the plan emerged, one category in which major cutbacks were made was that of official visits to the United States by foreign dignitaries; while the various desks at the State Department tend to think that visits by their clients are a wonderful idea, it had been found that these take a great deal of the President's time, since he has to prepare for them and then go through the meetings and a special White House dinner once the visitors have arrived. The exercise did force some considerations of trade-offs and some choices. Every department and every agency is inclined to think that what it wants to do is a priority matter. Interest groups have their priorities. Members of Congress have theirs. It forced the dropping of some "nice" things. Ratification of the United Nations Genocide Convention, which was drawn up in 1948, outlawing genocide within nations, was once considered an important part of the Administration's human-rights offensive, but it was apparently set aside when the White House pointed out to the State Department how much time would be consumed by the debate over the Panama Canal treaties and, possibly, over a new Strategic Arms Limitation Talks agreement. One White House aide says that drawing up the plan ended more in describing the agenda as it is than in setting it. This person says that



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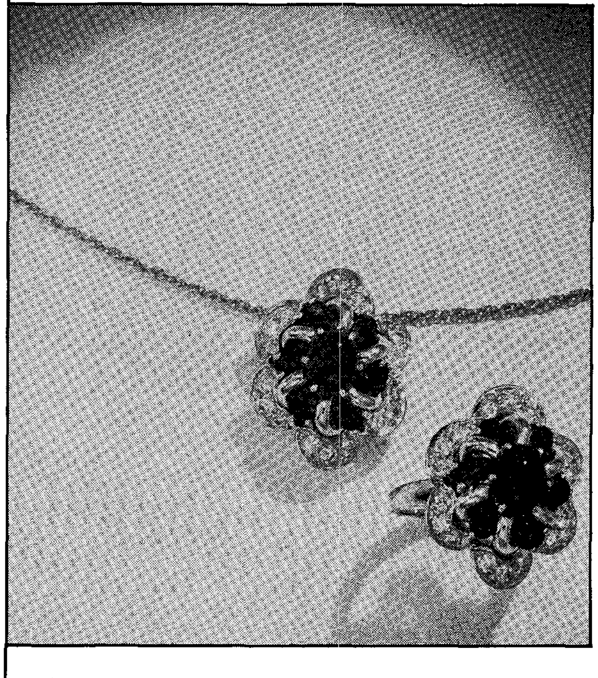

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proposals from the agencies which did not make it onto the master agenda did not have the political support to get there; if they had had the support, he says, they would have made it.

THE problem with worrying too much about "overloading" Congress is that this can permit Congress, in effect, to set the agenda. Moreover, since some ideas take time—must be considered and debated for years before they win sufficient acceptance—it is necessary, if one wants to accomplish more than essentially routine matters, to lay things before Congress which it may not be ready to accept. One Democratic senator says, "It shouldn't be such a blizzard of paper that we ignore it. But we should be stretching. What we are asked to do should exceed our grasp." Congress, of course, has its reasons for not wishing to be "overloaded." While most of the members work very hard when they are in Washington, and also when they return to their states or districts, as a group they become more than a little cranky when—even given a substantial number of recesses—the sessions continue late into the year. (Moreover, every second year, because of the congressional elections, they like to adjourn by October at the latest.) Speaker O'Neill, in a conversation I had with him shortly after Congress reconvened, said that he had had a long meeting with President Carter on December 16th and that "I told him we had too many balls in the air." O'Neill continued, "We had too many balls in the air because we don't have the time to do these things. And, besides, we have to consider our own political angle. If he sends something up here about the environment, there's a certain segment that will be watching to see if we pass it. If he sends something up here about senior citizens, there's a certain segment that will be watching to see if we pass it. It could be mining legislation, or water diversion, it could be health. And the people up here can't act on all these things. Fine. The President has these messages up here, but while they're pending without action it hurts the Congress. It could be the redwoods. My God, the letters you get on the redwoods! I never saw a redwood, but the mail I get! So it hurts." The attitude at the White House is apparently that expressed to me by one of those who worked on setting the agenda for this year: "Congress is the one saying we overloaded them. Their saying it makes it a reality."

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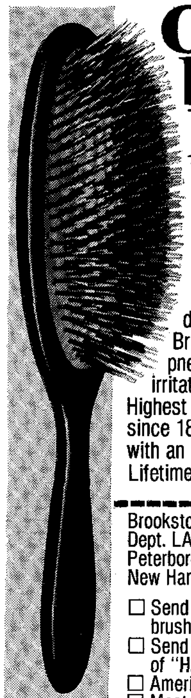

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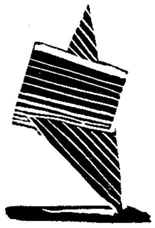
may be setting the terms of the discussion of how well Carter "gets along with Congress." By last spring, Carter had become persuaded—by congressional leaders—that he should not "go over the heads" of Congress and appeal to the people to support his programs. The argument that prevailed was that he needed the coöperation of Congress in order to have a record of achievement and that that was not the way to win such coöperation. Moreover, many members of Congress have sensed an uncertainty in the Carter performance: his attention to "priority" legislation, such as the energy bill, was fitful; when objections were raised to his proposal for a one-time tax rebate to spur the economy, he withdrew it; when the howls went up over the proposals to kill water projects, he compromised. Undoubtedly, he would have had to compromise eventually, but many members of Congress noticed that he didn't stand firm for long. (The fact that he did not veto the bill restoring all but nine projects disillusioned some of the younger progressives in Congress who were prepared to help him on several issues.) Congress has a sort of animal instinct about these things, not unlike the ability of a horse to sense a rider's confidence, or lack of it. It is a fact in Washington that to be seen to have power is to have it. Carter's retreats, and the manner in which they were executed, did not give him the appearance of having power. A subsidiary effect of the turnabouts on some issues was to leave some members of Congress uncertain about how far they want to go in defending an Administration proposal, since they fear they will find themselves deserted by their leader. Some members have pressed Cabinet officers to tell them whether the President can be counted on to stick with them if they sponsor his proposals. (At a gathering in Washington earlier this year, a congressman who had had the experience of defending a controversial Presidential proposal, only to see the proposal withdrawn, was introduced to someone as a man who had gone out on a limb for the President and then heard this sawing sound behind him. The congressman corrected his introducer. "No," he said. "My problem was that I didn't hear the sawing.") There is also evidence that Congress does respond when it is banged over the head—when public opinion is mobilized in such a way as to shame it into acting. The reform measures pushed by Common Cause, for example, were anything but welcome on Capitol Hill when they were first proposed; Common Cause leaders were warned that they risked annoying Congress. Most of the reforms were adopted.



A number of people in Congress, and even within the Administration, are beginning to suggest—privately—that the President may have overlearned the lessons of last year. Last December, as the session of Congress was nearing its end, with a whimper, a Democratic representative said to me, "At first, when he seemed to have decided not to go over our heads, I thought, Great. Now I wish he'd kick us a little harder. That would make it easier for us to do some of the things we should do."

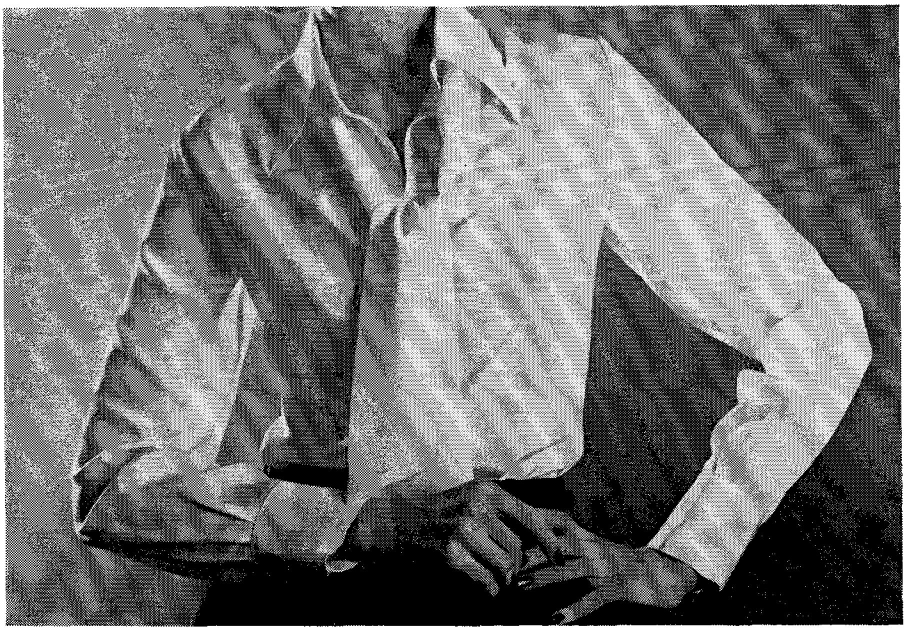
A Democratic senator said in a recent conversation about the Carter Administration, "They came in with contempt for Congress, thinking they could bulldoze and stare it down. Then they got subjected to a series of rebuffs and, not having the background and experience to deal with it, became overly impressed with it. Then they did the worst thing: they took out the form chart and decided who runs the place, decided that they had to make their deals with the old bulls. But they're going by an inaccurate guide. This is a more fragmented, far more complex place than they think. They said, for example, they had to cut a deal with Russell Long on energy." Long, Democrat of Louisiana, is the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, which has jurisdiction over the tax portions of the energy bill. The senator continued, "They said you find out who the power centers are and you cut your deals with them. What happens is you end up dealing with one power center with insatiable demands." The Finance Committee also has jurisdiction over all tax, welfare, Social Security, international-trade, and health-cost legislation. ("Every damn thing we do we have to trade with Russell Long on," a White House man remarked to me one day in a moment of exasperation.) "Russell Long's price," the Democratic senator said, "is everything he can get." He added, "The only thing that makes types like that more reasonable is to show that they don't have the votes. You have to say, 'Here is where I want to come out and here's where he wants to come out,' and then shore up your own strength with the others. If you go in hat in hand and bargain with someone like that, you'll be lucky to get away with your hat." A President, he concluded, "has to have a sense of timing, of when to kick and when to kiss, when to challenge and when to embrace."

A man in Washington who has had a good bit of experience with Congress said that dealing with it has to be thought of in terms of a game. Its game, he said, is to say, "We're mad, we're upset, the President has mishandled us, he's mistreated us." He continued, "Often, what they need is a good kick. You sometimes can't get things any other way." He said, "They don't care what Carter thinks of them."

One of the President's close advisers said to me not long ago, "He overreacted to the criticism that he couldn't deal with the Congress. It was a game of chicken, and he blinked."

I asked this man about a question raised early last year by a congressional leader who was defending the proposition that Carter should not go "over Congress heads." The leader had asked me what Carter could say when he ran for reëlection in 1980 if he failed to achieve much with Congress. How could he say, the leader asked, that if he had a Democratic Congress he could do better. The President's adviser responded, "He should run saying, 'I'll keep fighting them.' It hasn't done him any good to kiss them."

BENEATH all the talk about how Carter can be more effective with Congress, however, the same undertow that is pulling at the Carter Administration is pulling at Congress, except with greater force. It is the undertow that washes away such things as tax reform and makes it seem so difficult to get the sort of wage and price constraints that might tame inflation or an energy bill that makes much difference. It is the strong current of what might be termed the special-interest state. The organization of various segments of our society into a multiplicity of skilled interest groups, each seeking to get its share of the government, or to fight off government action, has been increasing markedly in recent years. Now that there is public financing of Presidential general-election campaigns, pursuant to a law passed in 1974, interest-group contributions to Congress have almost doubled. In his State of the Union Message, as one of a number of indications he has given that he does understand the problem, Carter made a plea for placing "the common good over special interests." He talked about it quite a bit in his campaign (even as he



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took contradictory action). But gradually Carter seemed to, in effect, lose his sense of pitch—which has affected his attempts to govern. In the early part of his Presidential campaign, he caught and articulated moods and themes and captured public imagination, but then, as he tried to please the various interest groups, he began to fade from view. And with each month in Washington "the people" faded from his view and were largely replaced by what was in his immediate line of sight—the very Washington institutions he had set out to run against. His aides and advisers have worried over what has happened to that ability to capture imagination and over some other things. They have wondered how a man whose mark was supposed to be competence has been coming across as incompetent, and how one who not long ago was seen as a very good politician has been coming across as politically inept. Of course, one cannot govern simply on themes and moods, but they need not be incompatible with offering programs. The aides and advisers have offered several explanations. Most of those whom I have talked with say that the President got too bogged down in detail. "We don't pay a President to correct our grammar," said one White House aide. (The President does correct grammar on memos submitted to him.) "He works too hard," said another. In the view of some of those around him, he became the village grind and ended up with an Administration that has no noticeable philosophy or vision. Some think the problem goes deeper. One of the President's advisers said to me not long ago, "He still has to decide what kind of a Presidency he wants to have." Around the White House, one does not get much sense that people there feel they are in on a great adventure, or an adventure at all; below the top level, several people openly express disappointment. After only a year, some are thinking of leaving. Some express worry about whether the President and those closest to him have learned the right lessons and about how much wisdom and ability the President has placed within reach. Some of them don't particularly enjoy working for Carter, whom they find removed and hard to get through to or to understand. One person who is not very far from the top level says, "I don't have any idea what he believes in." Some of Carter's advisers think that he became too impressed by the importance of the institutions he had vowed to defy, and lost his balance. One adviser says, "He got elected on the theme of shaking things up. He didn't get elected on his promises. We'll end up pleasing neither group—neither the interest groups who got out the vote nor the people who voted for him because they thought he was different, fresh, independent. And then, while he's being programmatic, Jerry Brown can run on themes."

THE President's aides see many of the Administration's problems as organizational, and they also seem to see the White House as beleaguered, unfairly. "There's been a general feeling around the White House since about the turn of the year that it's time to tighten up around here a little bit," Jody Powell said to me recently. "When I say 'around here,' I mean the executive branch. We were reluctant to be hard-assed at first because we were learning and we were making our share of mistakes. Now there's a feeling that people have had a chance and things should happen where they are supposed to happen or there should be a reason. Among the reasons for that is the perception on my part that Washington, among its interesting characteristics, primarily responds to—I'm looking for a euphemism— Well, let me put it another way—that we've learned that just being an honest and decent and friendly sort of chap is not sufficient to make things happen the way they're supposed to happen, that people aren't going to do what you think they should do because they think you're a nice guy. It may be to our discredit that it took us a year to learn that. We may learn slow, but we learn good." Stuart Eizenstat, in his memorandum analyzing the problems of 1977, suggested, as did some other Presidential advisers, that there should be more use of the President as educator—hence the return to town meetings—and he also suggested that there should be tighter monitoring by the Office of Management and Budget of the positions that Cabinet officers take. Hamilton Jordan now sits in on the Friday-morning meetings of the President with Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and Zbigniew Brzezinski, in an effort to make sure that domestic considerations are not neglected during the making of foreign policy. (The return of the crown of St. Stephen to Hungary early this year caused an uproar among Hungarian-Americans and no small amount of apoplexy among the White House domestic-affairs staff, who, in fact, thought that they had headed the action off.)

Jordan now also chairs a committee that will deal with short-range political problems and coördinate foreign policy and domestic politics; others on it are members of the President's senior staff, Brzezinski, and the Vice-President. The idea is to try to avoid such imbroglios as that over the dismissal of the United States Attorney in Philadelphia, David Marston. ("That wasn't on the agenda," says one senior White House man.) The committee may also deal with what the White House response should be to various issues—what the President should say and where he should say it. There is talk in the White House—and one has heard such talk in previous Administrations—of how to get Presidential statements out to the public without having them filtered through the press corps. "A press-conference statement gets interpreted by the White House correspondent," one White House aide said not long ago. "But the President can slip over to a meeting of the Jaycees, the I.L.G.W.U.—there's always a group holding a meeting in Washington—and he can make a statement and get two days of stories out of it. No one's been planning this sort of thing. We ought to be able to look down the road three weeks and see a bill coming up and plan a Presidential statement."

Jordan has charted the number of minutes of network time that were devoted last year to each of the President's issues, such as the economy, energy, reorganization, and welfare, as opposed to issues raised by others. He noted, for example, that the issues of blacks and other minorities (raised largely by Vernon Jordan, the executive director of the Urban League) received more minutes than energy or reorganization did. He also noted that the cargo-preference story, which was a "negative" story for the White House, received almost as much attention as reorganization did. He also charted the minutes of coverage of these issues month by month, and noticed, among other things, that there was only a brief interest in welfare reform (when the President proposed it), and that there was a great deal of attention to human rights at one point (when the President was emphasizing it), which then dropped off. It is now planned that the President will resume stressing human rights. The conclusion that Jordan drew was that the White House should not present a diffuse picture and should take care not to let "side issues" com-

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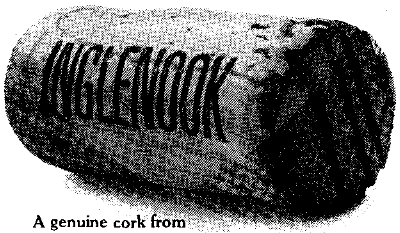

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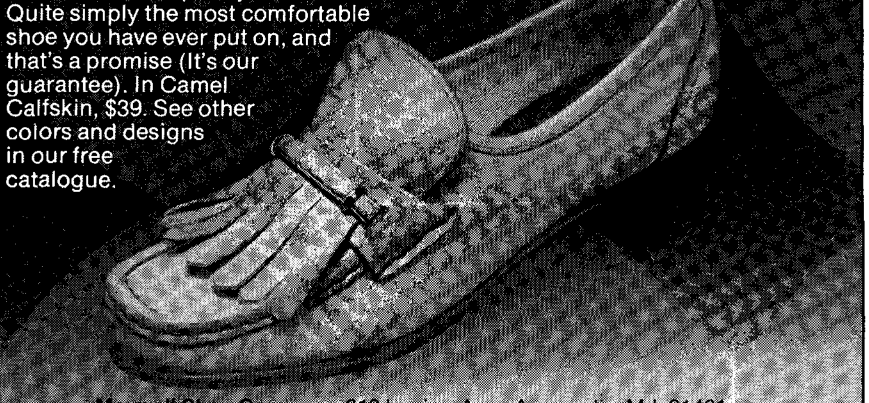

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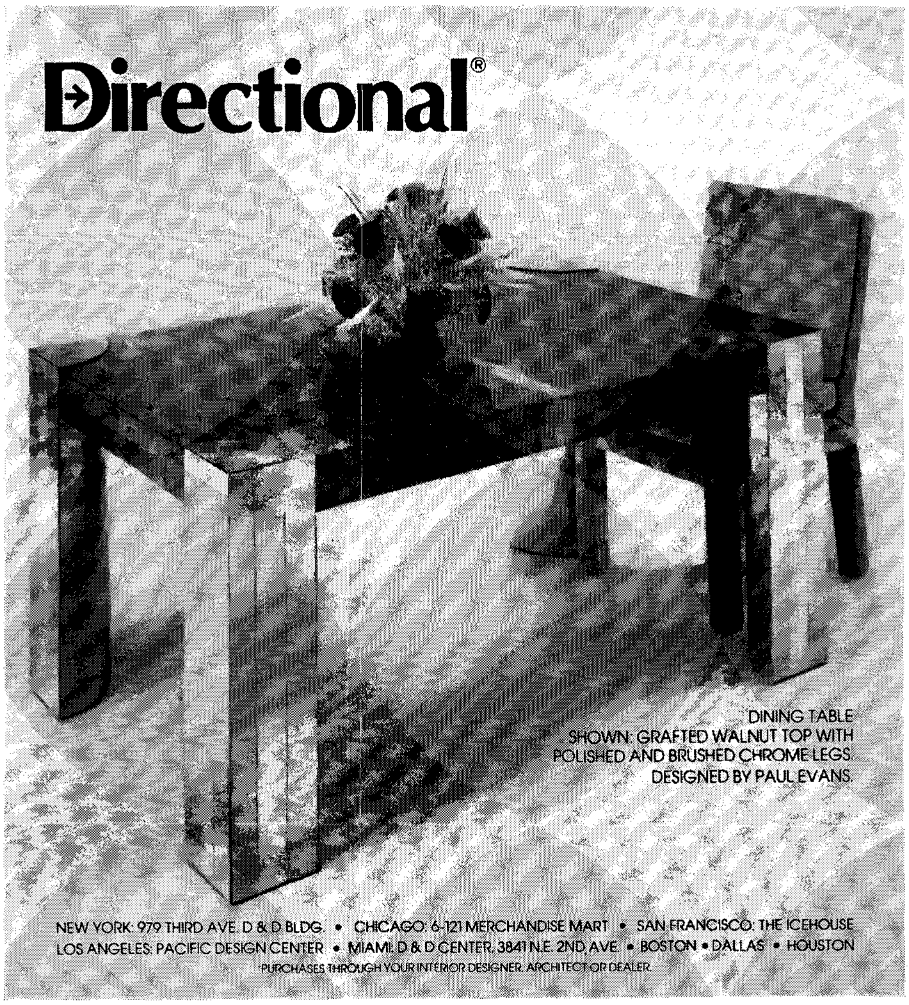
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pete with the three or four "priorities."

Among the reasons that Jordan has been given his many roles, aside from the fact that he has always shown a feeling for power—and has become, in fact, because of the range of the questions he gets into, the most powerful person on the White House staff—is that he is considered to have done a masterly job on the White House effort to win approval of the Panama Canal treaties. The effort was carried out in the manner of a political campaign, and, moreover, one that had the advantage of not being constituency ridden. Jordan has a taste for campaigns; but when it comes to government, he does not appear to have much taste for slogging through the vast and complex day-in, day-out work of making the whole thing go. One White House staff member has said, "He is not an implementer." Neither is anyone else around the President. There are those who believe that approval of the treaties has always been in the cards, barring some major flub—that the Senate, except in extraordinary circumstances, would not reject a treaty negotiated by the President. And there is some evidence that the White House understood all along that it would have to permit Senator Howard Baker—Republican of Tennessee, the Senate Minority Leader, and a clear aspirant to the Presidency—to leave his imprint on the treaties, in exchange for which it could win his support, and that of others as well. In any event, a White House victory on the Canal treaties, whatever it means to our Latin-American relations, is thought to be of enormous importance to the President's domestic political fortunes and ambitions. Charade or not, a Presidential victory on the treaties would be billed as a triumph and would be expected to give the President the appearance of power from which other power would flow. And then, the theory goes, the President could get on with the business of governing. But the evidence is that he would run into the same hard realities he has been confronting for some time now—the realities, as they are seen by the White House, of political commitments and exigencies, the realities of the special-interest state. What remains to be worked through is how to govern in that context.

—ELIZABETH DREW

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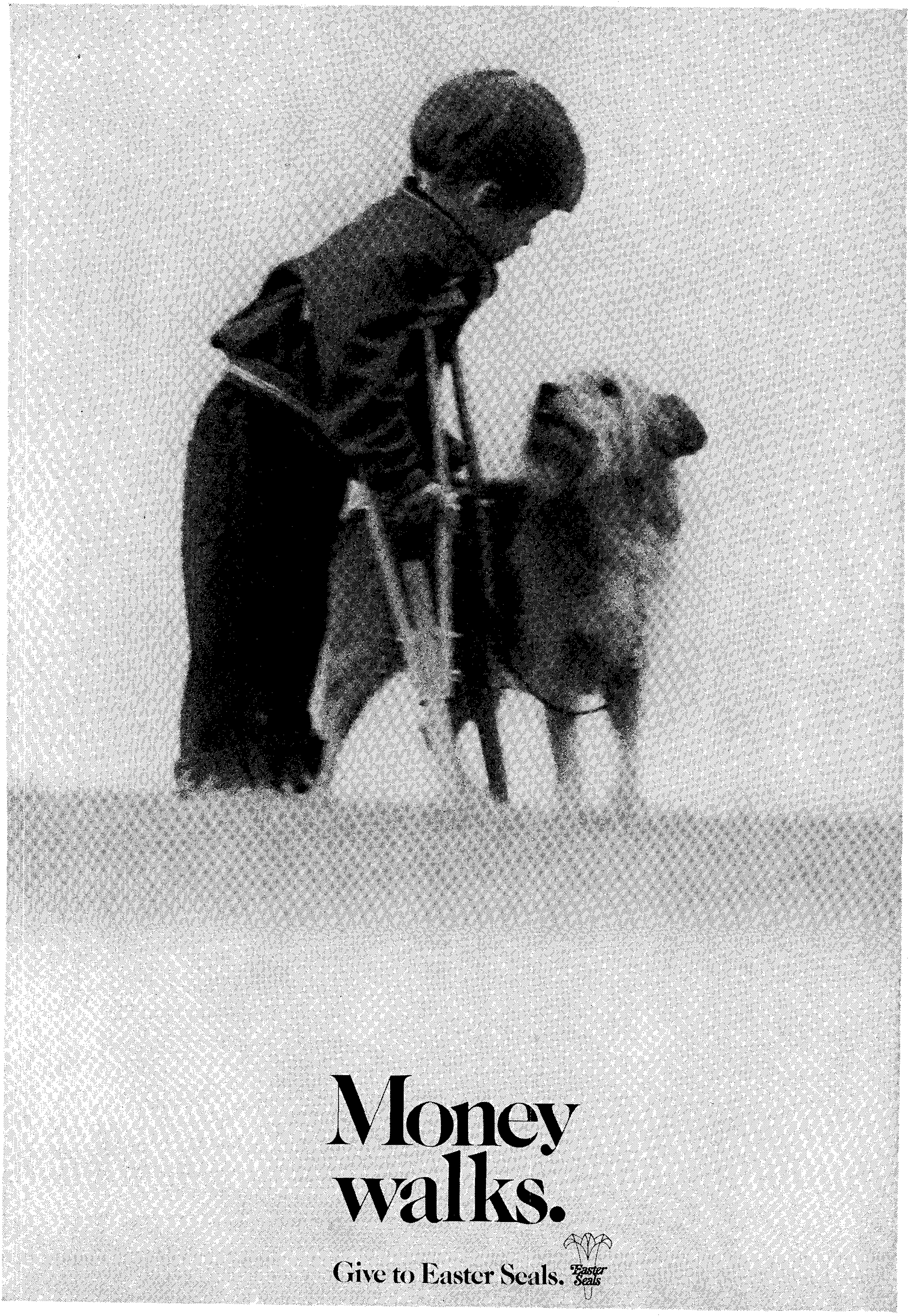
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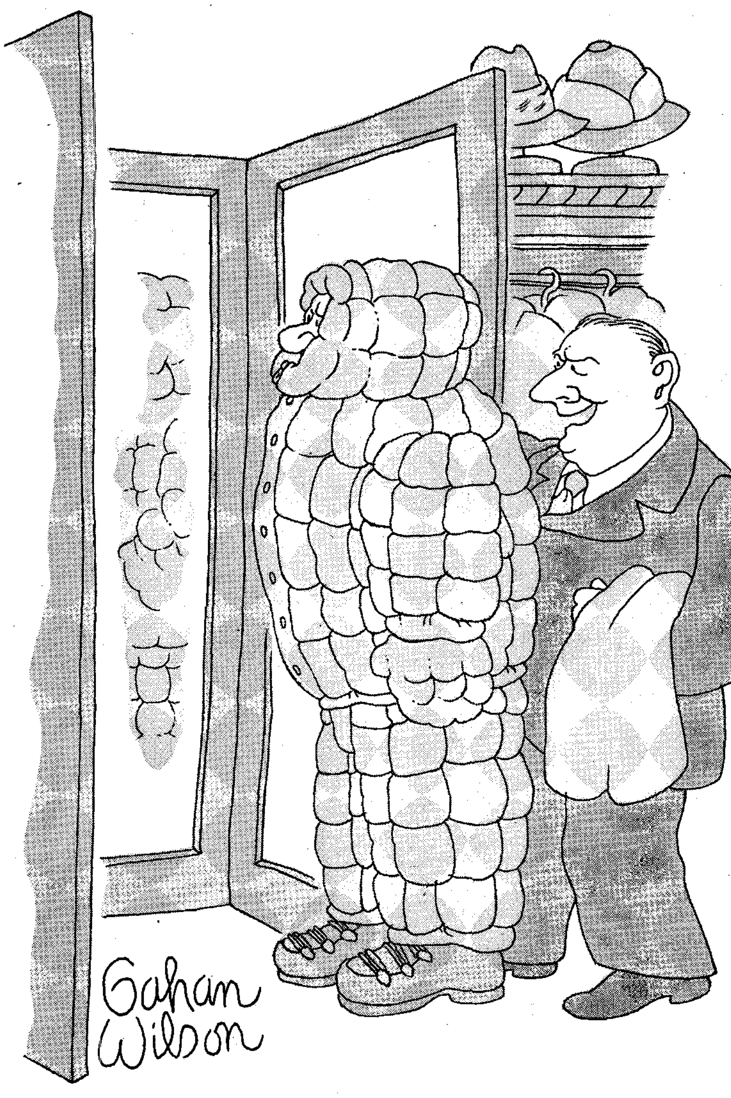
# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *The Cotton Mather of the Movies*

"Blue Collar" has to be one of the most dogged pictures ever produced. Making his début as a director, Paul Schrader, the phenomenally successful young screenwriter, has approached directing as a painful, necessary ritual—the ultimate overdue term paper. He goes at it methodically, and gets through it with honors but without flair, humor, believability. "Blue Collar" is an exercise, an idea film in which each scene makes its point and is over. Hard pressed for money, three Detroit auto workers—two black, Zeke (Richard Pryor) and Smokey (Yaphet Kotto), and one white, Jerry (Harvey Keitel)—rob their union headquarters; their haul is only six hundred dollars, but they find a notebook with a record of loansharking transactions and they attempt to blackmail the union. They're small-timers, though, and no match for the operators they're up against, who systematically go about corrupting or destroying them. There's a subject buried here: that of three men whose lives are crud—who have nothing going for them but their camaraderie, and then lose that. But for Schrader their friendship and its destruction are important only as an illustration of the film's you-can't-win thesis.

"Blue Collar" says that the system grinds all workers down, that it destroys their humanity and their hopes. At the start, under the titles, there's the ominous, heavy rock beat of "Hard Workin' Man"—like the hammer of oppression. The music is calculatedly relentless. It's to make us feel the throbbing noise of the assembly line, so that we'll grasp how closed-in the men's universe is. Noise isn't just noise in this movie, it's fate. The meaning of "Blue Collar" is in its dark, neon tones, its pounding inexorability, its nighttime fatalism. There's no feeling of fresh air, and even the sunlight has a suggestion of purgatory. The *film noir* style of nightmare realism, which in the thirties and forties was used in high-strung thrillers about loners in the city or outlaws on the lam or prisoners threatened by brutal guards or innocents who got on the wrong side of the law and were hounded, is here applied to American blue-collar workers. When Jerry, thinking to escape from the blackmail mess, says "Maybe I'll go to Canada," he gets the classic *film noir* answer—"Wherever you go, they'll find you." Smokey, in the deep voice of a man who knows, spells out the conditions in the automotive industry: "Everything they do, the way they pit the lifers against the new boys, the old against the young, the black against the white, is meant to keep us in our place." And when at the end Zeke and Jerry raise their arms against each other it's the proof that they were preordained to be victims and that the system has won. In all probability, the automotive industry wants to keep the assembly lines running, and doesn't want any dissension among the men which might slow the lines down. But this film's jukebox Marxism carries the kind of cynical, tough-minded charge that encourages people in the audience to yell "Right on!"

The entertaining *noir* movies usually had some neurotic tension; they revelled in sleaziness and shadows, in cheaters and femmes fatales and twisty plots. And they were marvellously well suited to black-and-white cinematography; the oppression had a sleek theatricality—jagged patterns, shivery contrasts, highlighting. The oppression here is really oppressive—blue and drab. Shot by Bobby Byrne, mostly in documentary locations, "Blue Collar" has a consistent dark, threatening scheme, and some of the sequences in the auto plant (particularly the opening montage) are strong and feverish. But several of the most critical dramatic scenes are weakly staged, with no visual energy: the actual robbery doesn't have an ounce of tension, and seems to be lighted with a fifteen-watt bulb. The shortcoming of Schrader's direction is that, with all the ominousness and threat in the percussive music and the visual design, there's no suspense. When the fatalistic style was used in crime thrillers, even with doom hovering in the air luck might change; there was a chance, a hope, some poetic radiance. (If there wasn't, the picture flopped.) Schrader doesn't yet know how to create that tingling sense of possibilities, or that suggestion of delirium, which might make his doominess vibrant and funny. What he's got is a mulish driving force. The script (which he wrote with his brother



*"I'd say in that outfit you can handle just about anything Mother Nature dishes out, Mr. Harper!"*

Leonard) is plodding in a shrewd, manipulative way, and he lets the dull story play itself out. That could be his swindling genius; he's a propagandist without a cause. In puritan tones, he tells us that the world is an ugly place and you can't change a thing. If you stick up your head, they chop it off. So you might as well be a flunky to the bosses and make things easier on yourself.

The risky astuteness is in having Richard Pryor's Zeke (rather than Harvey Keitel's Jerry) the one who's bought out by the union officials. Casting Pryor as the turncoat causes a little friction—our responses to him are destabilized. Zeke is lean, a lightweight griper and joker, boyishly corruptible. He's a brooder, but with a short attention span, and in some fundamental way he's not connected up right. Pryor plays the role close to the vest; you feel Zeke's affable tinniness, his gift for self-deception, and by the end he has mean little eyes that go with his calculations. In Schrader's thinking, to survive men either allow themselves to be used or become users; Smokey, who balks at the first and is constitutionally incapable of the second, has to die. He's the only man of substance in the entire film, and Kotto gives a quietly beautiful performance. His burly, gentle Smokey is pleasure-loving, loyal to his friends, innocent, and deep. And the blending of the latter two qualities seems so natural that it becomes plausible that the bosses have to destroy him—he's a saint. Keitel, short and heavily muscled, has a convincing physique for the Polish welder Jerry Bartowski, but Jerry is the character the writers did the least for (even his motivation for taking part in the robbery—that his daughter needs braces for her teeth—is tacky, since the U.A.W. has a dental plan), and Keitel is glum. He doesn't seem to use his instincts, all we see is his determination to act with integrity. Could it be that he's interiorizing his emotions, in response to Schrader's conception of the emptiness of Jerry's life, and doesn't realize how little he's putting out? Keitel produces the veneer of someone who's meant to believe that his life is terrible; he holds on to the idea so hard his face is pinched in concentration. A looser, lighter performance might have covered the hole in the script—might have made us see qualities in Jerry that would explain his having two black men for his closest friends, and explain why they would feel at home with him. As it is, there's no interplay, nothing to suggest that there's a history to the

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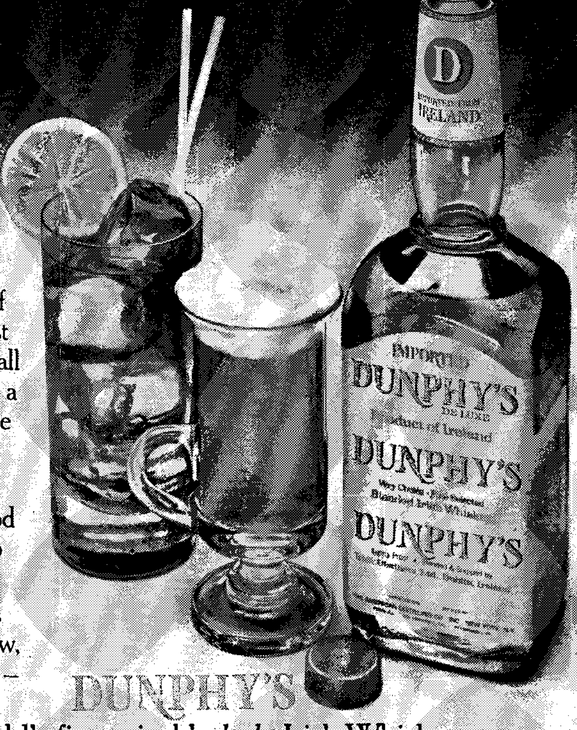

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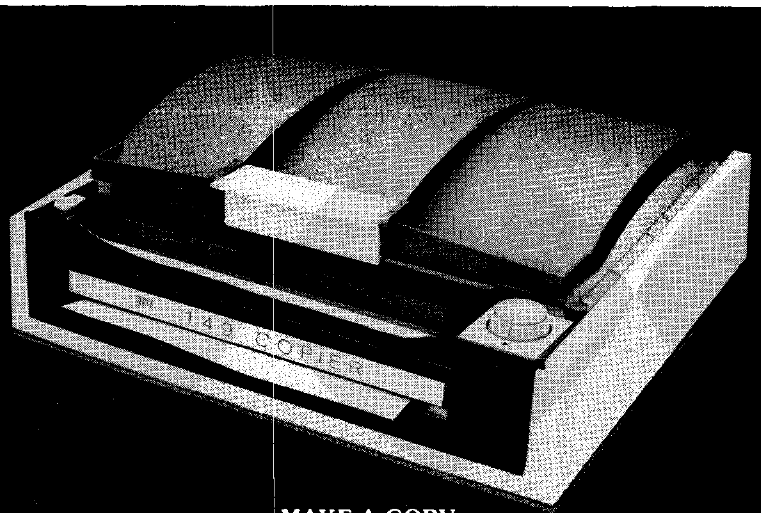

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friendship. All their responses to each other are so programmed they might have met the day before—they're pals because the movie needs them to be. In the same way, the three men have an accomplice in the robbery because an accomplice is needed to rat on them, and at the end Jerry goes back to his locker at the factory so there can be the confrontation between him and Zeke.

Harry Bellaver's portrait of a smooth, white-haired labor faker—Eddie (Knuckles) Johnson, the president of the local—is enjoyable, because Bellaver gives one the impression of effectiveness; you can see how Knuckles gets things done. It's too neat, though, that he knows just how to divide and conquer the three men, because he understands their characters perfectly. (He must have read the script.) Most of what happens in the movie has no intrinsic interest; it's for the sake of the plot. When there's an incident at the plant which doesn't serve the plot directly, such as George Memmoli's bit as a man enraged by a food dispenser that doesn't work, it's a relief. There's not nearly enough detail of what the men say and do at home or at the union meeting or the bowling alley or the beer tavern. No one ever talks about quitting; there's no indication of the rapid turnover of auto workers, of the fact that perhaps thirty per cent a year get fed up with the gruelling, noisy hard work and leave (so that auto workers get younger all the time). If the film recognized that men can step sidewise in the society, can try to move on to something easier, or something that doesn't grind them down, its cosmic hopelessness would look overcooked.

In this movie, even the men's buying worthless things on the installment plan is part of the bosses' grand design. "Blue Collar" is about the malaise of the workingman, trapped in all his comfort. Schrader isn't interested in the men's lives; it's only the system—a symbol of evil—that quickens his blood. There's anger in this movie (there is in most of the films Schrader has had a hand in—that's what makes his scripts sell), and his hostile, melancholy tone unifies this amalgam of pilfered pieces of old pictures and ideologies. The big flaw in "Blue Collar" is that Schrader has imposed his personal depression on characters who, in dramatic terms, haven't earned it. He's given Zeke, Smokey, and Jerry no will but the will to destroy themselves. They embark on an ill-planned robbery; then they're caught and are full of self-pity. And when they blame the system for their own dumbness, we're supposed to agree with them. This is the old plot about thieves falling out, only it's the oppressors who are responsible.

People can be impressed by a movie this low in entertainment value; they can assume that it's thinking of higher things. But chances are that when Paul Schrader gets his bearings as a director he'll put his manipulative cynicism to more sparkling uses.

"The Betsy," an adaptation of a Harold Robbins novel, is also set in Detroit. Laurence Olivier, who plays the superabundantly sexed patriarch of an automobile dynasty, stands out with startling boldness, and one begins to perceive the secret of his greatness: Laurence Olivier dares to be foolish. He doesn't protect himself; he just goes right out there and takes the risks. In "The Betsy," he keeps on acting after everyone else has given up. They all wilt and die, and there he is, supplying energy to his scenes, working up a Scottish-Midwestern accent, giving tautness to his flabby lines. He must be doing it for himself—for the sheer love of testing himself as an actor. The lines destroy the other performers; you see the sheepish faces and hear the dead fall of the words. How does Olivier manage to speak so that we absorb the sense without having the idiot dialogue ring in our ears? Partly by distracting us with his accent (the vowel sounds recall Tim Conway's Swede in his running series of skits with Carol Burnett) and partly by using the big, harsh voice he has developed in recent years, as if in defiance of natural processes, to blast through the film's largo style.

The director, Daniel Petrie, aims low and misses his target—maybe through taste and halfheartedness as much as ineptitude. The film announces its theme: the lust for success and power. Everything is explained to us; each sequence advances the three-generation plot—it's like a TV mini-series jammed together. Yet it has no momentum; it's tranquil trash. Petrie doesn't have the juicy vulgarity of soul which Harold Robbins requires—the film is like a reverie on the clichés of the Robbins genre, and the cinematographer, Mario Tosi, gives everything a dreamy calendar-art softness. When the actresses are stripped for their carnal numbers, you're embarrassed—not because they're nude but because they're nude and it isn't risqué, it isn't bawdy, it isn't titillating. They've taken off their clothes for nothing.

—Pauline Kael

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## DUSK

The sun is going down tonight
like a wounded stag staggering through the brush
with an enormous spike in its heart
and a single moan in its lungs. There

is a light the color of tarnished metal
galloping at its side, and fresh blood
is steaming through its throat. Listen!
The waves, too, sound like the plunging

of hooves, or a wild hart simply
crumpling on the ground. I imagine
there are hunters beating through the woods
with their scythes and their tired dogs

chasing the wounded scent, and I suppose
there are mothers crying out for their children
in the fog. Because it is dusk. Yes,
dusk with its desperate colors of erasure,

its secrets of renunciation, and its long
nightmares beyond. And now here is the night
with its false promise of sleep, its wind
leafing through the grass, its vacant

spaces between stars, its endless memory
of a world going down like a stag.

—Edward Hirsch

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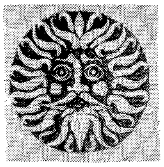

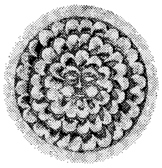

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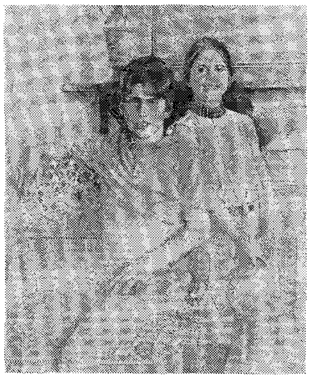

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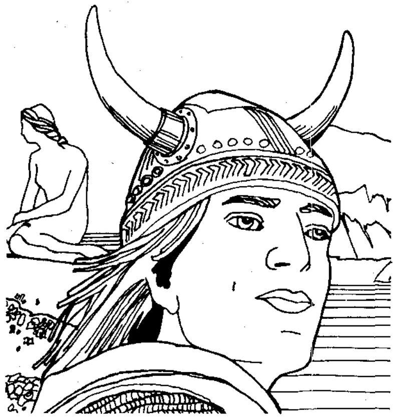

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# THE RACE TRACK

## *It's Run Dusty Run Again*

HORSEMEN who saw Run Dusty Run win the Seminole Handicap at Hialeah last Saturday are still talking about it with admiration. He beat Silver Series—the favorite—by a nose, just as he'd done in the recent Hialeah Challenge Cup. It was the fifth time the old rivals had met, and Run Dusty Run had the edge in wins, two to one. Silver Series, who carried 123 pounds, the same as Run Dusty Run, was quickest out of the starting gate. Run Dusty Run joined him in the first quarter, and for the rest of the nine furlongs there was never as much as a length between them. After the finish, there was an objection by Solomone, who rode Silver Series, that Run Dusty Run had crowded him in the stretch, and the crowd of twenty thousand had a pins-and-needles wait until the stewards decided there was no ground for a disqualification. Bob's Dusty, who was third, fractured a cannon bone in the race and will probably be sidelined for the rest of the year. (I am surprised that Mrs. Robert Lehmann, who owns Run Dusty Run, hasn't entered him in the Santa Anita Handicap, but she hasn't.)

An interesting event earlier on the afternoon of the Seminole was a seven-furlong dash in which Calumet Farm's Alydar, runner-up for the two-year-old title last season, made his first 1978 appearance, and won with authority, by two lengths. Noon Time Spender was second, five and a half lengths ahead of La Voyageuse, a Canadian filly. The winning time was 1:22⅕ for the seven furlongs. John Veitch, who trains Alydar, turned him out in fine style, and chances are he'll be favored for the Flamingo on March 4th.

THE California Golden Triple for three-year-olds will be run again this year: the $150,000 California Derby at Golden Gate Fields on March 4th, the $150,000 Santa Anita Derby at Santa Anita on April 2nd, and the $250,000 Hollywood Derby at Hollywood Park on April 16th. There is no future book on who will win all three, but Harbor View Farm's Affirmed is well fancied.

IN the February 13th issue of *The Blood-Horse* (it is $1.30 a copy, and you can get it by writing to P.O. Box 4038, Lexington, Kentucky 40504), F. E. (Jimmy) Kilroe, the former official handicapper to the Jockey Club, ranks the leading horses of 1977. In Kilroe's free handicap for the older division, Forego heads the list under 135 pounds; followed by Crystal Water, 129; Majestic Light, 128; Caucasus and Exceller, 126; King Pellinore, 125; and Ancient Title, 124. Seattle Slew leads last year's three-year-olds under 133; then Our Mims and J. O. Tobin, 130; Cum Laude Laurie and Johnny D., 128; Cox's Ridge, 126; Text, 124; and Rich Soil, Taisez Vous, and Run Dusty Run, all at 123.

August Belmont IV's Quadratic, the winner of the Cowdin, the Nashua, and the Bahamas, went off a six-to-five favorite in the thirty-second running of the Everglades Stakes, at a mile and an eighth at Hialeah last Wednesday. He met nine three-year-olds in this latest big step toward the Flamingo Stakes, and led all the way to win by three and a half lengths from Dr. Valeri, with Amintore six and a half lengths further back. Ridden by Eddie Maple, Quadratic carried 117 pounds, giving three to five pounds to all the other runners except Dr. Valeri, who had beaten him in the Tropical Park Derby, and who carried 119 pounds.

Hialeah also had a seven-furlong exhibition race on that afternoon's card of ten which brought together Believe It, For Your Pleasure, and Native Prancer. Believe It, who is also headed for the Flamingo, romped home six lengths to the good, also under Maple, in 1:22⅘.

THE bill that could eventually legalize thoroughbred racing with mutuel betting in Virginia has finally passed in the House of Delegates at Richmond. The vote was fifty-two to forty-eight. For years, the devotees of racing and the owners of the numerous breeding farms in Virginia have been trying to bring the sport to the state, which in Colonial days was the center of racing.

—Audax Minor

•

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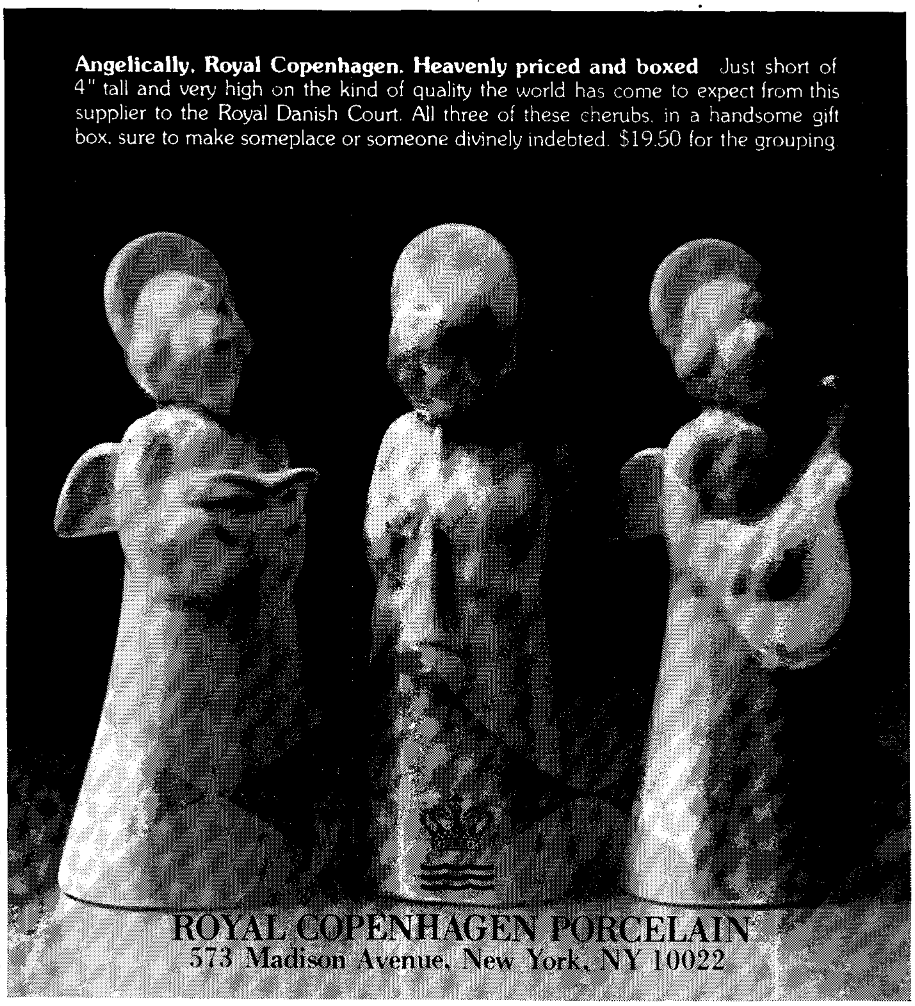
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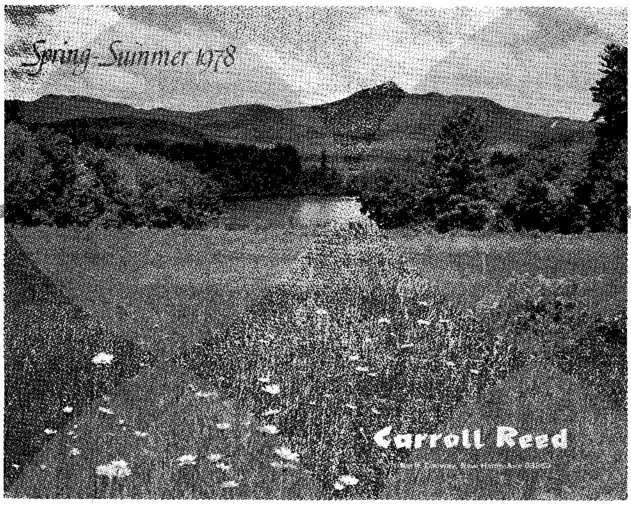

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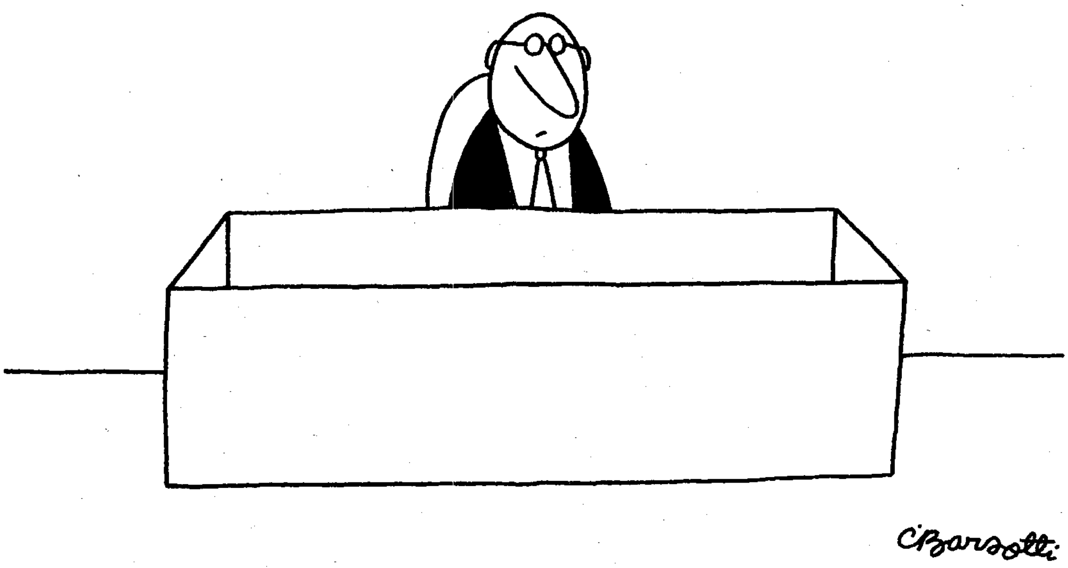
# AROUND CITY HALL

## AGAIN

IN a winter such as this one, when over most of the country the big running news story has been the terrible weather, there inevitably comes a time when, unless one's own block is at risk, news pictures dramatizing the imminent danger posed by heavy snow, flooding, or gale winds are passed over as rapidly as your routine natural-disaster shot. New York has had its share of snow this winter. The heaviest local fall in nine years, which began on January 20th, had not been entirely cleared from streets and sidewalks when, beginning on February 6th ("NOT AGAIN!" read the front-page headline on the next morning's *News*), the city had its heaviest snowfall in thirty-one years. During these same few weeks, the city leaders have also been preoccupied with another kind of alarum-filled rerun. In the last months of 1975, New York fought a fierce battle to avoid bankruptcy, and was victorious that December, when Congress voted to give the city a series of seasonal federal loans. That program expires on June 30th, however, and what is now in progress is another version of the 1975 battle ("NOT AGAIN!")—an effort by New York officials to persuade Congress not only to renew the short-term loans, all of which have been paid back on time and with interest, but also to provide a federal guarantee of city bonds so as to permit a restructuring of the enormous local debt, the annual cost of which will otherwise prevent the city from ever achieving solvency. The dismal details of what New York's expert advisers are convinced is the only alternative to additional federal help—that is, municipal bankruptcy—are so familiar from the 1975 crisis that this winter's scare talk about them has often been treated as your routine financial fall-of-the-city story.

The fight for renewed federal help for New York received a severe setback on February 9th, when the Senate Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs Committee, which will play a central role in deciding what assistance bill reaches the full Senate, and which is headed by Wisconsin Senator William Proxmire, issued a unanimous report declaring that the city "should be able to meet its financing needs and avoid bankruptcy after June 30th without further federal aid" by relying on local resources from bodies that have a stake in the city, such as additional assistance from the state, the support of New York banks, and investments in city securities by the pension funds of state and city unions, all of which insist that they cannot prudently do more than they have already done. The report was issued one week after Mayor Edward Koch made a whirlwind tour of Washington to seek the support of congressional leaders and present the city's case to President Carter. On the day after the release of the Proxmire committee report, at a meeting of the Emergency Financial Control Board—the state agency established at federal insistence in 1975 to monitor the city's financial claims and priorities—the board's chairman, Governor Hugh Carey, tried to cheer up the assembled company by recalling that in 1975 all signs had been adverse and yet the city had finally won the Battle of Washington. It was evident that in the next few months the leaders of the fight for the city will be moving back and forth between two time periods as they measure each new development according to the way things were going at the same stage two and a half years ago, when a number of the political players were different.

The first White House visit this month by Koch, the city's recently inaugurated Democratic mayor, caused some other local citizens to look backward at a different parallel event—of, in this case, four years earlier. In February of 1974, Abraham Beame, then the city's newly inaugurated Democratic mayor, spent forty-five minutes in the Oval Office with President Richard Nixon. That call, unlike the one that Mayor Koch made on his fellow-Democrat in the White House earlier this month, was in response to a Presidential request. The nation's chief executive of four years ago perhaps saw a visitor such as Beame as a welcome diversion from the grim drama then being tortuously played out in Washington. At the start of the 1974 meeting, reporters heard the President say to the Mayor, "You're at the top of a greasy pole"—the phrase for ultimate political success favored by Disraeli, the masterly nineteenth-century politician to whom Daniel Patrick Moynihan (who in 1974 was serving as Nixon's Ambassador to India and is now the Democratic United States Senator from New York) had encouraged Nixon to compare himself shortly before the 1972 election. Possibly the fact that he was greeting New York's first Jewish mayor had something to do with bringing this phrase of England's first Jewish Prime Minister to the President's mind, or possibly not, since what Nixon went on to say to Beame was "And, believe me, New York City is a greasy pole." The term had nothing to do with corruption, Nixon added quickly. It was just that in New York—as opposed, apparently, to other places—"it's hard to get up to the top and hard to stay up there." Mayor Beame had a number of projects he had hoped to get the President's support for, but contract negotiations with the local Transport Workers Union were then going on, and during the session (a photograph of which took up four columns at the top of the front page of the *Times* the next day) he spent much of his time urging on Nixon the need for help in maintaining the



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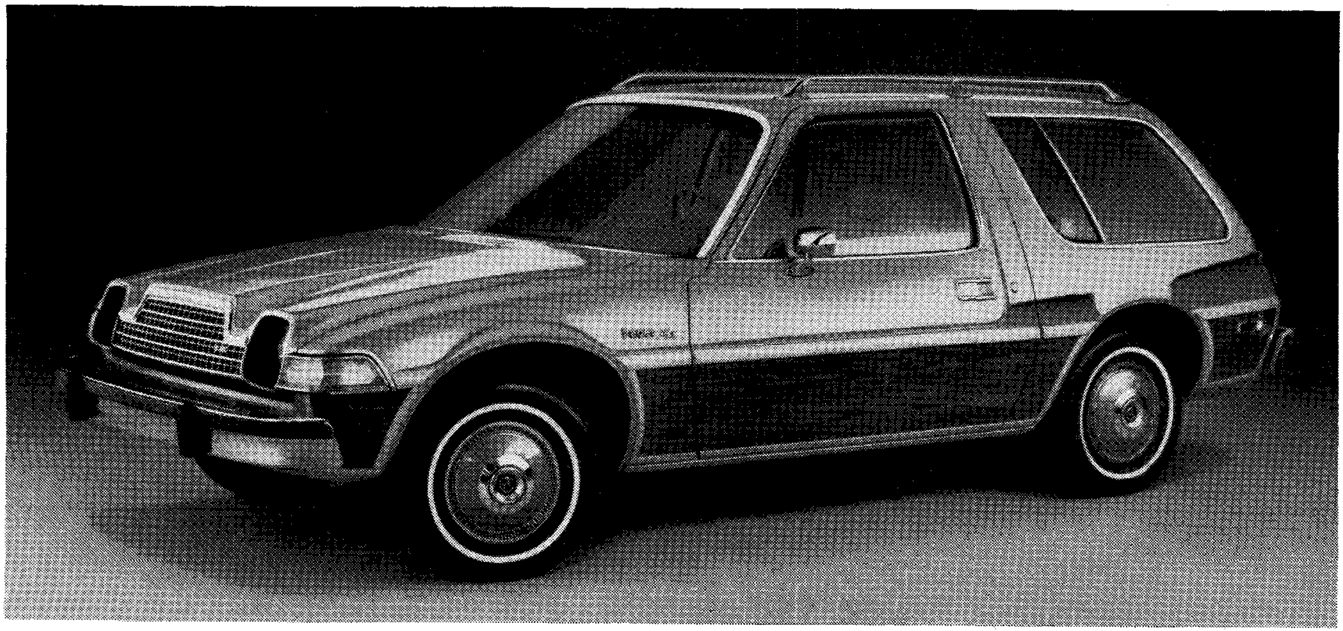

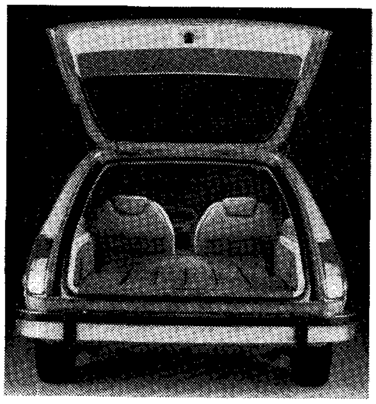

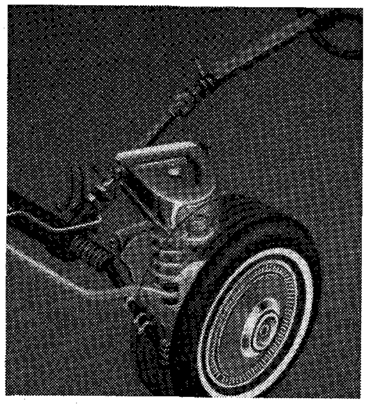

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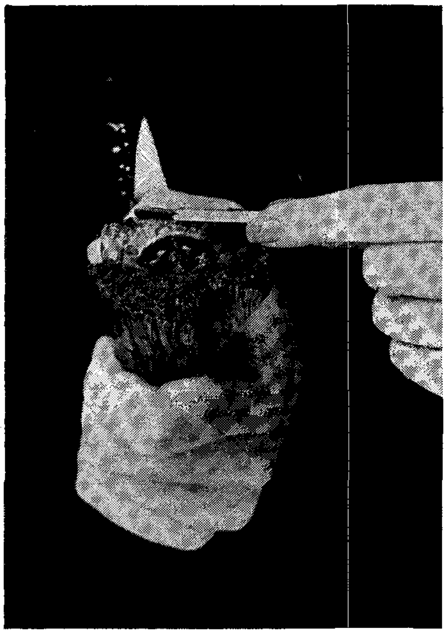

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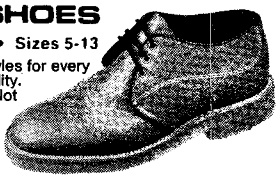

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thirty-five-cent transit fare. The Mayor was smiling broadly as he left the meeting, and he said he was "very much encouraged" by the President's attitude of concern, and particularly by the fact that at one point Nixon "took out a piece of paper and made notes himself." Though there were no Presidential commitments, "he said that he wants to help," Beame assured reporters.

"I'm an optimist by nature," Mayor Koch told reporters just before he left for Washington to meet with President Carter this month. The President had set aside only fifteen minutes for the visit, which took place in the Cabinet Room, but it lasted closer to half an hour. A preliminary meeting of Koch and Carter in the Oval Office was shared with Bella Abzug, who was being photographed with the President as he gave her his formal endorsement as the Democratic candidate for the congressional seat vacated by Koch. Koch's last White House visit before his inauguration had been in October, a few weeks before the mayoral election, when Carter had invited interested Jewish congressmen to meet with him to discuss the controversial American-Soviet statement on the Geneva conference, which referred to "the legitimate rights of the Palestinian people." The October White House meeting took place two days after Koch had seized the opportunity of a Presidential stopover in downtown Manhattan—at which Carter had been scheduled to endorse half a dozen specially invited Democratic candidates, including Koch—to hand to the President his now celebrated letter denouncing Carter for having betrayed not only the cause of Israel but also the cause of peace, and declaring that "the legitimate rights of the Palestinian people" was a code term for the elimination of Israel. Since the message of the letter was approximately the same as that of a public statement Koch had made the day before, it appeared that the Democratic mayoral candidate might be trying to win over a few more Jewish voters by having his position immortalized by the photographers who dog every Presidential step. Although Koch later insisted that, as "a friend," Carter would understand, what the photographers also immortalized was very evident Presidential anger, and certainly the letter has had no effect on the Middle Eastern policy of the President, who has frequently referred to "the legitimate rights of the Palestinian people" in subsequent statements. The result of Carter's decision earlier this month to schedule his endorsement of Mrs. Abzug just at the moment of Koch's White House visit was that instead of the picture the optimistic Koch had presumably hoped for—four front-page columns wide, showing two statesmen getting their heads together on the legitimate rights of New Yorkers—the photograph taken of Koch and Carter on this occasion showed the Mayor as a mere adjunct to the political endorsement, with the President standing at Mrs. Abzug's left and Koch at her right. Any Carter feeling that New York City politics are too confusing for a busy man to try to understand was undoubtedly reinforced twelve days later, when, in a district where the registration is almost three-to-one Democratic, Mrs. Abzug lost to a Republican, former State Assemblyman S. William Green. On the same day, in the election to choose a successor to Democratic Representative Herman Badillo, who gave up his congressional seat to become Koch's deputy mayor for management, the winner was State Senator Robert Garcia, a Democrat, whose candidacy had been rejected by his party's county organization; in a South Bronx district where the Democratic advantage in registration is nearly fifteen to one, Garcia was elected on the Republican-Liberal ticket.

Carter's telescoping of the two February 2nd White House events may have reflected an eagerness to get all the day's New York commitments out of the way at once. He may have been unaware of the hearty dislike that flourished between the Mayor and Mrs. Abzug during the years they served together as members of the city's congressional delegation. (In 1976, when Mrs. Abzug was berating her New York congressional colleagues one by one for not having supported her strongly enough in her campaign against Moynihan for the Democratic senatorial nomination, and did not mention Koch, one local representative explained that "Bella doesn't yell at people she's not speaking to.") It would be far more ominous for the city, of course, and would reflect a serious Presidential mean-spiritedness if the

rather short shrift that Carter gave Koch this month and his apparently minimal interest in the city's critical problems should be the result of his association of New Yorkers with the militant Israelis and more intransigent pro-Israel groups in this country (with whom Koch, in his letter, seemed to ally himself) who Carter may believe are preventing progress toward the Middle Eastern peace that just three months ago one could hope for. The scheduled White House visitor the day after Koch's call there, a guest who was greeted with a great Presidential bear hug, was Egyptian President Anwar Sadat. "No other subject—domestic or foreign—has taken up as much of the President's time," Hamilton Jordan said recently of the Middle East situation. "Besides being important, the subject fascinates him."

By coincidence, just as in 1974, when Mayor Beame visited the White House, so when Koch met with President Carter this month contract negotiations were about to get under way with the Transport Workers Union, and there was concern that the resulting settlement might lead to a rise in the transit fare—currently fifty cents. The commitments that a New York mayor must ask of a President now, however, are far more fundamental than those involving ten or fifteen cents more in the fare box, and what Koch dwelt on was the need for long-term as well as short-term federal support. Carter did not engage in historical small talk, nor did he make any notes. At the end of the session, he released a prepared statement repeating his previous view that bankruptcy for New York was not "acceptable" and renewing his promise "to find a financial solution for the city." He said he would work hard to persuade Congress to enact a bill that "will end the financial uncertainty in New York" once he was satisfied that there had been "a maximum effort by all the local parties with an interest in the city's future—the state, the financial community, the city and state pension funds, the labor unions." These are the same forces whose maximum effort, according to the Senate Banking Committee, would result in the city's needing no federal help at all. And, unfortunately, even if Carter should eventually disagree with the senators about the city's prospects, his powers of persuasion have often been insufficient to carry the day for him in Congress even on issues about which he feels far more strongly than, from all the evidence, he feels about this one. Nevertheless, after Mayor Koch re-

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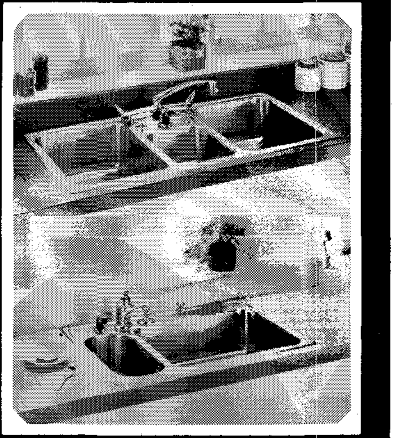

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turned to the city he declared that his visit to Washington had been "a superb day." What was important, he said, was that the President had "demonstrated his concern and his willingness to help."

NO one expects that the new mayor will display the unwavering resistance to bad news which was deplored in his predecessor during the critical local times that preceded the setting up of the Emergency Financial Control Board. Still, as Koch demonstrated his optimism at the Control Board meeting held the day after the release of the Proxmire committee report, a few of those present engaged in the kind of rolling of eyes ceilingward which hadn't been seen at such sessions since the early days of the board, when Beame was reminding the members of all that was right at City Hall. Koch declared that he was in no way discouraged, and assured his listeners that they simply did not understand the one step back, two steps forward legislative process. He added that he regarded Senator Proxmire as his friend. Among those on hand was the Lazard Frères partner Felix Rohatyn, who is chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation, the state agency set up in 1975 to sell bonds for the city after it was shut out of the securities market. Letting his eyes roll back to normal, Rohatyn, sounding more melancholy with each syllable, said that the only legislative process he saw, as far as the city was concerned, was one step back and two steps back. He pointed out that a letter sent to Carter in December by Proxmire and the Senate Banking Committee's ranking Republican member, Massachusetts Senator Edward Brooke—it was essentially a preview of the Banking Committee's report that nothing should be done for the city—had caused a fall in the value of MAC securities that had cost MAC bondholders four hundred million dollars. Every statement by Proxmire's committee, Rohatyn told the Control Board, was making it less possible for MAC to finance the city. "We can't afford many such friends," he concluded.

Sitting across the table from Rohatyn, Jack Bigel, the financial consultant to most of the municipal unions, said that, rather than rely on Washington "and a President who stands silently by," the city would be well advised to get itself declared a subjugated nation and deal with the United Nations Security Council. "As ebullient as the Mayor may be over this report, we will resist it in every way, and if that means fighting off the National Guard and the 82nd Airborne, so be it," Bigel said. Governor Carey said afterward that he took Bigel's comment to be "allegorical."

It had been suggested that the implacable tone of the Proxmire committee report might cause the Transport Workers Union representatives to soften some of their demands in the current contract negotiations, which are expected to set a pattern for all the other municipal-union contracts that run out in the next several months, but the word soon came that the T.W.U. was continuing to insist on at least a fifteen-per-cent raise over two years. Estimations of the possible cost of the combined settlements have gone as high as half a billion dollars. No money for wage increases was included in Koch's proposed financial plan for the fiscal year beginning July 1st, which already has a projected deficit of four hundred and fifty-seven million dollars. The additional expenses of clearing up this winter's heavy snowfalls were also not part of any City Hall financial plan. One reason that, despite the big snows, New York State has been denied the federal designation as a major disaster area that would have brought the state and its citizens special financial assistance from Washington was that other areas were worse off. And one reason that New York City has so far been denied any federal commitment for special help in dealing with its continuing fiscal disaster is that, although everyone agrees that it is far worse off than other places, to give it such special help would be to discriminate against cities that are in financial trouble but not so much trouble as New York. On the day after the Control Board meeting, there was more bad news about the city's chances of being rescued again by Congress. A study made for the United States Treasury Department indicated that a New York rescue bill in the House of Representatives, where the 1975 loan program won by a ten-vote margin, would now fail by 223 votes to 204.

It was doubtless just as well that the Mayor and the Governor took a relatively conciliatory position on the latest blow from Washington, since in the nation's capital New York's senior senator, Jacob Javits, was calling the Proxmire report "a prescription for disaster," and Moynihan was denouncing it as "hostile and adamant" and a signal that the senators on the Banking Committee had simply ignored the information they had been given. The

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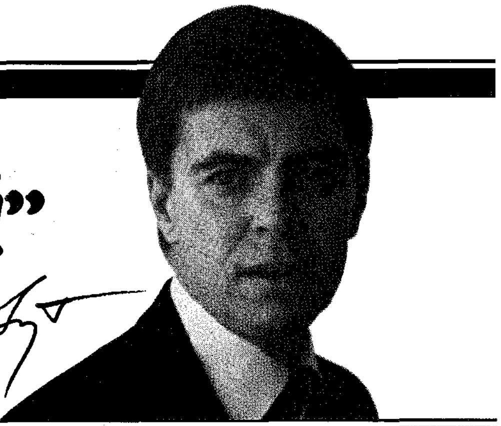

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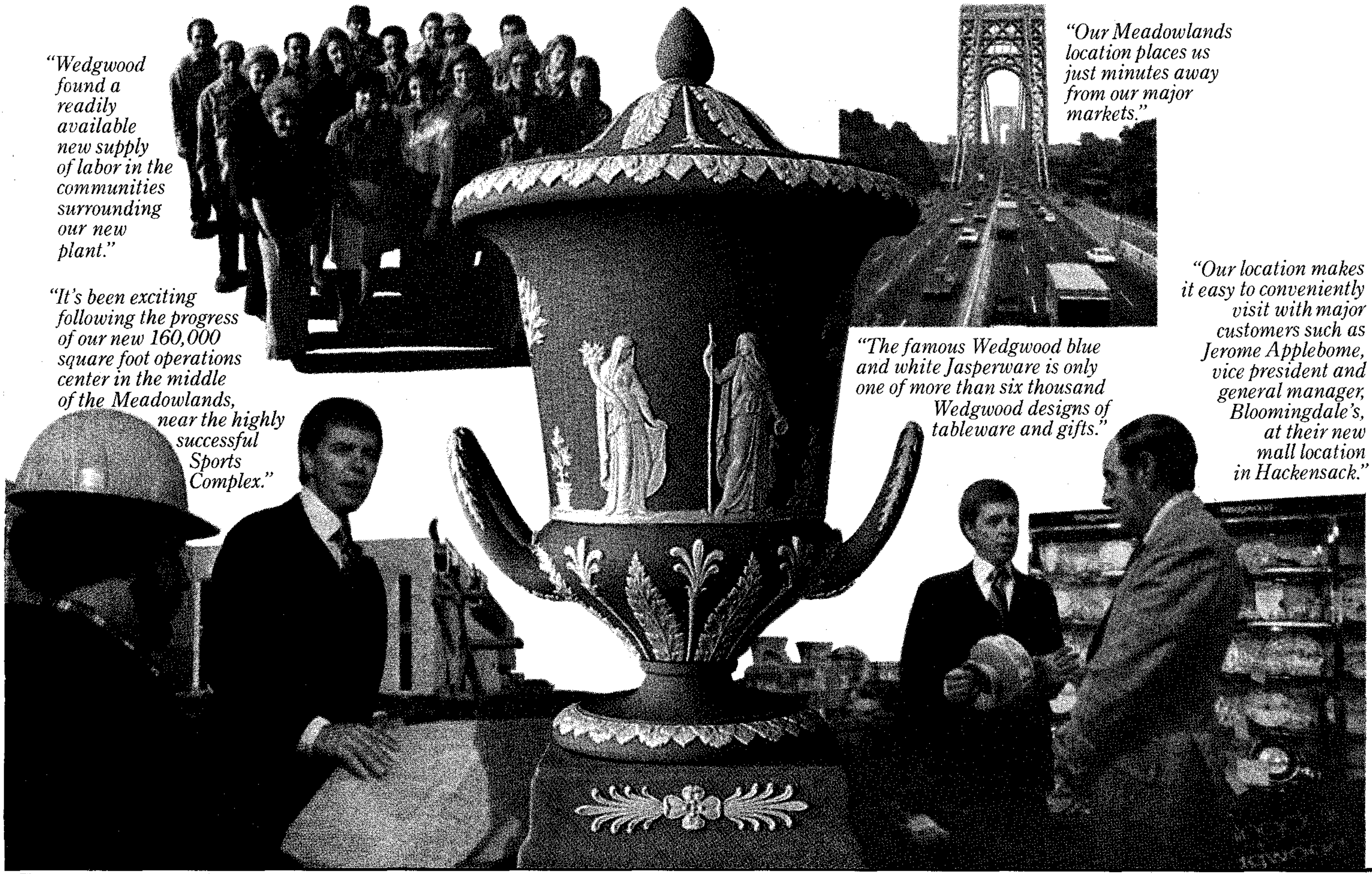

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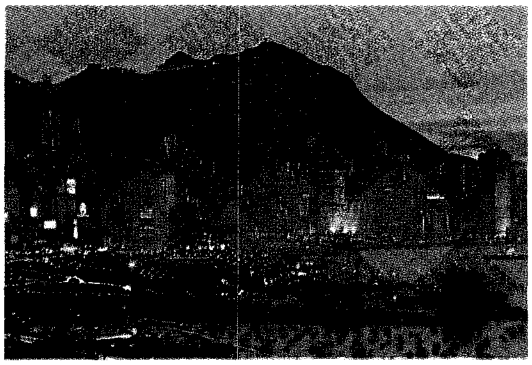

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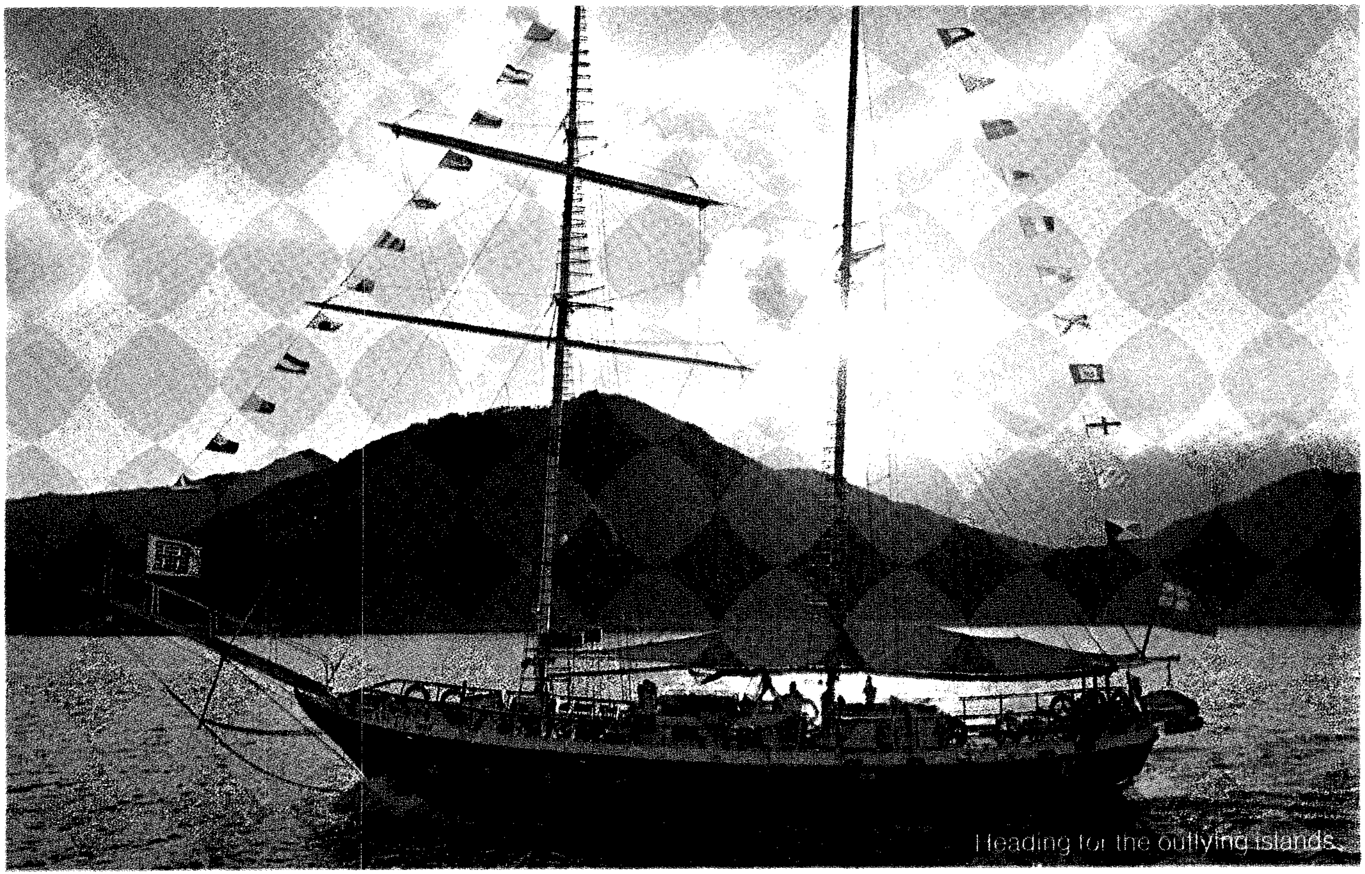

# HONGKONG

bankruptcy of the city, said Moynihan, would devastate the Northeast like "Sherman's march." It was not necessary to mention which state Sherman had laid waste. If Carter does not make an all-out effort to save New York from bankruptcy, Moynihan or someone else will surely try to rouse him to action by pointing to the ironic circumstance that in 1975 a Republican President, Gerald Ford, once he had concluded that rescuing the city was worthwhile after all, was able to twist the arms of twenty or so Republican House members whose votes would otherwise have gone the other way, and thus win the enactment of the seasonal-loan bill, whereas a Democratic President is apparently helpless to control a Congress whose membership is two-thirds Democratic.

THE brightest moment in Mayor Koch's trip to Washington this month, and the event that made the day, as he said, "superb," was in fact a meeting with a Republican, Senator Howard Baker. The Tennessee senator, whose interest in his party's Presidential nomination in 1980 is no secret, assured the Mayor that he was "sympathetic" to the city's problems and that "it's unthinkable to let New York go down the tube." If the impression that the good will of New York voters might be worth having should spread to a sizable number of the other Republican politicians who have also been thinking long thoughts of 1980, it could be a big boost for the city's cause. Of some interest to those considering such an alignment (although possibly fatal to the chances of a constitutional amendment requiring direct Presidential elections) would be the statistic now being widely circulated from the Presidential balloting in 1976. In that race, which, of course, turned out to be a close one, residents of this city, not counting any New Yorkers outside the five boroughs, delivered to Jimmy Carter more votes than he won in Alaska, Hawaii, Idaho, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Dakota, South Dakota, Utah, Vermont, and Wyoming—that is, in the eleven states combined.

—ANDY LOGAN

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The sharp, jagged rocks protruding from Lighthouse Point loom as a wave thrusts this surfer toward shore. At the last second, the youth deftly swerves away and a disaster is averted, alas.—*Photo caption in the Santa Cruz (Calif.) Sentinel.*

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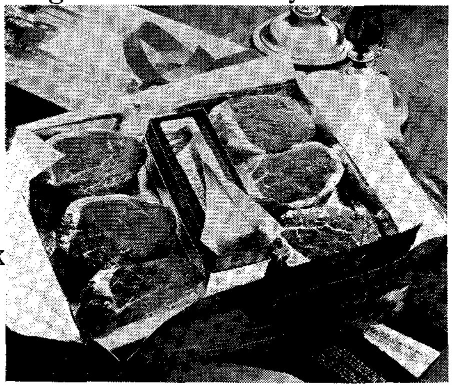


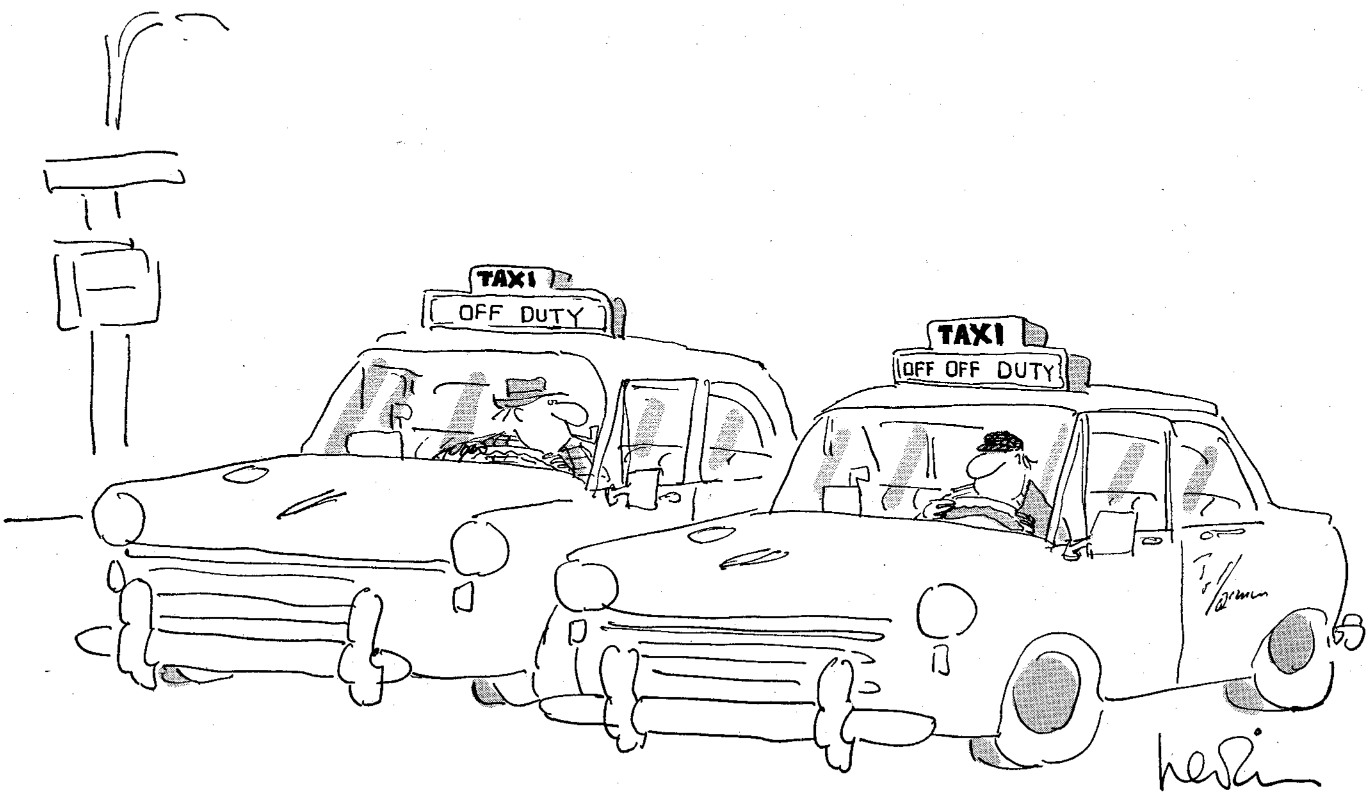
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Less than Regal*

I FORGET who said that the best French music was too good to be left to the mercy of French performers. Berlioz perhaps; or maybe Boulez during his years of self-willed exile from Parisian musical life. I echoed it while hearing "Les Troyens" cut to shreds at the Paris Opéra, and again the week before last, when members of La Grande Écurie et la Chambre du Roy visited the Hunter College Playhouse to play pieces by François Couperin, Rameau, and Joseph Bodin de Boismortier. Under that high-sounding title, Jean-Claude Malgoire, an oboist, has formed an ensemble that seeks to re-create the glories of the Grand Siècle. Louis XIV's musical establishment of some hundred and twenty musicians fell into three divisions: the Musique de la Chambre, the Musique de la Grand Écurie, and the Musique de la Chapelle Royale. The first comprehended the Vingt-Quatre Violons du Roi (who were not all violins; there were six first violins, six players on the bass line, and four each on the three inner parts) and also, from 1656, Lully's expert band of Petits Violons. When wind was needed, it was borrowed from the Écurie, which by the late seventeenth century had five sections: twelve trumpeters; eight players of fife and drum; twelve "players of violin, oboe, sackbut, and cornett;" a varying number of players on crumhorn and marine trumpet; and six players of oboe and musette. The third section was in effect the ten oboists and two bassoonists (masters of other instruments besides) of the Douze Grands Hautbois, who joined the strings of the Chambre to accompany opera performances. Ten oboes to six first violins—that gives some idea of Lullian and Ramellian wind/string balance. The sound of it can be heard, after a fashion, on the Columbia recording of Rameau's "Les Indes Galantes," which is accompanied by Malgoire's group. But its playing on that recording, and on the Columbia recording of Lully's "Alceste," might be enough to keep musical people away from an Écurie et Chambre concert. However, the words "members of" in the announcement of the concert at Hunter suggested that one might hear the pick of Malgoire's band—musicians who had mastered their instruments sufficiently to play the right notes and play them more or less in tune. What could fairly be expected from the billing? A wind-and-string ensemble twenty strong, adept on authentic instruments? In fact, the Écurie was represented by a single flute and a single oboe, and the Chambre by two violins, a cello, and a harpsichord; and to the out-of-tuneness familiar from the recordings was added wispiness of timbre.

The recital began with Couperin's two-violin sonata "L'Impériale" and some of its attendant set of dances. Flute and oboe joined in, and the second-violin part, when doubled on oboe by Malgoire himself, assumed solo status. Next, there was a suite of numbers culled from Rameau's "Hippolyte et Aricie," reduced to chamber music, and then true chamber music in the form of a Boismortier sonata. Finally, Boismortier's cantata "L'Hyver" was sung—and enacted—in an incisive and vivid manner by Sophie Boulin. No text sheet was provided, as it should have been, but Mlle. Boulin struck poses to signal the emotions of each passage. The four men of the ensemble wore puce smocks; the three women looked neat and attractive. "L'Hyver" apart, it was a dismal event. The players may well have found the transition from Versailles to the squalor of Hunter College difficult; they seemed disgruntled. The audience was disgruntled, because it had been kept waiting for twenty minutes or so in the cheerless, poky lobby of the playhouse. (Someone announced to the restive crowd that the Hunter stage staff had proved not merely unhelpful to the French visitors but positively obstructive.) Inside, the ventilation system added its own rumbling bourdon to the music. The program sheet did not tally with the program played—which would not have mattered if the works actually done had been identified in more than a graceless mumble. What mattered most was the wretched playing. This New York début of the twentieth-century Écurie et Chambre could well pass unreviewed had not the ensemble won a certain reputation (its numerous recordings have collected six prizes), and were not Rameau and his contemporaries still in need of skillful championship. Even in their own day, their merits were sometimes obscured by inferior execution: in 1762, the *Mercure de France* pointed out that "it is not to our national music but often to the way of playing it that one should attribute the ridicule which foreigners who know it badly or fellow-countrymen who decry it disingenuously wish to shower on it unreflectingly."

IF Rameau's shade must have scowled toward New York on the Saturday of this concert, it may have smiled the following Monday and Tuesday. On Monday last week, in Carnegie Recital Hall, Ann Monoyios closed the first half of her program with a pretty account of the early cantata "L'Impatience." On Tuesday, the Elizabethan Enterprise, which specializes in Tudor music, leaped the Channel, and a century and a half, by inviting a Boston ensemble, Musick for the Generall Peace, to play Rameau's "Pièces de Clavecin en Concerts," in St. Stephen's Church on West Sixty-ninth Street. Miss Monoyios's recital began with three Monteverdi songs. It included a song by Frescobaldi, three arias from Bach cantatas, "Bist du bei mir" (of disputed authorship), Purcell's "The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation" (should this be called a cantata?) and his "Music for a while," a Carissimi cantata, and, finally, Clérambault's cantata "La Musette." In no dryly didactic way—not chronologically but in groups cleverly planned to provide contrasts of emotion and of scale—the program illustrated the development of, on the one hand, the solo lyric scena from early-seventeenth-century *monodia* to *cantate françoise* and, on the other, of sacred song from Monteverdi's "Exulta filia Sion" (which is kin in spirit to the familiar English setting of the text, Handel's "Rejoice greatly") to Bach. The singer was accompanied by harpsichord (James Richman) and gamba (Wendy Gillespie), joined from time to time by flute (Sandra Miller) or oboe (Stephen Hammer); the instruments were baroque—and they were played in tune. Miss Monoyios has a clear, true, and fluent soprano. She is a gentle performer, not vivid in the way Mlle. Boulin was, but not dull, for there was grace in her phrasing and liveliness in her rhythms. I think she could with advantage risk a slightly sharper characterization of some of the various personages—Rameau's and Clérambault's lovelorn shepherds, Purcell's distraught mother, Bach's burdened Soul. To Frescobaldi's defiant swain, an ancestor of the scorned and scornful lovers in



Wolf's "Italian Songbook," she did give the right touch of temper. Her voice had sounded fuller when I heard it in the resonant acoustics of Corpus Christi Church; it had rung out more generously. I think she stood too near the edge of the Carnegie Recital Hall platform to set the place sounding, and wonder whether the large curtains swathing either side of that platform absorbed some of the tone.

Rameau's "L'Impatience" is a tenor cantata; when it is sung by a soprano, an octave up, the pretty crisscrossings of voice and gamba are lost. Clérambault's "La Musette" is a gem. There are several of his organ pieces in the current record catalogues but none of his cantatas, which are described by David Tunley, who wrote an important article about them, as a "repository of neglected masterpieces." "La Musette" certainly suggested that we should hear more of them. A booklet of texts and translations was provided gratis—and then all the lights in the hall were turned out, so it could not be consulted. Why? Miss Monoyios will not claim that all New Yorkers understand sung Latin, Italian, German, and French with ease, and she is too intelligent an artist not to realize that the effect of her performance is halved if listeners do not know what she is singing about. Someone must have thought the words important, or else they would not have been printed; someone must have thought that words don't matter, or else the lights would not have been turned off. Or did no one think about the lighting at all? It fell upon Miss Monoyios so awkwardly that even when I moved to the front row (where there was just enough light to follow the Clérambault text; I had not been able to memorize it in the intermission) I could not discern the color of her eyes. And everyone knows that comprehensible words and expression in the eyes are among a singer's chief means of communication.

St. Stephen's, a low-ceilinged, friendly church that feels more like a meeting place than a temple, makes a good home for early music and is quite often used for it. The lights were left on during the Rameau, and that was good: it increased the audience's sense of being in one chamber with the performers, and the program—which listed the sixteen titles of the pieces and sought to identify the "persons of taste and skill" who, in the words of the composer's preface, "have done me the honor of giving their names to some of them"—could be used. The five "concerts," which are written for harpsichord "with a violin or flute, and a viol or second violin," can be viewed as a small gallery of friends pictured within, as pure music, and as an exquisite, shapely, and satisfying pattern book of affecting and picturesque devices employed by Rameau in his great operas. The composer declared, not quite truly, that "these pieces lose nothing by being played on the harpsichord alone;" he arranged five of them for harpsichord solo, but not without changes. Robert Hill, the harpsichordist of the Generall Peace, played some episodes of "La Timide" in the harpsichord-solo version, which was interesting to hear beside the trio version, and he boldly introduced the most contrapuntal piece of all, "La Forqueray," as a solo. It made sense that way—and still more sense when, at the repeat, the two other voices were added. To provide variety of timbre, and to demonstrate one of the alternatives allowed on Rameau's title page, David Hart, the flutist of the Elizabethan Enterprise, alternated with and sometimes joined Jean Lamon, the violinist of the Generall Peace. Sometimes the flute is the apter instrument; more often, the violin.

The balance was not quite right. Sarah Cunningham, playing a viola da gamba made in 1741, the year in which the "Pièces" were published, was too reticent. The string players, Rameau said, should distinguish between what is mere accompaniment to the harpsichord and what is thematic, but even when Miss Cunningham had the tune it could hardly be heard. Mr. Hill is a player with very even, fleet, and exact fingers, but one wanted a little more fancy, fire, and fun in the execution. Miss Lamon was the one who suggested that while music-making is, of course, a serious business, it often needs a sense of humor as well. Yet on the whole Rameau was well served—played on the right instruments, in a suitable space, by a group of unpretentious but devoted and accomplished young musicians.

—ANDREW PORTER

## CONCERT RECORDS

### *Americana*

WHEN Antonín Dvořák came to New York in 1892 to teach for three years and suggested that Americans should create their own distinctive musical style, the "serious" American composer was afflicted with an identity crisis. For a time, around the turn of the century, he latched on to the American Indian and wrote "Indian" music, most of which sounded like Grieg. He also latched on to another unquestionably American musical tradition, that of the American black. Charles Ives incorporated ragtime in a few pieces of his as early as 1894, and in 1921, the Chicagoan John Alden Carpenter introduced jazz into his ballet "Krazy Kat." (The widely held notion that Darius Milhaud was the first symphonic composer to use jazz—which he did in "La Création du Monde," written in 1923—is mistaken.) Aaron Copland used jazz in his "Music for the Theatre," in 1925. The major exponent of the movement was, of course, George Gershwin.

Before Dvořák's era, there was no crisis. In Colonial times, such composers as William Billings wrote music that, not surprisingly, sounded very much like English music. During most of the nineteenth century, American symphonic music sounded like German music, at least in part because it was written by composers who had studied in Germany. The Boston school, which was then dominant, produced a great deal of worthy symphonic music by such figures as Edward MacDowell, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, and Arthur Foote. A transitional figure, Charles Tomlinson Griffes (1884-1920), wrote some of the most beautiful music ever created by an American. His style was at first German; he actually wrote lieder to German texts. Later, it became French—or, at least, impressionistic—and he also wrote songs with English texts.

The Indianists are now practically forgotten, though a work by one of them, Charles Wakefield Cadman's "The Land of the Sky-Blue Water," was for a time one of the most popular songs in America. The Jazzists soon gave up. Somehow, the genuine

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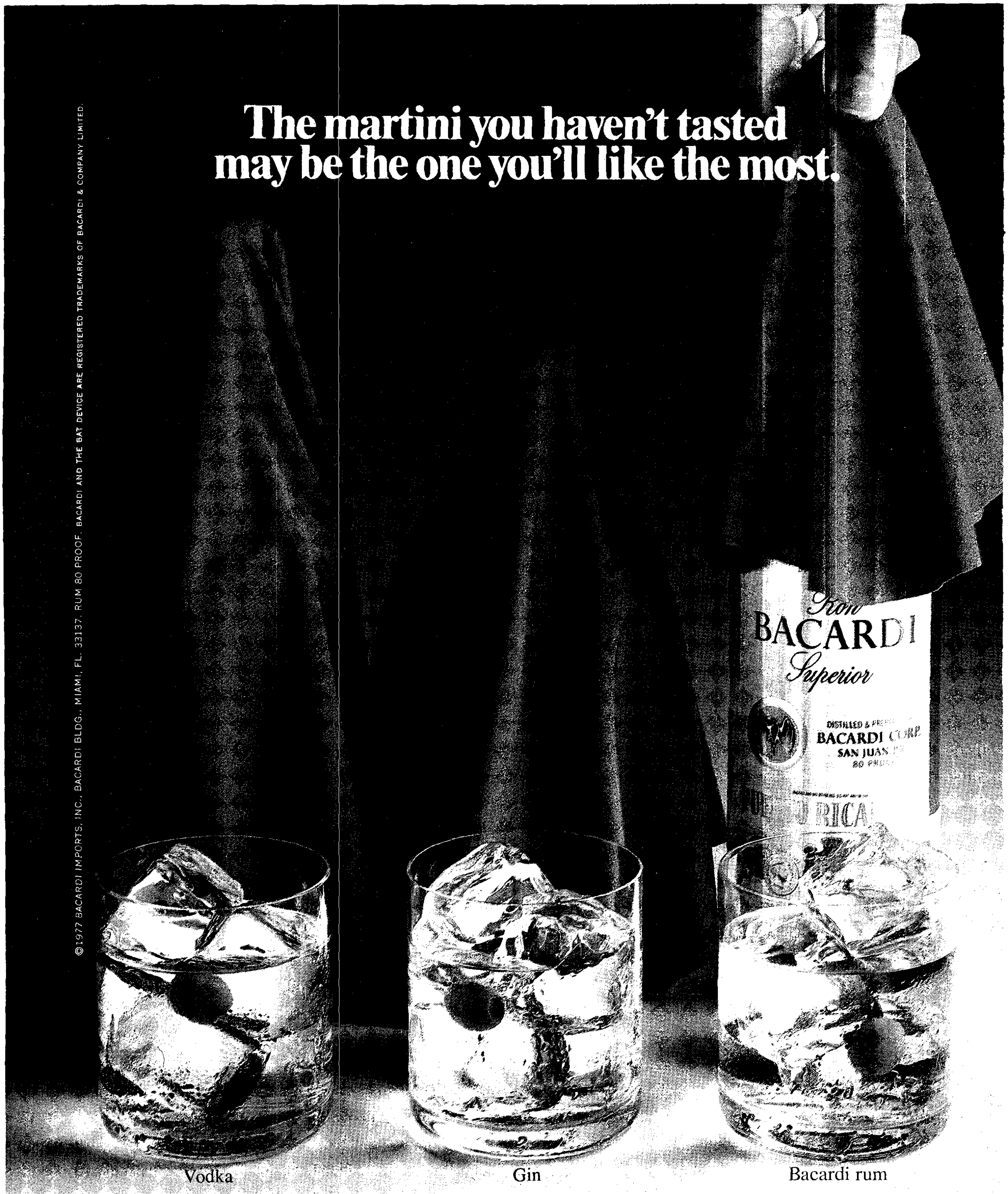

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music of the American black was more interesting than any amalgamation of it with Grieg or Liszt.

Then came the First World War and, with it, a distaste for everything German. The French composers strove earnestly to create a completely non-German music, and they succeeded, after a fashion. American composers went to Paris to study, and in Paris Stravinsky became the dominant influence. Another group followed the atonal twelve-tone system invented by Arnold Schoenberg, of Vienna. But neither influence caught on solidly with the American public, though Aaron Copland, a highly imaginative composer of the French Stravinsky school, did manage to create works that achieved some popularity. Meanwhile, Samuel Barber and Gian Carlo Menotti went back to the source, in Vienna, and again adopted the German style, or the Italian tradition that it had grown out of. Both were highly successful, as American composers went.

Today, the American composer has advanced beyond both Stravinsky and the twelve-tone system and is occupied with "the music of design"—something based on an analogy with painting. He is even further from wide public acceptance than the twelve-tonists were.

THESE are broad generalizations, and, of course, there have been many exceptions to them. But that the general pattern is valid is suggested by a couple of ambitious historical surveys of American music which have recently appeared on records. The more important of these by far is the series undertaken by New World Records (3 East 54th Street, New York 10022) called "A Recorded Anthology of American Music." Some of these records are reprints of items already in the Schwann catalogue, but a great many of them are newly recorded. All those discussed here are single-disc albums.

The Boston school is represented in this anthology by two sonatas for piano and violin—one by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach (1867-1944), the other by Arthur Foote (1853-1937). They are performed by Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Gilbert Kalish, piano, and they are sturdy, worthwhile items (NW 268). The Indianists are represented, on another record, by Arthur Farwell, Preston Ware Orem, and Charles Wakefield Cadman, whose "The Land of the Sky-Blue Water" is included (NW 213). Farwell's "Navajo War Dance," "Pawnee Horses," "Inketunga's Thunder Song,"

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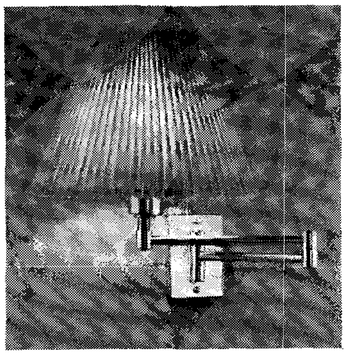

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"Song of the Deathless Voice," and "The Old Man's Love Song" are interesting mainly as historical curiosities, as is Orem's "American Indian Rhapsody." On the whole, I prefer Cadman's simple "Four American Indian Songs," Opus 45. The performers here are the New World Chorus, with William Parker, baritone, and Peter Basquin and William Huckaby, pianists.

"The Wind Demon," by C. Jerome Hopkins, is among the mid-nineteenth-century piano works on the record numbered NW 257. The other composers represented are George William Warren, George F. Bristow, Charles Grobe, William Mason, Richard Hoffman, Anthony Philip Heinrich, Louis Moreau Gottschalk, William Henry Fry, and Homer N. Bartlett; the pianist is Ivan Davis. Some of these pieces are charming, some rather innocent, and all are semipopular.

NW 243 contains songs by Samuel Barber, Paul Bowles, Aaron Copland, Theodore Chanler, Israel Citkowitz, John Duke, Robert Helps, and Roger Sessions. The performers are Donald Gramm, accompanied on the piano by Donald Hassard, and Bethany Beardslee, accompanied by Mr. Helps. Some of the items here are at least amusing, and the songs by Barber, Chanler, and Duke are outstanding.

One disc (NW 273) is devoted entirely to the music of Charles Griffes. It contains some of the early German lieder, "The Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan," settings for three poems by Fiona MacLeod, and various tone pictures and impressions. Here the performers are the Boston Symphony and the New World Chamber Ensemble, under Seiji Ozawa, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Olivia Stapp, mezzo-soprano; and Sherrill Milnes, baritone. Diane Richardson and Jon Spong are the pianists. Unfortunately, the English pronunciation of the female singers is almost unintelligible, but otherwise the performances are superb.

The Northwestern University Symphonic Wind Ensemble, John P. Paynter conducting, along with Frederick L. Hemke, saxophone, presents a program of twentieth-century music on NW 211. It consists of works by Vincent Persichetti, Hale Smith, Henry Brant, Ross Lee Finney, and Robert Russell Bennett. Most of these items are pleasant enough, and the performances are excellent.

Dudley Buck's Grand Sonata in E Flat Major, Opus 22; W. Eugene Thayer's "Variations on the Russian National Hymn;" John Knowles Paine's Fantasia on "Ein Feste Burg," Opus 13; and George E. Whiting's Postlude, Opus 53, are skillfully played by Richard Morris, organist, on NW 280. All these are organ works of the nineteenth century, and all are German-influenced; the contrapuntal writing is remarkable.

The other, less ambitious survey of American music is the "Nonesuch Treasury of Americana" (Nonesuch H7-14; four sides). It includes music by William Billings, Stephen Foster, Scott Joplin, Charles Ives, George Gershwin, and Henry Clay Work, along with an assortment of Yankee organ music, nineteenth-century ballroom music, songs of the vaudeville stage, turn-of-the-century popular songs, odd items for cornet and trombone, and so on. Once you get beyond Billings, most of the stuff is pure pop, and the American popular composer has never undergone any identity crisis whatever. The performers are the Western Wind ensemble; Richard Ellsasser, organ; Clifford Jackson, baritone; William Bolcom, Gilbert Kalish, Kenneth Cooper, and Joshua Rifkin, pianists; Joan Morris and Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-sopranos; Leslie Guinn, baritone; the Camerata Chorus of Washington; the Smithsonian Orchestra and Quadrille Band; Robert Sheldon, flute and keyed bugle; Gerard Schwarz, cornet; and Ronald Barron, trombone.

THERE seems to be a glut of duplications among recent classical recordings—in some cases, of embarrassing proportions. (Of course, the amount of music by contemporary composers that is worth recording is very small, and the bulk of recorded music is still that of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, so the repeats will continue for the foreseeable future.) For example, there are seventeen "Messiah"s in the Schwann catalogue, and now there is a new one, by the Chorus and Orchestra of the Handel and Haydn Society, Thomas Dunn conducting, with Diana Hoagland, Barbara Wallace, Pamela Gore, George Livings, and David Evitts as soloists (Sine Qua Non SA 2015; six sides). It is respectable but scarcely more than that. There are eleven albums containing the four symphonies of Brahms in the catalogue, and Angel has just issued another one, by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, under Eugen Jochum (SDC-3845; eight sides). Jochum's performances here are conventional, though more deliberate than some others. There are no fewer than seventeen albums containing the complete symphonies of Beethoven, and Herbert von Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic have just added an eighteenth (Deutsche Grammophon 2740 172; sixteen sides). It is done smoothly and with a reasonable amount of dramatic intensity, in the Karajan manner. Finally, there are twenty-five versions of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos now available. The latest is by Gustav Leonhardt, conducting players of various early-eighteenth-century instruments (ABC Records AB-67020/2; four sides). There is some excuse for redundancy here. The instruments of Bach's period make the recording interesting, and included in the album is a complete score in Bach's own handwriting, beautifully reproduced. Still, I would suggest a moratorium on Brandenburg Concerto recordings—for the time being, at least. If the recording companies feel that they are running out of masterpieces to record, I have a couple of suggestions. They might have a look at the complete chamber music of Ernst von Dohnanyi—an important and neglected composer—or the operas of Verdi's great Neapolitan rival Giuseppe Mercadante.

SPEAKING of Verdi, "Simon Boccanegra," from his middle period, has had a superb recording by the Chorus and Orchestra of La Scala, Claudio Abbado conducting, with Piero Cappuccilli, Nicolai Ghiaurov, José van Dam, Mirella Freni, José Carreras, Paolo Albani, Giovanni Foiani, and others (Deutsche Grammophon 2709 071; six sides). Though "Simon" has never been one of the most popular of Verdi's operas—it suffers from a dim plot, few memorable arias, and a disproportionate number of male voices—it nevertheless has some fine, robust melodies. Cappuccilli and Ghiaurov are magnificent, and Abbado holds the whole thing together with admirable control and intensity. Leontyne Price, Janet Baker, Veriano Luchetti, and José van Dam have collaborated with the Chicago Symphony Chorus and Orchestra, under Georg Solti, on a new version of Verdi's Requiem (RCA ARL2-2476; four sides). Though Solti, in his enthusiasm, has the orchestra drown out the singers in a couple of places, the performance as a whole is dramatic and beautifully constructed.

Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" has received an excellent new recording by the New Philharmonia Orchestra and the Ambrosian Opera

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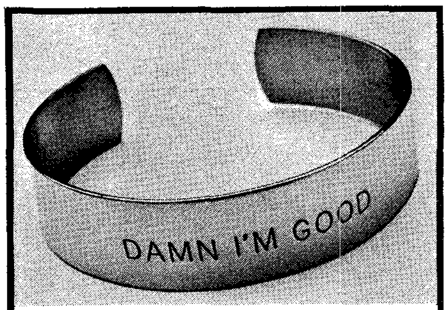

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Offenbach's "La Périchole," certainly one of his finest operettas, has been recorded by the Strasbourg Philharmonic Orchestra and the Chorus of the Opéra du Rhin, under Alain Lombard, with a cast that includes Régine Crespin, Alain Vanzo, Jules Bastin, Gérard Friedmann, and Jacques Trigeau (RCA FRL2-5994; four sides). This is the only available recording. It is sung in French, of course, with some minimal French narration by Alain Decaux. The cast is ideal, and the performance is of the highest quality.

Seraphim has reissued recordings of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Pirates of Penzance" and "The Gondoliers," both involving the Glyndebourne Festival Chorus and the Pro Arte Orchestra, under Sir Malcolm Sargent, with Elsie Morison, Marjorie Thomas, Monica Sinclair, Richard Lewis, John Cameron, James Milligan, and Owen Brannigan (SIB-6102 and 6103; four sides each). These albums are totally delightful.

Among more serious items, there is a new Mendelssohn "St. Paul" Oratorio, with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Helen Donath, Hanna Schwarz, Werner Hollweg, the Chorus of the Düsseldorf Musikverein, and the Düsseldorf Symphony Orchestra, Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducting (Angel SC-3842; six sides). "St. Paul" has a special relationship with Düsseldorf, since it had its première there. Mendelssohn wrote this Oratorio during his twenties, but it is a completely mature work. This is, at present, the only available recording of it, and it is in every way an excellent one.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

The President's National Security Adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, who did not like the way the world was running when he went to the White House, the other day rang up Henry Kissinger, one of the fellows who had put the world in the shape it was. Zbig asked Henry out to lunch at the Sans Souci, an eloquent eatery until now shunned by the Carter people.—*Hugh Sidey in Time.*

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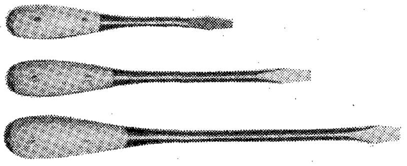

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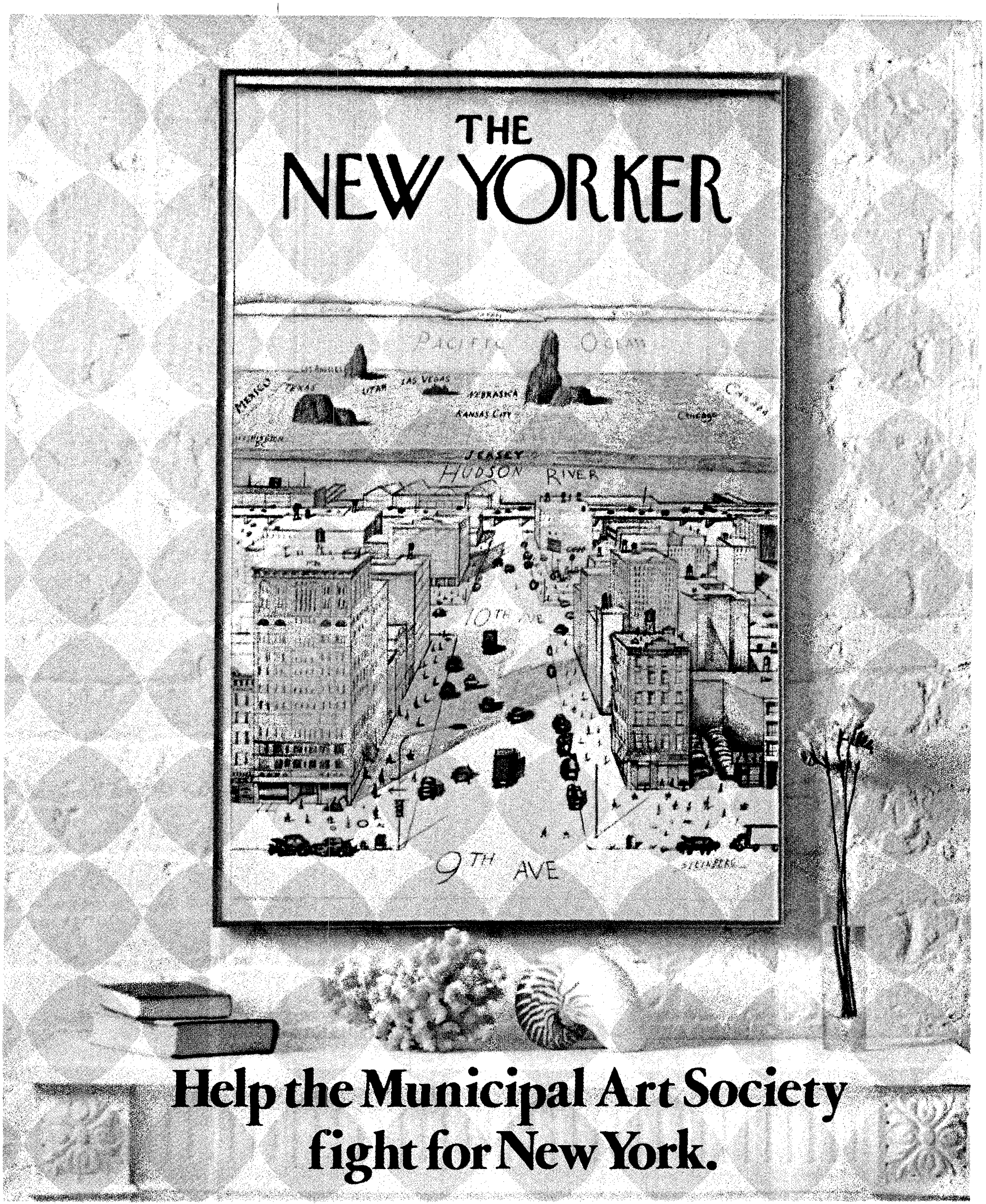
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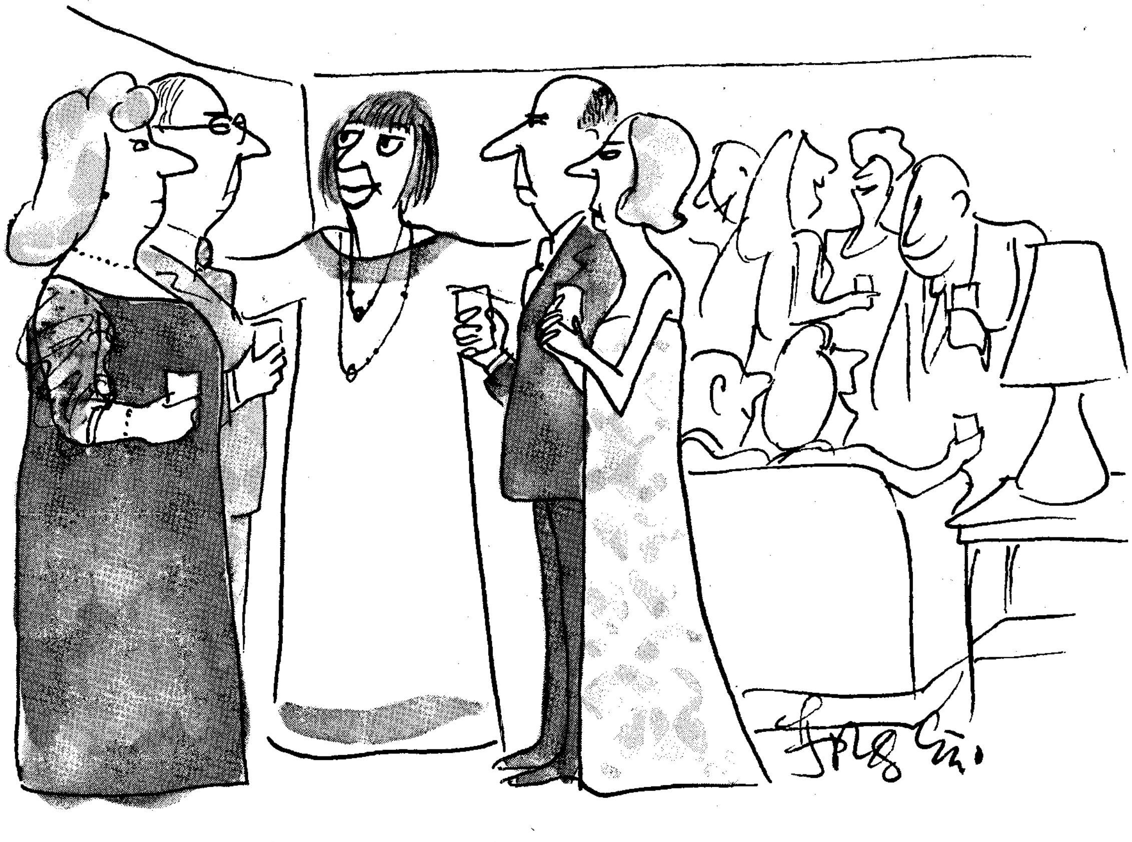
# BOOKS

## Fathers and Sons

DANIEL YERGIN's intelligent, lively, argumentative history "Shattered Peace: The Origins of the Cold War and the National Security State" (Houghton Mifflin) portrays the men who affected American policy toward the Soviet Union until 1950 as earnest, fallible human beings attempting not to repeat the mistakes of the past—the policies they identified as the errors of their elders. Mr. Yergin, a research fellow at Harvard's Center for International Affairs, is much younger than his subjects, and he admits that, partly because his book "was researched and executed during the latter years of the Vietnam war and the period of what might be called tentative détente," he cannot help looking to the past for the errors of *his* elders. It is characteristic of the twentieth century that no generation has been satisfied with the work of its fathers. In contrast to nineteenth-century historians, who commonly wrote celebrations of their teams—nations, parties, or causes—our historians commonly conduct inquests over the bodies of dead hopes, sometimes without asking whether those hopes were justified. Mr. Yergin shares the contemporary critical spirit. He assumes that the Cold War was a misfortune, but his approach is humane and sensible. He does not carp or whine. He has grasped those difficult elements the passage of time and the nature of individual human beings—the way men live in and are formed by their eras—and expresses them with great sensitivity. He believes that the Second World War persuaded most Americans that the mistake we made after the First World War was not joining the League of Nations and that the mistake made by Great Britain and France, which did, was not taking a firm stand sooner against expansionist dictators. These feelings of guilt and attributions of error were condensed in the code words "isolationism" and "appeasement," or "Munich." For another generation, I imagine, "Vietnam" will succeed them; and while Mr. Yergin is disinclined to say that our fear of another Munich was the sole cause of Vietnam, he argues that after Franklin Roosevelt died our policymakers identified negotiation with appeasement and thereby embroiled us in a worldwide confrontation with the Soviet Union.

Mr. Yergin has invented a pair of code words to describe antithetical American approaches to the Soviet Union: the "Riga" axiom and the "Yalta" axiom. Before the United States formally recognized the Soviet Union, in 1933, Riga, then the capital of an independent Latvia, was the State Department's Russia-watching station and the training school for its experts on Russia, who concluded that the Bolshevik state was a monstrous polity that could not be dealt with by normal diplomacy. After we opened an embassy in Moscow and attempted normal diplomacy, the experts found little to change their minds. Nonetheless, there existed a second American axiom, which actually preceded the meeting of Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin at Yalta, and upon which, Mr. Yergin thinks, Roosevelt himself acted: no matter how abominable Bolshevism was, the Bolshevik leaders were rational enough to respond to great-power negotiation, and we should negotiate, because Russia was a great power. Mr. Yergin believes, furthermore, that although the American public had abandoned isolationism for a Wilsonian vision of international politics—a parliament of man instead of the balance of power and spheres of influence—Roosevelt had ceased to be a Wilsonian. He thinks that Roosevelt had a "domestic foreign policy" and a "foreign foreign policy," based upon a four-power peacekeeping consortium (China, Great Britain, Russia, and the United States). Mr. Yergin's reading of Roosevelt's plans seems to me presumptuous. Roosevelt did not think like most of us. Many memoirs and biographies attest to his characteristic refusal to accept alternatives as other men saw them or presented them to him. I doubt whether Roosevelt had decided to be a modern Metternich instead of a second Wilson, and suspect that in foreign policy, as in domestic policy during the Depression, he hoped to cobble something out of what other men perceived as antithetical positions. Roosevelt's refusal to accept either-or exasperated many of the intellectuals he attracted; the literature of the New Deal is a monument to their bewilderment, and sometimes their disillusion. In Mr. Yergin's book, the men of



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Riga (the villains, insofar as there are villains) are intellectuals, who stressed the importance of ideas and sought rational clarification and coherence, and the men of Yalta (the heroes, insofar as there are heroes) are politicians and practical wheeler-dealers, whose impulse was to bargain and work something out without worrying about Marx or Boris Godunov.

Personality is very much a part of Mr. Yergin's story—a reason that his book is fascinating. He is at his most convincing in portraying the relationships among the people in our government. They are recognizably an American political generation, and to an American reader they have a family look. He points out that, unlike F.D.R., Harry Truman sought clear alternatives, crisp formulations, and unambiguous statements. Truman had not been kept up to date on foreign policy, and when he became President he tried to work for a Wilsonian world, because he thought that that was what Roosevelt had been doing. The Yalta agreements could be interpreted variously, and the Russians certainly violated any Wilsonian interpretation, so—at first slowly and then more quickly, amid considerable struggle within men and among men in this government—Yalta gave way to Riga. Mr. Yergin insists, however, that the Russians had reason to feel that *we* were violating the Yalta agreements. He devotes considerable attention to war reparations, because he believes they were extremely important in the Russians' assessments of our intentions. On this matter, the Russians and the Anglo-Americans had different pasts: the Russians had not been influenced by Keynes' "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," which taught the Anglo-American diplomats of 1945 that the diplomats of 1919 had been mistaken in exacting war reparations from Germany. Another reason we scaled down the reparations guidelines, Mr. Yergin says, is that we overestimated the damage our air assault had done to Germany's industrial capacity. The historian Herbert Feis has suggested a third reason: Westerners, forbidden to travel freely in Russia and Eastern Europe, had no idea that the Germans' victims there were much worse off than the Germans whose misery Westerners observed.

Mr. Yergin says that without access to Soviet diplomatic archives nobody in the West can know Soviet intentions, past or present. Yet because he is trying to write according to the Yalta axiom he tends to put a better face

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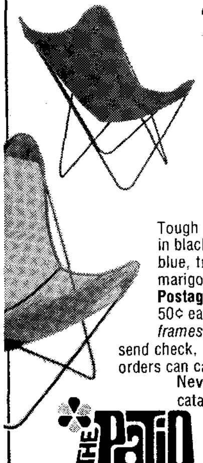

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on Soviet actions and arguments than the facts that we do have seem to warrant. He is frank about Soviet repression in Eastern Europe, but I was disturbed by an omission in his discussion of the Ethridge Report, which was the work of a two-man fact-finding commission that Secretary of State James F. Byrnes sent to Bulgaria and Rumania, and on to Moscow, in 1945 to discover what the Russian occupation was like in the two smaller countries. Mr. Yergin does not mention one fact that they found: the Communists had staffed the Rumanian government with Fascists and members of the Iron Guard. This action must have been extremely shocking at that time, when the American occupation guidelines in Germany were de-Nazification and non-fraternization, even with non-Nazi Germans. Secretary Byrnes himself mentions the fact in his memoirs, although—since he was trying to make the Yalta axiom work at foreign ministers' conferences—he did not release the report. There were better reasons than Mr. Yergin allows for Riga's feeling that the Soviet Union was something worse than "a traditional Great Power." In his Resistance memoirs, "Wartime," Milovan Djilas, a former vice-president of Yugoslavia, recalls Stalin's telling a Yugoslav delegation to Moscow in April, 1945, "The war shall soon be over. We shall recover in fifteen or twenty years, and then we'll have another go at it." A historian today really has no better way of knowing what Stalin's intentions were than our policymakers had in 1945.

Both Riga and Yalta seem to me to have been partly right. Riga was right in regarding the Soviet Union as qualitatively different from other governments: it is a totalitarian state. The argument has been made, especially since Vietnam, that "totalitarian" is no more than a Cold War pejorative, but this does not persuade me, because every totalitarian state, past or present, Fascist or Communist, has displayed a symptom unique in human history and, for that matter, prehistory: its tireless effort to turn all its art into junk. Man is by nature an art-maker. We have never found a culture, however limited materially, without art; making art is apparently something men do, as spiders spin webs. In the absence of cave walls, people paint animal hides or their own bodies, and, as Mr. Darcy told Sir William Lucas, "every savage can dance." Some writers attribute the totalitarian ruination of art to the second-rate quality of party bureaucracies in one-party states;

PORTRAITS OF THE ARTISTS

Bette Howland is a long way from her Chicago birthplace but she still remembers life in the Windy City—her family, her friends, the problems that are unique to Chicago and those that are universal—and she brilliantly evokes that life in her new book, *Blue in Chicago*. One of the most notable residents of that town, Saul Bellow, says, "Bette Howland writes of Chicago as only a Chicagoan—one who has paid the price—can write. Her book is passionate but objective—objective, but eloquent." Powerful words for a powerful book.

National Book Award winner William Stafford's eloquence as a poet is uniquely American. It is rooted in the Kansas and Iowa of his youth, the Pacific Northwest of his teaching years, and in the moods and moments of the entire country, which he saw in his nationwide poetry readings and travel. *Stories that Could be True* contains an entirely new collection of poems as well as the complete contents of his five previous volumes. For readers, this book is a celebration.

Anita Desai's writings have appeared in all parts of the world, but they all deal with her very special corner of it—India. For this her American debut, readers should know that she has been compared to E.M. Forster and D.H. Lawrence. Her newest novel takes us to the Simla hills, where a woman, remote and distant in her self-imposed solitude is touched by life in spite of herself. Paul Scott has called *Fire on the Mountain* "among the most distinguished novels I have read this year."

Drawings by David Schorr

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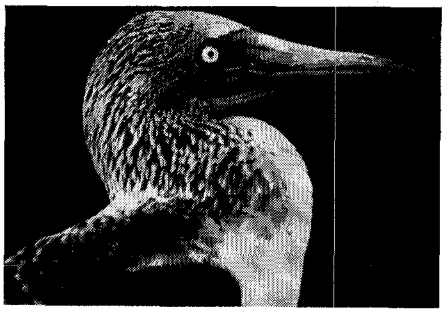

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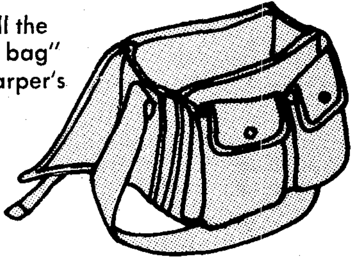

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others adduce the distinction between old-fashioned tyrannies, in which men may choose to be apolitical, and totalitarian states, in which everyone is compelled to agree with the leaders in the leaders' own words. My hunch is that totalitarianism embodies a hatred of the human race as it is—a will to improve humanity by destroying some part of it—akin to but more ferocious than some past religious movements.

The failure of Riga is that its policies were founded upon fear, and the correctness of Yalta is that its policies were founded upon self-confidence—upon the assumption that Americans could cope without getting into a tizzy. To a depressing extent, Mr. Yergin's work shows Riga men panicking themselves and then panicking the country. He points out that in 1948, when the Russians blockaded the land approaches to Berlin and the Americans supplied the city by air, our military men believed we could not fight a hot war, because they thought the Russians were stronger than we were. Mr. Yergin thinks that they were weaker, and that we could have beaten them in a conventional, non-nuclear war. One cannot help recognizing that the Cold War benefitted the Russians enormously: the West had persuaded itself to believe their bluff. Another difficulty with Riga is that while it was attempting to understand the nature of the Soviet Union it did not pay enough attention to the nature of the United States. Mr. Yergin cites a State Department poll of February, 1947, which found that sixty per cent of the American public was "generally critical" of the Soviet Union and only twenty per cent was "conciliatory" but that more than seventy per cent rejected a "get tough with Russia" policy. The adjectives he applies to these findings are "confused and inchoate." I am not sure whether he is expressing his own opinion or that of the State Department, but, in either case, these findings seem straightforward to me. Mr. Yergin's book is an account of a lack of political skill in the government of the United States—the inability to translate a clear and sensible public will into public policy. The American people did not like or trust the Soviet Union, so a policy of negotiation that demanded affection or sympathy for the Soviet Union was domestically impossible. On the other hand, the public did not want another war. The American people were asking for the kind of cobbling at which Roosevelt had been masterly. They wanted a foreign policy that was not too big and not too little, not too hard and not too soft, not too hot and not too cold—what Goldilocks helped herself to at the Three Bears'. And that ought not to have been difficult to provide, for, after all, it is a traditional foreign policy: one without too much zeal.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

LIFE LINE, by Michael Breslow (Viking; $8.95). A disillusioned cancer researcher who is equally troubled by the horrors of daily life among the dying cancer victims he works with and by the callousness and ambition of his medical colleagues is the subject of this interesting first novel. Mr. Breslow, a former medical student, writes with grace and a fine, constrained anger, and though his book suffers from many of the flaws common to first novels (a not too believable love affair, awkward transitions, and a thin story line), it is always good on the subjects of illness and scientific thought, and is definitely the work of someone with talent.

TOPOLOGY OF A PHANTOM CITY, by Alain Robbe-Grillet, translated from the French by J. A. Underwood (Grove; $8.95). Intrepid admirers of M. Robbe-Grillet or of the "new" novel, or of both, might conceivably read this novel (his seventh) with interest, but most readers will undoubtedly find its strained affectlessness crushingly soporific. Consider, for example, how M. Robbe-Grillet sets the stage for his imaginary city: "The first thing that is striking is the height of the walls: so high, so disproportionate to the size of the figures it does not even occur to you to wonder whether or not there is a ceiling; yes: the extreme height of the walls and their bareness; the three that are visible, constituting the back and two sides of the rectangular, possibly square (it is hard to say because of a powerful perspective effect), possibly even cube-shaped cell (which again raises the problem of the improbable existence of a ceiling). . ."

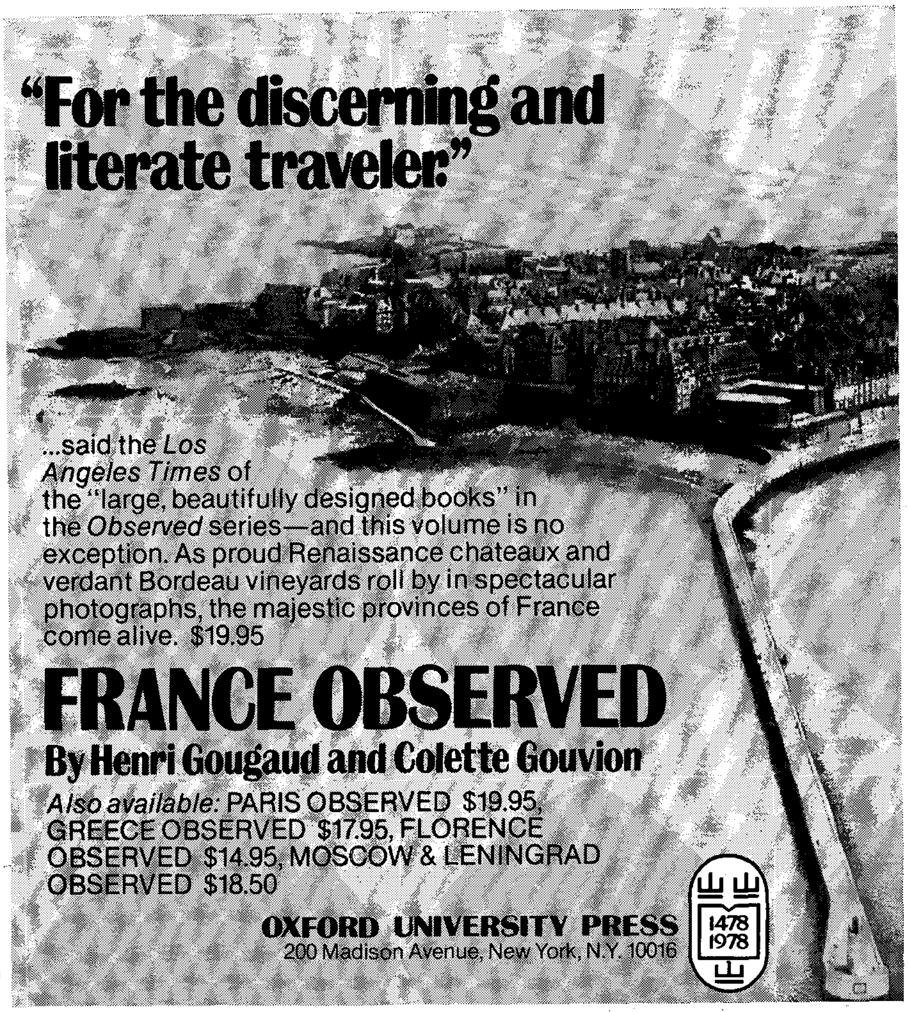
### GENERAL

ANDREW JACKSON AND THE COURSE OF AMERICAN EMPIRE, 1767-1821, by Robert V. Remini (Harper & Row; $15). The first installment of a projected two-volume biography, showing thorough research, easy prose, and a remarkable grasp of the personality of the orphan boy

Andrew Jackson as he evolved into the national hero Old Hickory. The folk image of Jackson as the fearless frontiersman is not entirely an invention, but Professor Remini (history, Illinois) shows that it is considerably less than the whole man, who was more complex and astute than his admirers guessed. Mr. Remini gives the impression of knowing this period as if he had lived through it, and he never lets us forget that Jackson's United States was a feeble newcomer to the family of nations, surrounded by powerful ill-wishers (notably Great Britain)—a weakness that explains Americans' almost hysterical elation at Jackson's string of military triumphs, climaxed by his victory at the Battle of New Orleans.

THE VICTORIAN LADY, by Barbara Rees (Gordon & Cremonesi; $24.95). As we have already learned from Trollope, Thackeray, George Eliot, and Mrs. Gaskell, the life of the subject of this book was not an easy one. She was incarcerated night and day at an early age in corsets, to keep her waist slim (thereby damaging her internal organs); she was discouraged from developing her intellect, because an aggressive spirit might put off potential suitors; she had no legal or political rights; when married, she was obliged to try to balance herself on the lofty pedestal she was placed on by her husband while coping with the realities of overfurnished houses and huge families; she was denied physical pleasure, because she was thought to have no appetite for it; and, until the Matrimonial Causes Act of 1857 (which allowed more women—although not poor women—the right to divorce), she had little recourse but to remain married for life, even if her husband mistreated her. Small wonder, then, that so many Victorian ladies overate, tippled, and not infrequently were addicted to morphine—a drug easily obtained at the time. Barbara Rees's book adds little to what one already knows about the subject, but it is prettily designed, matter-of-factly written, and irreproachably thorough.

A LONELY RAGE: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BOBBY SEALE, with a foreword by James Baldwin (Times; $10.95). The memoirs of the former Black Panther chairman and defendant in two celebrated trials—for conspiracy in Chicago (mistrial) and for murder in New Haven (hung jury). Mr. Seale recalls a



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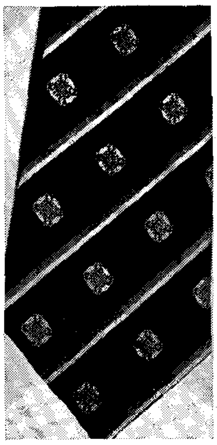

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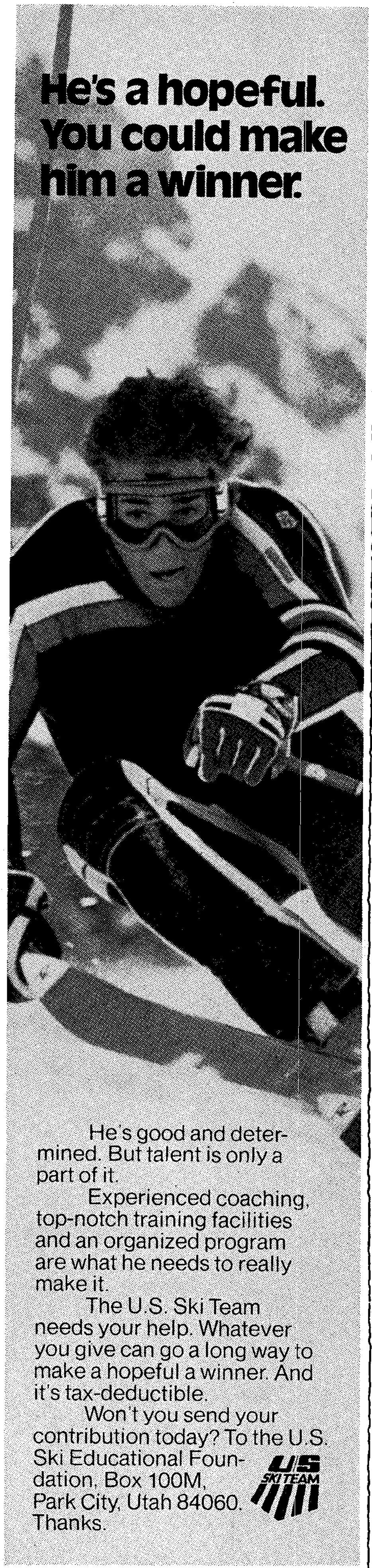
childhood filled with abuse at the hands of his father, which doubtless accounts for his violent temper. His proneness to tantrums did not, however, destroy his capacity for friendship and fellow-feeling. These, in turn, led to his political activities, whose methods and goals he expounds as they were at first and as they altered with time and experience. The author is more than candid—one would have to call him boastful—about his sexual prowess.

THE WORLD ENCOMPASSED: FRANCIS DRAKE AND HIS GREAT VOYAGE, by Derek Wilson (Harper & Row; $12.95). When Francis Drake sailed from Plymouth in 1577 with his little fleet of five ships, he carried a commission from Queen Elizabeth in his pocket to make an expedition of discovery and to establish English colonies, but his true mission, never committed to paper, was to sail around the Horn into the Pacific Ocean to harass Spanish shipping and plunder Spanish settlements along the west coast of South America. He returned to England thirty-four months later, via Africa (he was afraid the Spanish would be waiting for him if he returned the way he had come), with only his flagship left of his fleet, but with that one ship laden with booty worth forty or fifty million dollars in today's money. Mr. Wilson's book is more than a vivid retelling of the great adventure, for the author, a noted English historian and specialist on Tudor times, uses all the resources of historical cross-referencing to put the voyage in context with the politics and geopolitics of that day.

THREE ALEXANDER CALDERS: A FAMILY MEMOIR, by Margaret Calder Hayes (Eriksson; $15). Mrs. Hayes' respectful, arms-distance memoir of her brother, Alexander; her father, Alexander Stirling Calder; and her grandfather, Alexander Milne Calder. She depicts the first as a no-nonsense, bearish dedicated artist; the second (he was Chief of Sculpture for the San Francisco Exposition of 1915) as a no-nonsense, idealistic dedicated artist; and the third (he was born in Scotland, and designed, among other things, the thirty-seven-foot statue of William Penn that is perched on the tower of Philadelphia's City Hall) as a no-nonsense dedicated classicist. The three Calders' work spanned more than a hundred years of American art, and, though their styles could not have been more dis-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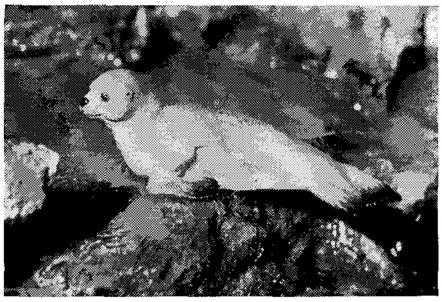

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parate, it is interesting to note that all three had in common a determined sidestepping of the ugly and the less than ideal. Mrs. Hayes' book shares this trait, alas, so that none of the portraits seems very real or full, and, for all its sisterly fondness, it subtly belittles her brother's genius (he did, after all, invent an art form in the mobile) by not really differentiating his work from that of his able but far less talented progenitors.

SHAKESPEARE BY HILLIARD: A PORTRAIT DECIPHERED, by Leslie Hotson (California; $12.95). The Elizabethans were crazy for secrets and puzzles and puns and every other kind of mystification. They were particularly fond of the portrait-device, which was a painted likeness (often a miniature), complete with a hermetic word or motto, usually in Greek or Latin, which told something special or characteristic about the person. Some years ago, the author came upon one of these portrait-devices painted by Nicholas Hilliard, the most famous of sixteenth-century English miniaturists. The title was "Unknown Man Clasping a Hand Issuing from a Cloud"—and, indeed, it showed a comely, auburn-bearded young man doing exactly that. Mr. Hotson, after following a track that wound in and out of Elizabethan literature, through Greek mythology and Greek and Latin poetry and drama, and into the caves of scholarly arcana, decided that this was a portrait of William Shakespeare, of whom no known portrait from life was thought to exist. For those with the patience, and perhaps the baggage, to go along with Mr. Hotson, the book provides a diverting, and even rewarding, excursion. As frontispiece, the portrait-device in question is reproduced in color. The man in the picture looks just like everybody's idea of William Shakespeare.

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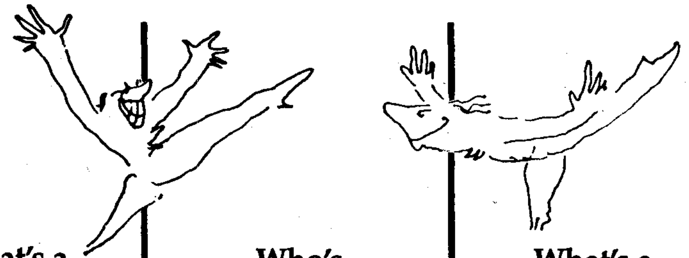

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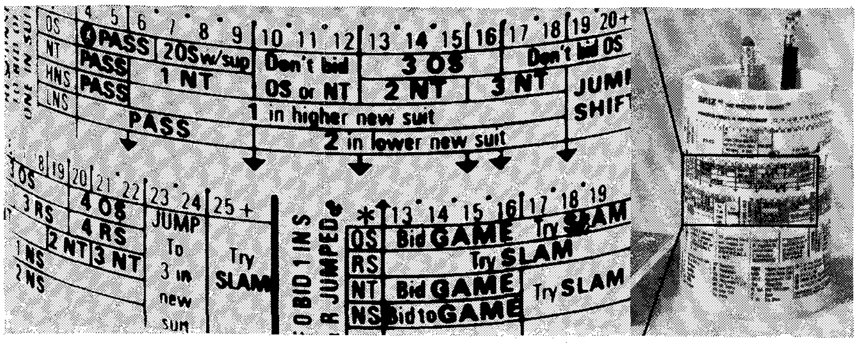

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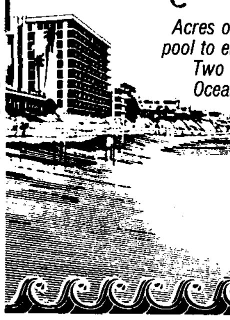

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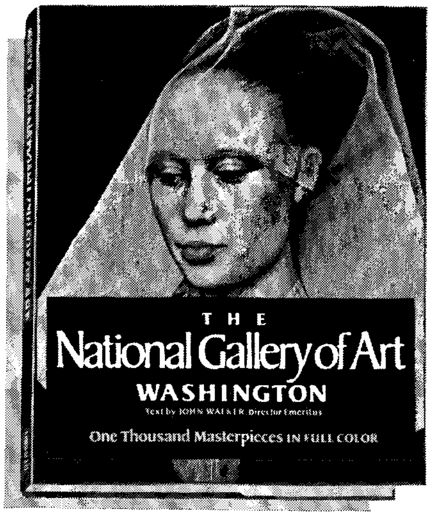
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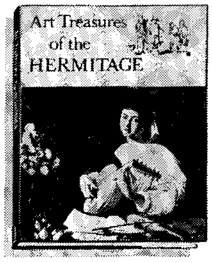

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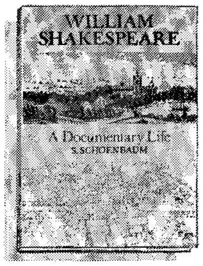

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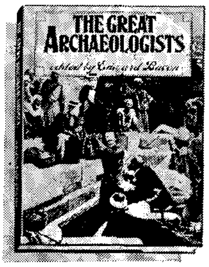

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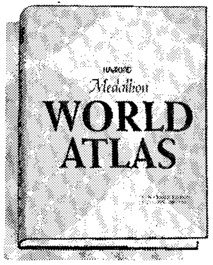

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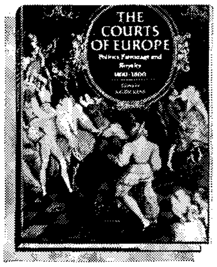

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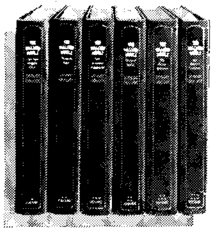

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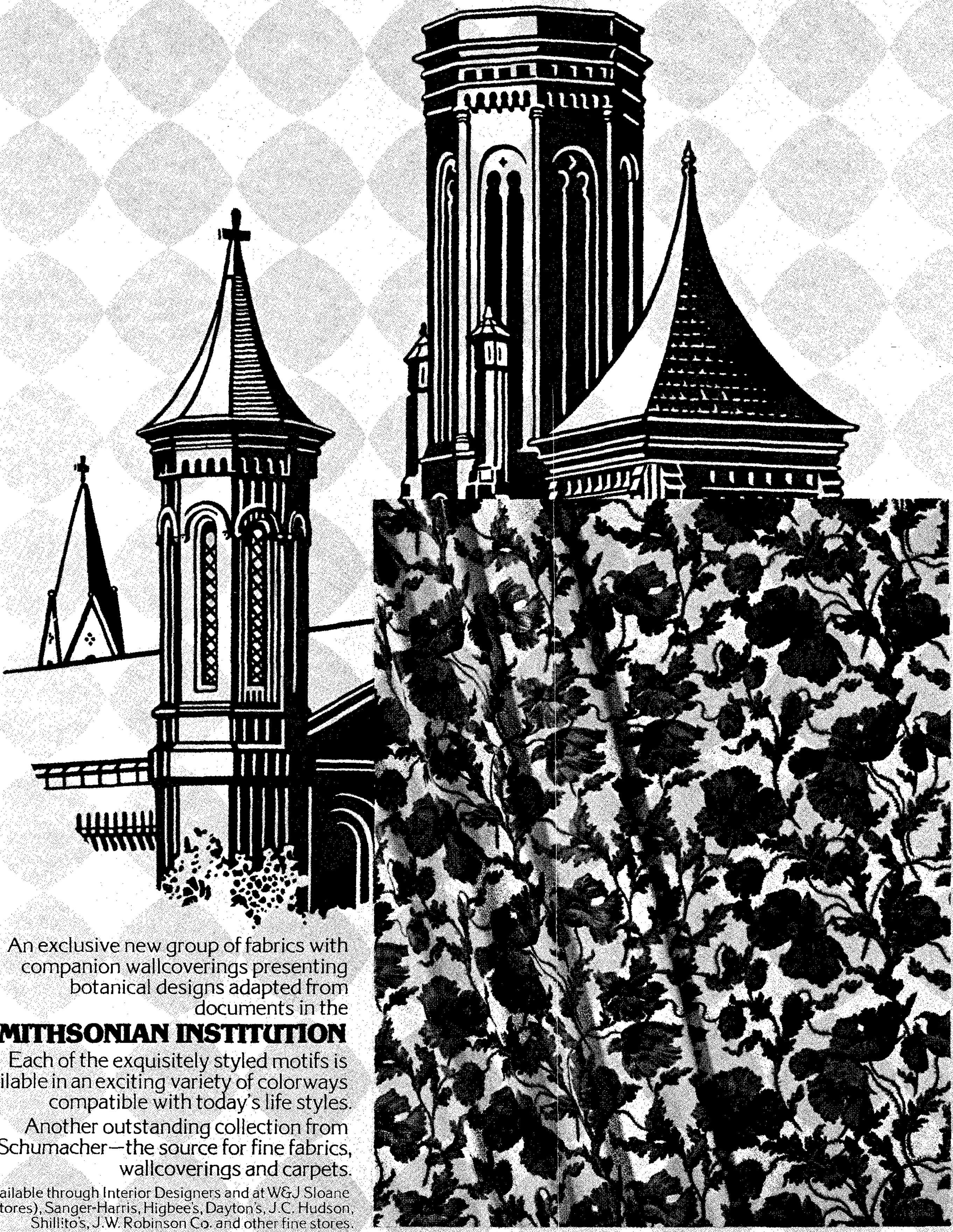

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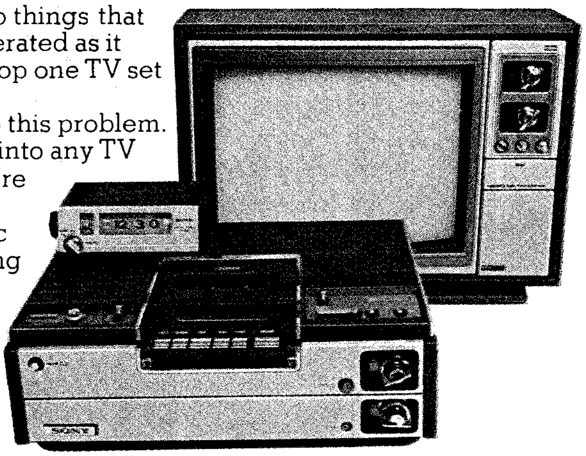

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